

THE SATURDAY EVENING

Post

MAY 6, 1944

10¢

RICHEST MAN ON EARTH

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

HE FLEW OUR FIRST JET PLANE

By PAUL R. MILTON



HOWARD SCOTT

Armour ideas make the most
of meat



Two Wonderful Ways to Serve America's Finest Bacon

*Plus Helpful Hints for Making the Most
of the Armour's Star Bacon You Buy*

Do you know how much rich, satisfying flavor you can get from just a few slices of Armour's Star Bacon? The recipes on this page will show you. They come from the Armour kitchens . . . and they do wonderful things for meatloaves.

Buy the best bacon for these dishes . . . buy Armour's Star! Then you'll get the three advantages Star Bacon brings. Three real advantages:

1. Choice bacon to begin with . . . 2. The mellow, "just right" flavor that comes from super curing and careful slow-smoking . . . 3. Less shriveling and curling in cooking, and bigger slices on the table!

Your dealer is proud to provide you with Armour's Star Bacon. And remember that this point-saving meat is a main course favorite with everyone who likes good food!



**Buy the best . . .
then cook it right and use it all!**

Here are four ways to make the most of every slice of America's Finest Bacon that you use:

1. **Keep Bacon Fresh.** Keep well wrapped in original wrapper, with the ends and sides of the wrapper closed. Store the bacon in a cold part of your refrigerator.
2. **Bake Your Bacon.** Put slices (slightly overlapping) on rack in a shallow pan, and bake on top oven shelf. Temperature: 425° F. Time: 12-15 minutes. Results: straight, evenly crisp slices! And no turning, no pouring off fat is necessary!
3. **Use the Drippings** to season vegetables, to brown bread crumbs for toppings or scalloped dishes; in cream sauces; as shortening. Bacon drippings add fine flavor to lots of foods.
4. **Leftover Bacon**, crisp and tasty, is fine in cream soups or chowders. Equally good in your favorite sandwich fillings. Don't waste a bit of this flavorful meat.



Armour's Star Bacon with Corn Cakes

1/4 lb. Armour's Star Bacon

Cakes:

1 cup all-purpose flour	1/2-1 cup milk
1 1/2 cups baking powder	2 tins. bacon drippings
1 tsp. salt	2 cups cooked white
1 cloverleaved Egg	kernel corn

Sift dry ingredients together. Beat egg slightly and add milk and bacon drippings.

Add dry ingredients, stir until smooth and add corn. Drop by spoonfuls onto hot griddle broiled with bacon drippings. When brown, serve with jam, jelly or syrup.

To cook bacon: Place in cold frying pan over low heat and cook slowly, until crisp but not brittle (about 5 minutes). Pour off fat as it accumulates.



Armour's Star Bacon Tomato Burgers

8 slices of Star Bacon	8 thick slices of tomato
(about 1/2 lb.)	Salt
4 hamburger buns cut	4 oz. pkg. cloverleaved
in half	cheese

Place tomato slices on top of buttered bun halves. Season with salt. Grate

cheese and sprinkle over tomatoes. Place under broiler until cheese is melted and buns are toasted. Cut strips of bacon in half and fry until crisp but not brittle. Place 2 half strips of bacon on top of open faced sandwiches. To serve, arrange on platter and garnish with radishes.



For finest quality and
best ask for Armour's
Branded Products:
Star Ham and Bacon
Star Beef
Star Lamb and Veal
Star Sausages
Star Corned Meats
Cloverleaved Poultry
and Dairy Products

**Armour
and Company**

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What do you see, Son,
Beyond the Horizon?
Pictures that you alone can see—
Dreams that shape a Bright Tomorrow?



We see you a Man—Fine and Reliant and
Smiling—with a Smile that owes much
to your lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

LOOK eagerly to that far horizon, son! Let your hopes soar higher than the clouds.

For yours is the vision of youth! Yours is the spirit that will meet the challenge of tomorrow. Yours is a future filled with promise—a future you will face, confident, reliant and smiling.

Yes, smiling! For today the smiles of America's boys and girls are being carefully safeguarded. Right in their classrooms, thousands of youngsters are learning a lesson in dental health that many adults never knew—the importance of firm, healthy gums to sparkling teeth and attractive smiles.

Even in primary grades, these children know that soft foods . . . so common today . . . rob our

gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . see your dentist. It may not be serious, but get his advice. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums

when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers



7th COLUMN TRAGEDY ON MAIN STREET

You can't see the worst things in this picture . . . the grief of a bereaved family . . . the stab-in-the-back to the war effort.

Every smash-up like this interests Berlin and Tokyo. Not because they pity those who are hurt or killed. But because they remember that our wartime transportation depends heavily on private cars . . . that 2,500,000 of them are being scrapped every year . . . that every automobile becomes more precious every day to its owner and to his country.

Isn't it time to quit being complacent about our shameful record of wartime automobile accidents? Isn't it time to get fighting mad about the 7th Column of Careless-

ness which causes most of the needless destruction and loss of life on the highway?

Even if your country could afford these losses, you can't afford to drive carelessly, especially if your car is uninsured. Awards in damage suits

are increasing. Without insurance, you risk the loss of your home, your savings and your War Bonds.

For your country's sake . . . for your own peace of mind, take these two steps now. Resolve to drive *defensively* . . . anticipating the foolish actions of others. Then be sure that you are thoroughly protected by insurance, in a company which is able and willing to look out for your interests.

Send today for your free copy of a new booklet which tells how to protect yourself and your family from accidents . . . how to "Smash the 7th Column" — by driving, working and living safely." Write Liberty Mutual, 175 Berkeley St., Boston 17, Mass.



By "Smashing the 7th COLUMN" you help speed victory . . . you avoid fear and pain and loss . . . you help reduce the cost of automobile, liability, and fire insurance . . . you gain security for yourself and your family.





No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs".

In filming this living symbol of British heroism, the Metro Studio which produced the great "Mrs. Miniver" continues a tradition—making of "The White Cliffs of Dover" another great and important picture.

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

While the canvas is large, the story is small and personal. Centering around a typical American girl—played by the ever-attractive Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshall.

Adventure, excitement, beauty, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into "The White Cliffs of Dover" . . . in a screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.



It will play in every first-class theatre in the land. It will also play a large part in conversation for time to come. The theme—and the telling—are that important.

The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts.

Among them are . . . Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably seconded by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen's greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

Together, they have showered love on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

Just as "Mrs. Miniver" moved us, so will "The White Cliffs of Dover". A heart-warming reception is its sincere due.

—Leo



Keeping Posted

Our Young Marshal

IF A DROP of water fell every couple of seconds on the head of Ernest O. Hauser (RIGHT MAN ON EARTH, page 14), in a hundred thousand years or so the drop of water would be a raving maniac and Ernest O. Hauser would be serenely writing a piece for the Post called My First Hundred Thousand Years Under a Drop of Water. It would be a sprightly, well-documented piece too.

To see Mr. Hauser and hear him talk, you'd never suspect this, because he has a deceptively mild and benign appearance and he is fond of kidding himself.

"I am five feet four," he will tell you, for example, "and it has proved a handicap to me as a reporter. In a press conference I am usually overlooked by the dignitary who is granting it."

Dignitaries, he maintains, always impress him, regardless of their size, and authority, he tells you with a guileless-looking pan, fills him with awe. What emotion Mr. Hauser inspires in the breast of authority, we wouldn't like to guess. But we could tell you about the occasion a few weeks ago when he went to the War Department in Washington to hasten passage of an article through censorship—a process which, for obvious reasons, is frequently a long-drawn-out affair.

Mr. Hauser escorted himself just outside the censors' offices and sat. They saw him when they came to work in the morning, when they went to lunch and when they returned, when they went out for conferences and when they went home in the evening. A tired Army censor crawling into bed at night had no sense of ease, for as soon as he closed his eyes in troubled slumber he would find that Ernest O. Hauser had dragged his chair in and sat down like a patient Buddha in the midst of his most innocent dreams. Eight days and nights of this, and the censors cried "Uncle." Mr. Hauser impudently took his cleared manuscript and left.

Mr. Hauser had infinite opportunities for polishing his strategy and tactics in China, where he was the Post's correspondent and from which he recently came home for a vacation.

"Sometimes," he confesses, "in interviewing Chinese, I would dictate the writer for almost an hour, discovering new angles on the subject all the time, before coming to the point. I found this method both pleasant and expedient. I remember an attempt I made once in Hong Kong to see an important Chinese statesman who was doing his best against giving interviews to correspondents. I managed to worm my way past his armed bodyguards and found myself face to face with the great man's secretary.

"It is absolutely impossible," snapped the secretary. "Mr. X does not receive newspapermen."

"Such unfortunate misunderstanding," I said. "I merely dropped in to tell you that I am leaving Hong Kong tomorrow. Terribly sorry I didn't have the time to say hello to Mr. X."

"Wily," Mr. Hauser, the secretary said, much more mildly, "that is too bad. Must you leave tomorrow?"

"I replied that I was leaving the next afternoon. 'Let's see,' he said. 'You will be free tomorrow morning? I can arrange . . .'" I said I wouldn't dream of taking his master's time. "I insist," he insisted, and, if a man insists, you cannot make him lose face by refusing. I had an hour of the great man's time the next morning at his private home on the beach."

Mr. Hauser got on marvelously with the Chinese censor too. "Once he permitted me to replace the word 'steal' with the more innocent 'twipe,'" our correspondent recalls. "Sometimes it took a week to get an article cleared, but it was always done amicably and with a dash of Chinese philosophy on both sides.



One day he took a large pair of scissors, which, up to then, he had kept carefully concealed, and clipped three quarters of a page from my manuscript. I had worked hard at that particular passage, and his amputation nearly brought tears to my eyes. But the censor smiled engagingly and took me out for a seventeen-cent Chinese dinner. "Now you feel better?" he asked. I said I did."



Lens Historian

IN THE year 1922 a fledgling artist died painfully and a photographer rose phoenixlike from the ashes of the young Gleaner. Though the tough, though the year that Larry Keighley, a Yorkshire lad who had attended public school and studied art in England, arrived in this country to pursue a career as an artist. He took a temporary job in the photographic department of the old Philadelphia Public Ledger and has been a newspaper photographer ever since.

After experiencing a few Philadelphia summers, Larry went to the Atlantic City Times to get a job. The managing editor, a cousin fellow who was doing his best to keep the pay roll down, personally escorted Larry into the back room and showed him the desk he would occupy. It commanded an excellent view of a beautiful face and the prettiest pair of ankles Larry had ever seen, all three being the property of Miss Dorothy Suss, society editor of the paper. Larry was so bewitched that he worked for several days before he realized that he had failed to ask what his salary was. It wasn't much, it turned out, but he married the girl and took her back to Philadelphia summers and higher pay. They now have a daughter of thirteen whose life story her father has covered from her second day of life to the present in more than a thousand negatives, including a series of candid shots of the young lady's toiletology.

As a staff photographer for the Public Ledger and the Philadelphia Inquirer, which he has been for the last six years, Larry photographed the Hauptmann trial, the Morro Castle disaster, the Diemig quintuplets and many other big news stories, including some of the present war. He covered every arrival of the Graf Zeppelin in this country, which happened to fall on his day off. That was the time she blew up, the explosion breaking Larry's as well as the Zeppelin's heart. There was one heart burn, though, in winning the Graetz national prize award for his color picture of the burning of the big R. M. Hollingshead plant at Camden in 1940.

Being a fine photographer, Larry works with painstaking care. There was the time, for instance, when he saw and photographed his first pelican. It was in Florida, and Larry saw the pelican sitting on a wharf piling, silhouetted against a timely cloud which had wandered leniently into the background. Larry snapped the pelican at fifteen feet and then started cautiously sneaking up on the bird to get a close-up shot. He was so sure of his timing that he walked stranger away that he took almost a half hour to get to close-up range. Just as he was all set to snap the picture, a kid walked up, smacked the pelican familiarly on the rump, and said, "Hiya, Joe!" Joe indicated, with a friendly squawk of greeting, that he was all right and stayed just where he was. After that, Larry just pushed Joe around into any pose he wanted him in, and Joe loved it.

A news photographer, in the course of his work, sees many things which most people would not want to see. His eyes are accustomed to misery and suffering. But Larry returned one day recently from the Valley Forge General Hospital, where he took the photographs illustrating Steven M. Spencer's THE WINTER THAT SAVES LIVES (page 19), emotionally drained and spiritually brooding. From walking through the wards and seeing men whom war had rescriptured with a chisel of horror.

"These pictures," he told us, "do not represent everything I saw. I could not photograph some of these smashed and blinded boys. If every American could see what I saw, there would never be any need for high-pressure war-loan drives or any thought of a world that we cannot permanently call the postwar world. In these pictures I have tried to tell the story in the gentlest possible way."



"FOR ALMOST A YEAR, I've been traipsing around the country like some kind of a gypsy.

"I've set up housekeeping in a run-down hotel . . . in a threadbare rooming house . . . in a bleak tourist camp. I'm not complaining, though. I'd go through a lot worse than this . . . to be near a husband who may get his overseas orders any hour, any day.

"But I would certainly *love* to meet the guy who got off that remark about home being where you hang your hat!"

*"Home is where you hang
your hat—MY EYE!"*



"WELL, living out of a suitcase has me sold on one thing. Come the peace, I want me a home where I can settle down for good . . . and I want it to have every last contrivance for taking the wear and tear out of living . . . and putting happiness in it.

"There's only one thing I want more. That's my husband . . . back again, safe and sound."



WITH young couples like this—with old who feel as they do—the people at General Electric see eye to eye. The first thing we want is Victory. That's why we're doing nothing but war work . . . making things, skillfully and carefully, to help bring fighting men back sooner, and bring them back sound.



MEANTIME, we are sharing your dreams for a home of your own.

We share them because, normally, our business is making all the electrical things that make a *home* a livable, workable *home*. And because it is our aim to make your postwar home—no matter how modest a home it may be—a marvel of comfort and convenience through the use of electricity.



FOR EXAMPLE, you couldn't wish for a finer Electric Range than the one G.E. was making before the war. There's an oven that turns itself on—turns itself off—you can even fix it so a bell will ring when the food is ready. If you've ever used one of these amazing work-savers, you know that our dreams for your future home are based on the reality of things already perfected.

SO YOU keep on buying War Bonds. They build up the purchasing power that will make jobs after the war . . . and help you pay for that after-victory home.

Everything Electrical For After-Victory Homes

GENERAL ELECTRIC



RANGE

Tune in: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 P. M.—E. W. T. NBC • "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 P. M.—E. W. T. CBS

Here's how your car feels...



...after **MARFAK**
chassis lubrication!

Softer riding, easier handling—you get 'em both with long-lasting Texaco MARFAK chassis lubricant, always applied by chart—never by chance! A MARFAK job also means a check-up job by your Texaco Dealer—every point of wear, every point of adjustment carefully inspected to keep your car fighting fit. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that “MARFAK feeling”—tomorrow!



TUNE IN: FRED ALLEN every Sunday night.
See your local newspaper for time and station.

REPORT TO THE EDITORS

Jugoslavia Jones

BACK in the days of phony war, Canadian military men were pestered ragged by a gray-haired gent demanding to be let into their army. The brass hats made clucking noises of regret. “For one thing, Jones,” the generals said, “you’re too old. Besides, you have only one eye. Teh! Teh!”

Bill Jones went away sizzling audibly. That was the last Canada heard of him until Radio Berlin began dropping implications on a Major Jones in 1944, putting a price tag on his head, and Foreign Secretary Eden told Parliament that the Jones mentioned is a Canadian, the property of Britain's Black Watch Regiment, but lent by the “ladies from Hades” to Marshal Tito, né Bros. Nobody in Canada could make head or tail of it.

Then a pint-size woman in a Toronto munitions plant read a puzzled newspaper dispatch and chorled, “That’s my Bill!” He turned out to be William Jones, World War I Canadian Black Watch private, corporal, sergeant and lieutenant, twice winner of the Distinguished Conduct Medal, done in an eye for democracy, and scourge of the generals back in 1939. The Canadian Highlanders practically split their kilts with pride.

Jonesy had been something of a regimental legend in the old days. None of his cronies could remember ever seeing him take a drink; itself sufficient to make him a man apart from the killed rank and file. Moreover, he abhorred crude four-letter words and would walk away from them when there was anywhere to go. The suggestion that this soundly pretty prissy in an infantryman brought his ex-buddies up swinging, however. Jonesy, they’d have you know, was as tough a guy as ever mounted the firststep. Jonesy believed in prayer and he read the Bible, but he could fight, mister! You don’t win double DCM’s in disputes.

One night when the Highlanders had been taking a terrific pusting, the company commander thought the paragon had slipped, however. The skipper found Jones leaning against the trench wall, head on arm, and Jonesy’s responses didn’t make sense. The officer ordered him below to sleep it off, and later found the sergeant lying face-down on a bunk. He turned Jones over. Where once an eye had been, there was only an empty socket, still gushing red. Jones subsequently explained that he hadn’t “gone sick” because they might ship him out of the line.

Recess for a Fighter

After the war, he disappeared from his trench mates’ ken and nothing was heard of him until he began to rate his own program from Berlin. Then numerous well-meaning people began to throb through his between-war life. They found a record of missionary preaching, organizing boy scouts, wolf-cub packs, night schools and community centers. He’d gone into the retail-food business and flunked out, then become a small-time real-estate man. Not one of the dynamic post-estate figures.

When the generals said no, an angry Jones kissed his wife and joined a munitions ship. In England, he served through the blitz with a demolition squad, won an RAF commission, then went to the Middle East. There Gen. Sir Henry Wilson switched him into army hibernations and tagged him for special duties. Whereupon, Jonesy sent his wife a message, saying not to worry, and disappeared.

The RAF flew him across the Alps, and over the mountains he shook hands solemnly with his fellow travelers, tacked a New Testament back into his tunic pocket and slipped off into the night with his parachute. Technically, his new job was to achieve use ways of getting supplies through to the Partisans, but Jonesy soon began to specialize in making a nuisance of himself to the Nazis in other ways.

It became part of Partisan folklore that this Joan-ey was likely to turn up anywhere, any time—a fellow impervious to mere bullets. His shining role became the issuing of proclamations, calling on people to arise and beat the whey out of the invader. Usually, these appeared in impossible places, right under the Nazis’ noses. Hence the price on his pate, the Huns having no liking for free-and-easy editorializing.

No glad-on swashbuckler, Jugoslavia Jones is strictly from Alger. Out east, before he went parachuting into the Balkans, his messenger called him Cromwell. Mrs. Jones looks askance on the Cromwell angle, however. Her Bill may be a strong, silent character. But that is just facade. Under the Cromwellian exterior—

“I bet he’s getting a tremendous kick out of it,” she chuckles, thrusting aside the record of a lifetime of good works. “Bill’s been playing cops and robbers ever since he was a kid.”

—LESLIE ROBERTS



Tito.



The truck with the pigeon toes

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

FOR years many truck tires have worn out long before their time.


Take the case of the "pigeon-toed" truck. Most front wheels should toe-in slightly when the truck is standing still so that they will be parallel when running. If they toe-in too much, excessive tire wear results. A wheel that is only one-half inch out of alignment is dragged 87 feet every mile it rolls. Excessive wear results.

Truck owners have done their best to watch these seeming details which may shorten tire life. But still too many tires wore out before their time.

Then B. F. Goodrich drew on the experience of many years in handling completely the tire maintenance of large bus fleets. They established the B. F. Goodrich Tire Conservation Service for fleet operators. Under this plan factory-trained tire men take over the complete supervision of tire main-

tenance. These men know how to spot the pigeon-toed trucks, such as that shown in the picture. They know what to look for, how to stop tire troubles before they start.

Today hundreds of fleets, including many of the country's largest, use this conservation plan. Savings of rubber, mileage, and money have been huge. Typical of the comments of operators are: "We believe we will show a 25% saving" . . . "This service saves far more than it costs" . . . "The number of failures has been reduced 60%."

Only a few trained men are available to take over a limited number of additional fleets in certain areas. If you would like to know how this unusual tire conservation plan can increase your truck fleet tire mileage write the Tire Conservation Dept., The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio. For good truck tires see the local B. F. Goodrich dealer or Silvertown store .

B. F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

MOTHER'S DAY, MAY 14



It's not your dealer's fault if occasionally he is out of the Sampler or other Whitman's Candy. Millions of pounds of Whitman's Chocolates go to our men overseas.

A woman never forgets
the man who remembers

Whitman's Sampler

© 1944, THE WHITMAN CANDY COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.



In her office at the New York Herald Tribune, Helen Rogers Reid presides with quiet purposefulness. The portrait is that of her late mother-in-law, the gilded Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, whom she once served as social secretary.

REAPY CLARK

QUEEN HELEN

By MONA GARDNER

EVEN in a land where the outward forms of nobility are barred, an informal aristocracy inevitably develops, loosely composed of the wealthy, the talented, the famous, the socially prominent. A reigning queen of this unofficial upper set in the United States is Helen Rogers Reid, mistress of one of the country's oldest fortunes and an important publishing executive in her own right.

Visiting statesmen and notables put up at Mrs. Reid's when in New York. In banquet hall and drawing room, she holds court for the actors, writers, artists, political personages and other public figures of the day. She has a house off Fifth Avenue, a summer place in the Adirondacks, and a hunting lodge in North Carolina.

This exalted existence revolves around Mrs. Reid's role as wife and business associate of Ogden Reid, owner of the respected and influential New York Herald Tribune. Dozens of her sex—notably in the

Hostess to the famous, mistress of an old fortune, a high-powered sales executive with sandpaper persistence, Mrs. Ogden Reid is one of America's remarkable women.

entertainment field—are better known to the public at large than Helen Reid is, but few wield such power. Through the newspaper, and through its annual Current Events Forum, which forms the basis of 40,000 to 50,000 women's-club programs each year, she can and does affect the thinking of millions of Americans. There is a cult of Helen Reid worshippers who consider her one of the truly great women of her era, on a plane with Madame Chiang Kai-shek as a shaper of destiny, and

the one woman above all others who should be given a seat at the peace-conference table.

Helen Reid is a self-made queen—a small-town girl who worked her way through school, became social secretary to the majestic Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, married the Reid scion, one of the matrimonial catches of two continents, and went on to carve out a career for herself in the newspaper business.

Without doubt Mrs. Reid is equipped with the requisite mental machinery for just such a course. She has a literal, orderly and direct mind. She is easily and eagerly absorbed by all relevant minutiae. She is never deflected for a moment by an inconvenient or unarly sense of humor. She has no secret misgivings, little or big. Applied together, such coefficients have a way of translating any ordinary course of action into a full-sized campaign, and from campaign it is only a short step to crusade—minus, of course, any emotionalism.

Thus Helen Reid's life has been a succession of skillful and competently waged crusades. She has tackled such widely different objectives as learning Greek, asking a college yearbook pay dividends, the suffragist movement, selling a racing sloop, turning a showy estate into an assembly-line farm, and has attained each as per calculation.

For some time now the Herald Tribune has been Mrs. Reid's crusade. She is listed on the masthead as vice-president.

In her whole triumphant march through life, she has never indulged in overt aggressiveness. Quiet purposefulness and tenacity compose her method. Her manner is controlled and pleasant, her conversation a series of questions. To the average woman she volunteers nothing, never chatting spontaneously about her children, her home, the play she saw last week. Only at mention of the Herald Tribune does she become smilingly communicative.

If Helen Reid is somewhat unfeminine in her personal reticence, she is ultrafeminine in appearance. Sixty-one years old, she looks much younger. Only five feet one, she has retained the figure of a high-school girl through Spartan avoidance of rich dishes. Even her gray hair is youthful looking—a fine, soft fuzz curling close to her head. Her skin clings tightly to her firm, square jaw with no obvious wrinkles. She wears a light rouge on her lips which softens their rather thin and incisive appearance.

Her eyes are altogether another thing. Gray-green, large, alert, they produce an uncomfortable and unsettling effect upon some. The women who work for her consider them decorative and lovely. Men around the plant compare them to the hard glint of steel. Several advertising salesmen—not exactly a diffident or neurotic race—have reported themselves as completely unnerved after a first encounter with little Mrs. Reid's eyes. She likes bright colors in her clothes—especially the varying shades of purple. She makes no pretense of wearing creations, nor has she a favorite *couturier* who designs her whole wardrobe. When she feels the urge for a frock, she simply starts shopping, and keeps going from shops to shop, and even to department stores, until she finds what she wants.

Newsprint Partners

ABOUT hate, however, she has as settled a conviction as Queen Mary, although the one model in which she places her faith is somewhat less heroic. A heret, Mrs. Reid has decided, is her hat. She comes walking into the shop of the swank New York hat stylist, John Frederick, six or eight times a year, and asks for a new heret. Whereupon Mr. Fred puckers his amiable face, walks three around Mrs. Reid, and evolves still another heret; it may be entirely of feathers this time; it may be velvet with pearls, flower petals, aquinas on net, or a plain black satin to which Mrs. Reid can affix a little clip she rather likes. The clip has dozens of diamonds in it.

But even on this feminine errand, her business sense is not necessarily relaxed. With Mr. Fred she discusses



Ophir Hall, inherited by the Ogden Reids, is now closed, its many rooms dim and silent.

the practicability of turning the former Whitehall Reid home on Madison Avenue into a plushy shopping center, with leading designers of dresses, hats, shoes and the like scattered about in its many ornate rooms. It irks Mrs. Reid to be connected in any way with a white elephant, even by inheritance.

Her partner in business and marriage is quite her opposite. Tall, broad-shouldered, placid, genial, Ogden Reid is thoroughly bored by business machinations. In his very evident friendliness toward everyone, whether significant or not, there is nothing to indicate that he was born with The Comstock Lode in his mouth. He likes his reporters, linotype operators and others around the plant to call him "Oggie," even if he isn't always sure about their names.

When he comes to grips with any question, he wants to examine each pro and each con. He gives over hours of an editorial conference deliberating, via Robert's Rules of Order, whether a partition on the fifth floor should or should not be removed. This indifference to time makes him anywhere from an hour to three days late for most appointments. Away from the office, his preoccupation with detail leaves him, and he is gregarious and convivial. Over a highball he likes to talk journalism, or else discuss his favorite theory that the forward pass has ruined football. In summer, if he isn't actually in the water or in a racing sleep, he wants to talk swimming and sailing. A water-polo game has him heating the rails and shouting.

The exact division of authority between Mrs. Reid and her husband is difficult to pin down. Women

satellists insist that Mrs. Reid sticks to her official domain, the advertising department, and never interferes in any editorial matter. Their favorite and perhaps apocryphal story is that Mrs. Reid once hurried to her husband's office to protest an item in the paper, and Ogden said, "Helen, will you get the hell back to your department and run it while I run mine?" Mrs. Reid is reported to have left meekly. Asked about this, she denies the whole episode with, "In the first place, my husband wouldn't speak to me that way. In the second, I wouldn't leave meekly. Besides, nothing like that ever happened."

A Race for Readers

WHATEVER this may prove, the trade has concluded that there isn't a department on the paper that doesn't come under Mrs. Reid's close scrutiny, and that she never misses a trick in any of them. For instance, she has as circulation director Kenneth Winslow, the son of one of her sisters. Together they chuckle over the fact old Mr. Ochs had to get his morning's news from the Herald Tribune at his summer home because, routed by special truck over the mountains, it reached that area some two or three hours before his Times did. During a normal winter in Florida, the sun followers at Fort Lauderdale, Miami and such points read the Herald Tribune hours ahead of its competitor, because the edition was flown to Richmond, Virginia, and there transferred to the Orange Blossom Special, which had left New York four hours before the edition went to press. Dartmouth's eight-o'clock journalism classes use the same day's Herald Tribune as a textbook because Circulation—needed by Mrs. Reid—thought of a way to get them there by truck.

One of the Herald Tribune's circulation strong points, which the trade credits to Mrs. Reid's influence, is its hold on the substantial citizenry of the suburbs. Although the Herald Tribune trails its archcompetitor, The New York Times, in total circulation—419,000 to 295,000 week days, 806,000 to 543,000 Sundays—it actually leads the Times in the New York suburban area. This phenomenon is generally attributed to a country-weekly principle in the Tribune's women's and society pages. Where the Times is fussy about such items, almost any respectable women's club or wedding announcement can win a place in the Tribune.

But Helen Reid is best known in her special field, the sale of advertising space. Advertising men generally acknowledge her to be a remarkable business getter.



As Mrs. Reid rarely lets pleasure interfere with business, it is probable that this conversation with Will Hays and Katharine Hepburn finally veered toward the Herald Tribune.

HERALD TRIBUNE PHOTOS



Leading figures such as Wendell Willkie, who is shown here with Mrs. Reid, deliver addresses at her annual Current Events Forum.

Editor Ogden Reid discusses Herald Tribune business—a subject the Reids never tire of—with his favorite vice-president.

There are those who know her when she was just Helen Rogers who say there was only a cut above average in ability and personality, that the Reid wealth and prestige were the basis of her business success. But even in lukewarm quarters it is conceded that she capitalized expertly on her advantages. Whatever the relative weight of her talents and her personal position, there is no disputing her effectiveness.

The Tribune's yearly advertising income was 5,750,000 when she went to work there. It doubled her first year. In several more it was approaching that of the Times. Each year the margin was pared still further, until now the Tribune's income reaches 15,000,000 and sometimes 18,000,000 a year, while the Times' runs around 23,000,000.

Helen Reid entices and captures advertising accounts with a relentlessness that astounds and occasionally frightens competitors. "She has the persistence of gravity," one former associate says admiringly. "If she can't reach a goal one way, she will do it another. If not this time, then next, or maybe five years from now."

Her methods with clients vary. She may go directly to the office of a space buyer, wrapped securely in mink and the Ogden Reid name. The space buyer soon finds, however, that this is not a mere application of the personal equation. Instead he is being buffeted by precise, voluminous and incontrovertible facts.

If a space buyer cuts out or cancels his Tribune advertising, Mrs. Reid may put her beret into place and hurry over to his office to find out why. "Tell her I'm out!" one harried ad man shouted to his secretary. "I suppose if I leave a want ad in the Journal-American, Mrs. Hearst will be in here next!"

Grilled in the Chophouse

THE intimate chat is another method Mrs. Reid uses very effectively. Say a dealer in men's clothing is still obscure, despite the best efforts of one of her advertising solicitors. In the course of a week or so, the bulky prospect picks up the phone to hear Mrs. Reid herself on the wire, asking him to take lunch with her. Somewhat flustered by this social attention from one so prominent, the man in trade accepts readily enough. He finds the luncheon is on the eighth floor in the Herald Tribune's private dining room—called by irreverent reporters "Helen's Chophouse." The guests about the fine old table on a typical day might well include a visiting advertising mogul from Seattle, a best-selling author, a Hollywood actor, and, inconspicuously behind the gladiators, a couple of the Herald Tribune advertising executives.

With Mrs. Reid unobtrusively supplying the cues, conversation skips about nimbly over the weather, politics, the author's latest book, the actor's best role, until the clothing merchant finds they're actually talking about his line too. Bantler and deft flattery eddy about him, up to the time when he either capitulates in a warm glow or decides to go through an uncomfortable hour saying no. It takes a very resourceful dealer in men's clothing to stick to his negatives.

Some years ago, in his Broadway column, Walter Winchell aimed a series of sharp jabs at Mrs. Reid. Roundabout, through mutual friends, Winchell learned that Mrs. Reid was always saying she'd like to know him. He dropped in for a quick hello one night at her office. Two hours later he forced himself to stop telling her about his life, even though Mrs. Reid was pressing him to go on. Later, he exclaimed to friends, "I never dreamed she was such a charming woman. She's wonderful." Mrs. Reid has been a darling of the column over since.

Instances of her failure to gain her point are few. One case was her lack of success in trying to make the paper dry during prohibition days. This wasn't because she herself believed in prohibition, but because it was the law of the land. However, her husband steadfastly opposed her in this, and throughout the arid period the Herald Tribune was outpersecuted wet.

But most objectives succumb to Helen Reid's unrelenting effort and persistence. Her activities, both inside and outside the office, fit into a single broad pattern of tireless, unending application. She enters continually, both informally and formally. The informal half revolved around her two sons, Whitelaw and Ogden—more generally called Whitey and Brownie—until recently. Now Whitey is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the ferry division of the United States Naval Reserve. Brownie, just eighteen, is in the Army. By now she has so unified her personal life with furthering the prosperity and prestige of the paper that whatever formal entertaining she does automatically satisfies both ends. Thus, Anthony Eden, on the trip before his last, stayed at the British embassy in Washington and with the Ogden Reids in New York.

Helen Reid didn't build up this tradition of the Reid home being the unofficial capital for distinguished visitors from abroad; that was simply set by the hospitality of her mother-in-law, who entertained lavishly at Ophir Hall, a vast Castle in White Plains filled with Van Dycks, Raeburns, Venetian vases, Coromandel screens, genuine Tudor ceilings, and floors of rose marble. Helen Reid is just continuing the tradition on a somewhat simpler scale. Across the road from the boarded-up old world cottage, she maintains what she modestly calls Ophir Cottage—a house of some thirty-one rooms.

Unlike Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, however, Helen Reid makes a habit of including her editors and columnists at the luncheons, dinners and week-end affairs for the distinguished foreigners. Unquestionably, she finds pleasure in the company of these staff members, but she is also acutely aware that such meetings are likely to broaden their insight into international affairs and the value of their subsequent writings.

Frequently, Mrs. Reid gives what might be called significant dinners. A sample gathering might include Wendell Willkie, a New Deal author, a Republican congressman, a top-flight columnist and a sprinkling of couples from the East Seventies. Comes dessert, the hostess—stirring her champagne with a broad crust of the white—poses a question on current affairs and calls upon the diners, one by one, to give their views about it. Some deliver their opinions seated, but others feel

impelled to stand, as though addressing a public assembly. "You don't dare come unprepared," one woman remarked who had been a guest and found the experience "so stimulating!"

Helen Reid has come a long way from Appleton, Wisconsin, where she was born Helen Rogers, the eleventh child of Benjamin Talbot Rogers and his wife, Sarah. Rogers, a native of Pennsylvania, had made some money running a store in the copper-mining district of Michigan. He had then moved to Appleton, so his growing children could go to Lawrence College there, and had put his savings into a hotel. It was a money loser. When Helen was three, he died, leaving very little for the large family. Mrs. Reid describes her girlhood as a thoroughly normal, happy and imaginative one. Her sisters say that even as a tot she was curiously fastidious—always making beds without being reminded, always making them just so, always straightening the bureau drawers of the whole family. They can't remember her ever having a brattish moment.

Go East, Young Women!

SHE cooked, washed dishes, waited on a table, scrubbed, cleaned and gardened with her sisters, and made over their outgoing dresses for herself. Canoeing picnics on the river, nature walks and popcorn sessions around the fireplace were Appleton's diversions. For pets she had a dog, a cat, a chicken, several birds and a raccoon that played the mouth organ. She also cherished bug bugs, and used to take them to bed with her, putting them—without benefit of box—under her pillow. She still regards them as beautiful, shiny creatures, and can't for the life of her understand the aversion others feel for them.

She was the devoted slaver of her elder sister Florence—always called Sally—for whom she used to fetch and carry endlessly, even to the point of docilely getting out of bed at midnight to scramble eggs for Sally and the besuic Sally was entertaining on the front porch. The relationship is somewhat reversed now. Sally, now Mrs. Ferguson, has lived with Mrs. Reid for many years, and, until recently, helped look after the multiple housekeeping duties of the various Reid mortgages.

By the time she was out of grade school, Helen's elder brother was headmaster of Grafton Hall, a preparatory school for girls at Fond du Lac. She went there, paying her way through by tutoring. From this school she came east to Barnard College in New York City, bent on becoming a Latin teacher. There she found herself irresistibly drawn to the study of zoology. She has written glowingly since in the Barnard alumnus magazine of the courses where "the love life of an earthworm became beautiful and exciting" and "the nervous system of the dogfish integrated the history of the world into a rational pattern."

Meanwhile she kept up a stiff regimen of Greek and Latin, ran a typewriter in the bureau's office, tutored, and helped manage a dormitory. She also sang in a choral club and went in

(Continued on Page 41)

Scratch Another Flat-Top

By ROBERT CARSON

IN A RECENTLY reclaimed area of tide flats adjoining a sizable deep-water channel lay the Sanderson Shipbuilding Corporation. Overhead was the usually bright California sun and not so far away stood the voluptuous city of Los Angeles, but you would never have known it in the midst of this oozy ground, frames, ways, cranes, shops, electric welders and yard engines. All day long, the riveters chattered and the cranes screeched. At night, the only change was that the floodlights went on. To someone from the reading room of the public library, it would have seemed a hopeless madhouse. To anyone from a night club, it would have seemed like home. To Aleck McClean, it was the beginning of the end.

He was one of old Harry Littlefield's boys. The Master Builder—and nobody was kidding when they called Littlefield that—had a stable of young engineers ranging from guys with paper and pencils who had never been out from under a fluorescent lamp to men with horny hands who used bulldozers as family cars. Aleck was on the marine side of the gang, and when Littlefield began building ships on something resembling an assembly line, Aleck descended into the hot water, never to emerge again. Eventually, engineers became as desirable as big-league ballplayers had been, and Aleck was traded to Sanderson, which had got off to a bad start, for a hot cost accountant, two lesser engineers and a Diesel diagnostician.

Aleck came to Sanderson with a bar under his saddle. The shipyard was thought of in some circles as the only country club where the members wore tin hats, and the members regarded the big, raw-boned, sandy-haired production manager with considerable distaste. He still remembered Pearl Harbor as a personal affront. He spoke of ships as the weakest link in the chain, and said you couldn't do any fighting with your bare hands. When he mentioned Germans or Japs, he acted as if he was sore. Boats were built, as far as he was concerned, with a desperate intensity.

A lot of people at Sanderson wanted to ask waioken on him. A good many of them soon left, and Aleck never seemed to notice what the rest were saying. One reason was that he did all the talking. And also he was too busy. It turned out to be a pretty tough fight.

Finally, he won. The yard got his point of view and went crazy. Ships splashed monotonously into the channel and records began to fall. Celebrations hanged bottles of champagne on steel poles. A flag with an E fluttered on the flagpole. Sanderson took to constructing baby aircraft carriers in vicious haste, and an admiral who had knocked a Jap fleet bowlegged came

Aleck was a wizard at managing shipyards, but Iris and Susan knew he was no better than any other man when it came to managing women.

personally to congratulate them. It was mostly over. Aleck could pause to draw a long breath.

His large bones were standing out more clearly and his eyes looked red. Hiding him was a record of technical achievements so outstanding that they had brought a nasty letter from Littlefield, asking why he hadn't done a little thinking while he worked for him. On the morale side was an employees' pension plan, lunch-hour entertainment, a public-address system that carried music and Aleck's exhortations to all who could hear them, a system of bonuses for speed-up ideas, company nurseries for the women workers who had children, and a highly efficient department of medical care. And all over the world were Sanderson ships with loads of bad news for the master races.

Spring had come by the time Aleck paused to draw that long breath. His fancy lightly turned to thoughts of girls. Shortly thereafter, he met one named Iris Lenden. She was tall, firmly molded, and had dark hair and dark eyes. His came of a cultured family, was a university graduate and spoke with decision. She had as detailed plans for Aleck as he had for his ships. The future of their romance looked pretty inevitable.

Aleck grew rather bappy in a reticent Scotch way. The McCleans were solid people, and had been ever since they built ships on the Clyde, emigrated to America and thereby contributed through several generations to the construction of a new country. They generally picked solid women for their wives. Iris was solid. She read good books, listened to the best symphonies, entertained servicemen, and wanted a home and a successful husband. Aleck hadn't intended to rush things, but one Sunday morning while playing golf they got engaged.

It happened as they were on the sixteenth hole, waiting for a pair of old duffers ahead of them to get out of the way. Iris, who had a very long ball for a woman and was sharp with a putter, had been teasing the punts off Aleck. He spoke gloomily of the condition of his game and the fact that he'd probably never be as good as she was.

"You just need patience," Iris told him. "If you'd had my time for playing as I have, you'd beat me all right. Wait and see what happens if we play together long enough."

"That'll take years," Aleck said.

Iris smiled at him. "I don't mind. Do you?"

"No, I don't mind," Aleck said. "But you won't want me as a partner for long."

"I might," Iris said, and shyly dropped her eyes to a steel-shafted driver she was holding. "Suppose we were partners in everything? We could play golf together, eat together, live together."

"That's carrying golf too far," Aleck said hastily, and then paused. "Oh, I see what you mean. We'd get engaged."

"Engaged and married."

"Uh-huh."

"I think it would be very nice," Iris said, after a tense moment. "Perhaps you don't feel the same."

"Oh, it'd be swell," Aleck replied. "I—ah—"

"Naturally, you'd have to ask me." Her eyes twinkled. "That's the man's prerogative, you know."

"Yeah," Aleck said.

He was somewhat confused. Almost from the first, he had intended to ask her to marry him, but there was no definite date in his mind. And he had anticipated a rather big scene, with arguments and persuasion, and maybe even moonlight. The circumstance

The load was really too much for him, but she wouldn't help. Halfway up the steep flight leading from the basement he lost his grip.



Aleck McClean.

that she had obviously been thinking along parallel lines and twice as frankly dazed him. The two old duffers were in the clear now, and Iris bent over to tie up, Aleck reached for his collar to loosen it, and discovered he was wearing a sport shirt. He drew the longest breath he had ever drawn.

"Iris," he said—"ah—let's do it. I mean, shall we get married? Huh?"

She straightened promptly, dropped her club and opened her arms. They clinched. He was going to kiss her, but she had something to say first.

"Aleck," she said, "I shall be proud and happy to be your wife. Kiss me."

He kissed her. He would have kissed her again, except that a foursome was coming up behind them. Iris tied up. Aleck was sure his game had gone all to blazes, yet his fiancée was as steady as ever. She hit a ball down the fairway that looked as if it had been shot from a bazooka. Aleck watched it roll to the edge of the seventeenth green. He took his own stance with no feeling of confidence.

"Since we're engaged," he said, "I can afford to be honest. I want a ten handicap from now on."

"Of course, darling," Iris said.

When they finished, they celebrated the event in the clubhouse bar with a drink. Iris introduced Aleck to several of her friends and announced the engagement. There was a lot of bandshaking. One of the men wanted to buy Aleck a second drink, but Iris shook her head. "No use getting my future husband off on the wrong foot," she said, with a regal glance at her future husband. "I want him cool sober and fit for duty at all times."

They ate the buffet lunch, and Aleck relaxed on the terrace with a cigarette. His uneasiness had subsided. He felt at peace with the world, and even permitted himself some drab Scotch dreams. Once the killing pace of the war years was over, his life should be enviable. A happily married man, he could relax, read a few good engineering books, work on trimming down that ten handicap, and possibly give his loving wife a good shelling on the links in time.

Iris came out and sat down beside him. She was busy with a pencil and paper, making notes.

Aleck gazed at her fondly. "I was wondering if, after we rested up," he said, "we couldn't shoot another nine holes? Me with my ten handicap."

"No, we'll have to get busy," Iris replied. "There are a million things to do, now we're going to be married."

"What?"

"Well, finding a place to live. It's terribly hard these days. Setting the date and planning the wedding. Buying furniture. Making a list of whom we're inviting to our marriage."

Aleck was now gazing at her sadly. "I see. . . Only it's so nice out here with the trees and grass and sunshine, and it's Sunday."

"There'll be other Sundays," Iris said. "Aleck, you'll have to find time tomorrow to get me an engagement ring. Please don't buy anything outrageous." She shook a humorous finger at him. "But mamma won't be mad if it's awfully, awfully nice."

"All right."

"How would May fifteenth suit you as a wedding day?"

"Just fine," Aleck said, "if we don't have a launch-



"You'll have to see that you don't have one," Iris said. "This is your lunching, little man."

She checked off several items and added a few more. Aleck watched a group of lucky guys going out to play. He wondered if they were married.

"Let me ask you something, Iris," he said suddenly. "Did you ever expect to marry me before today?"

"Certainly. You're a most eligible gent."

"Did you—ah—count on it?"

"I'd have given you a ten handicap and still got you."

"For pity's sake!" Aleck said.

"Let's be on our way, Aleck," Iris said, rising. "We can't afford to waste time doing nothing out here."

They spent the afternoon hunting houses. At first, Aleck thought they were looking for a place to rent, but Iris and the real-estate agent she picked up disillusioned him. The expedition was dedicated to the proposition of buying a home, and a good one. This was for keeps.

"Maybe we shouldn't buy a place during the war," Aleck remarked. "I might have to move around. You never can tell."

"Yes, you can," Iris said. "You're well-established at Sanderson. All you have to do is keep working hard. I'll attend to this."

"Sure, they won't fire me," Aleck said, "but suppose I found another spot where I could do more good? I've done about all I can at Sanderson except to make sure the yard goes on at top production. Something might turn up in which —"

"You're doing enough good here," Iris said. "Let's not argue, darling."

"The little lady's right, pardner," the real-estate agent said. "Buying a home is the best way in the world to settle down, if you don't get the nod from your local drift board."

It turned out, however, that all the home owners were robber barons or the possessors of ancient ruins. Iris saw nothing she wanted in a grueling six hours. She laid plans for a more elaborate campaign, with the real-estate agent, and then she and Aleck went to dinner. Over soup, Iris discussed the servant problem.

"They're simply murder," she explained, "and they want a fortune. Our best bet is to get a married couple. The married people are always staidier and more likely to stay."

"I guess there's nothing like being married," Aleck said.

"You'll find out," Iris made a funny little face.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LUDEKENS

She devoted the entire to explaining the furniture situation to him. They wanted good things, pieces they could keep all their lives. That meant antiques, and antiques meant time. She'd have to begin hunting immediately, keeping the stuff in her apartment until they were ready for it. If she kept right at the work up until the moment they were walking down the church aisle together, she'd have at least enough to start the married state. In the event that they didn't find a decent house soon enough, the furniture could go into a rented place which would do credit to them. Iris made a few more notes as she ate her fillet of sole Florentine. She was prepared for everything.

"Antiques?" Aleck said. "Do we have to buy antiques?"

"Aleck," she asked, "are you out of your head?"

"I don't know," Aleck said honestly. "Say, do we have to be married at a church?"

"I wouldn't think of being married anywhere else. I have my grandmother's wedding gown."

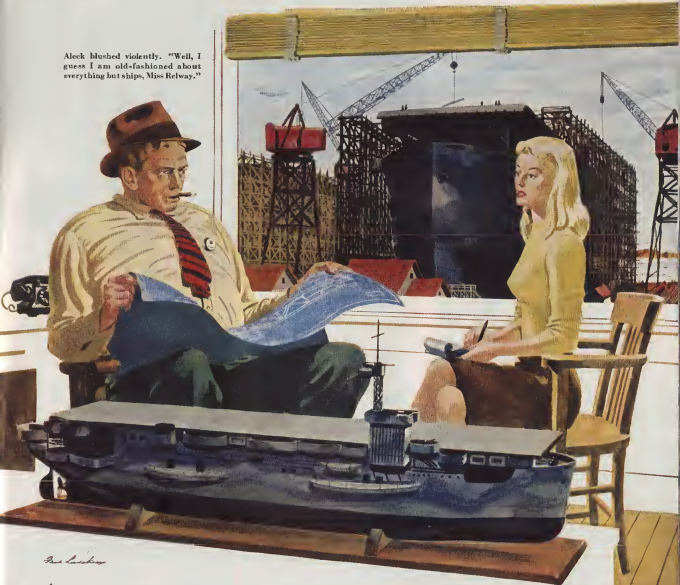
Aleck sighed. "Where are we going on our honeymoon?"

"Lake Arrowhead," Iris replied. "Friends of mine have a lovely cabin up there."

"I thought we might go to San Francisco," Aleck said. "I could see old

(Continued on Page 42)

Aleck blushed violently. "Well, I guess I am old-fashioned about everything but ships, Miss Relway."



Fred Luden

Richest Man on Earth

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Worth about 82,000,000,000, owner of a solid-gold table service for 150 people, the Nizam of Hyderabad lives on \$5.00 a week, is one of India's political powers.

NEW DELHI, INDIA.

HE IS Exalted Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad, mightiest of India's potentates, ruler over a territory the size of England and Scotland combined, and reputedly the richest man in the world, allows himself a budget of five dollars a week and lives on a ramshackle veranda which he shares with a pet goat.

This frail little man, who wears old clothes and smiles a friendly smile, is one of your most extraordinary contemporaries. He and his great state of Hyderabad seem like a dream straight out of The Arabian Nights. Your correspondent, having just returned from a fortnight's stay at the Nizam's court, confesses that he is still black and blue all over from pinching himself.

Hyderabad, occupying an area of 83,000 square miles on the wind-swept tablelands of the Deccan, in Southern India, is India's premier state. Its ruler, Rustam-J-Downan Anasut-L-Zaman Muzaffar-ul-Mulk-vel-Mamalik Fatah Jung Nizam-ad-Dowla Nizam-ul-Mulk Asaf Jah Sultan-ul-Uloom Sipah Salur General Nawab Sir Mir Osman Ali Khan Bahadur, G.C.S.I., G. C. B. E., Faithful Ally of the British Government—Osman to you—is first among India's 562 princes. Though four other monarchs are, like him, entitled to a twenty-one-gun salute, he alone is addressed as "Exalted" Highness.

Bound to the British Crown by tight and ancient treaties guaranteeing his sovereign rights in all but foreign affairs, he considers himself a friend rather than a satellite of the King Emperor. His sharp and shiny eyes watch incessantly over his by no means fictitious sovereignty.

He has full powers over the life and death of his 17,000,000 subjects. He maintains his own customs service—5 per cent ad valorem on imports from British India—his own army, prints his own stamps, operates his own railroads and an air line. His paper currency is the only one circulating in India besides the British rupee notes.

The Nizam is a power. But Osman is a shy and extremely modest fellow. When you meet him, don't look for a diamond-studded turban, a brocade gown and pearl buttons. What you'll find is a wisened oldster with the face of a goblin—in dire need of a haircut, with an untrimmed mustache of amber hue, wearing a homespun Indian coat, very old leather shoes, and a fox which your Indian bearer, Ali, would have discarded fifteen years ago. He will talk to you in a sharp, not unpleasant voice, speaking excellent English, and underlining his sentences with swift gestures of his thin, brown, sensitive hands. He is fifty-eight years old and in perfect health, except for his teeth, which are bad. Behind his well-chiselled forehead one of India's most brilliant brains works on a twenty-four-hour shift. You will find him well informed on both Indian and world affairs; he is likely to fire questions at you at a rapid rate, interrupting himself now and then with an infectious chuckle. Altogether you'll find it very easy to like him; and yet, on taking leave, you may suddenly feel acutely sorry for him. For Osman, with his uncounted millions and his great kingdom, is probably one of the saddest little people you have ever run across.



Osman, present Nizam of Hyderabad, son of the sixth Nizam and a Hindu dancing girl, outranks all other Indian princes, is addressed as "Exalted" Highness.

He is the seventh Nizam. Like his ancestors, he is a faithful Moslem. The family is of Turkoman origin and goes back to Abu Bakr, Mohammed's father-in-law and successor as caliph. Osman's father was a nawab as you would imagine him. He rode around on elephants and in Rolls-Royces. He went tiger shooting. He wore his jewels instead of hiding them; those he could not wear were sewed into bags and used as doorstops in his shimmering palaces. He was a good drinker and after a roaring night would toss a small coin up in the air and hit it with a revolver bullet. For many years he was without a son, and when a Hindu dancing girl whom he had favored with his attention gave birth to a boy—Osman—he happily recognized him as his son and heir. Later, a legitimate wife bore him two other sons, and his love for the first-born turned into hate. Osman, growing up under the heavy cloud of paternal scorn, firmly attached himself to his mother. Upon his father's death, he put her in a palace where he visited her daily. He nearly lost his mind when she died, started a religious campaign to canonize her as "Mother of the Deccan," and raised funds to build a mosque in her memory. To this day he goes out every afternoon to visit her now-empty palace and her near-by tomb.

Little is to report about Osman's youth. He was educated privately at his father's court in such subjects as history, literature and languages. He is per-

fectly at home in Arabic, Persian, Urdu and English, but his homespun education was too narrow in scope to give him a chance to distinguish himself in any special field. Yet in the thirty-three years of his reign, it is only fair to state, Osman has not misruled his ancestral domain. He has not mismanaged his own affairs either.

Economy is Osman's outstanding characteristic. For him, no diamond earrings and brooches; for him, no elephants and dancing girls. After his father's death, he closed up Falaknuma Palace—the name means "like the sky"—and moved into his present modest domicile in a suburb of Hyderabad City. The entire establishment consists of a dozen low and unpretentious buildings in a green compound surrounded by a high wall. A canary-yellow Rolls-Royce with bells and baubles, bought for him at the beginning of his reign, is rusting in the garage. The royal elephants have not been used since his coronation durbar. When Osman goes out, he uses a prehistoric Ford touring car or, on special occasions, an old but fairly decent British-made Humber.

Reasonably gregarious at the beginning of his reign, he has seen fewer and fewer people. He entertains only when he has to, and then at state expense. He has long ceased to indulge in tiger shooting, traditional pastime of nawabs and rajahs, and stopped playing tennis several decades ago. A good chess player, he has not had a

game for many years. He hates parades, movies and novels. He has never been up in an airplane. His courtiers have to use all their power of persuasion if they want him to see an exhibition or to lay a cornerstone for a new building, sometimes have to drag him out by his shirttail. He usually tries to get off like a boy who balks at the idea of exchanging his comfortable play suit for a more formal garment.

As most of us do, Osman gets attached to objects which have surrounded him for years. He hates to change them. He wears his clothes until they fall apart. Once he broke his walking stick. A fashionable haberdasher sent him a collection of canes. Osman tried some of them, then decided to return them all and keep on using his old one, which, though fractured, was still in one piece. When the Marquis of Linlithgow, the former viceroy, paid him a visit, Osman stood waiting on the station platform, leaning on the old walking stick, which sagged precariously under his weight.

"Very dangerous, Your Exalted Highness," remarked the observing Linlithgow.

"Yes, I must have a ring put around it," said Osman. He did.

Just how Osman got first started upon his career as the world's greatest hoarder of tangible wealth is difficult to say. According to one version, he first began piling up gold in order to bail out Berar Province, a part of Hyderabad leased to the British in perpetuity by a former Nizam. Whatever the original motive, augmenting his treasure is today Osman's only, all-consuming hobby.

How much is the Nizam worth? If you should go to Hyderabad, you are likely to hear many guesses, as Osman's wealth is by all counts the favorite topic of conversation in the city's homes and bazars. Sometimes, it does not lack an amazing touch—you have tea or dinner with a well-educated, highly westernized family and, suddenly and inevitably, someone pops a question: "Tell us, Mr. Hauser, who is the richest man in your country? Rockefeller? Morgan? Ford?" You admit you don't know, and they will quickly tell you that it really doesn't matter, because "H.E.H." is probably richer than any of them. There is no denying the fact that Hyderabadis are proud of the cash and the tribute which their ruler, in thirty-three years of squirrel-like industry, has stored up.

Let us begin with Osman's annual income. His civil list, paid him by the state of Hyderabad, amounts to 5,000,000 rupees—there are roughly three rupees to one United States dollar. His income from the crown lands—the Nizam's private estate, which covers one tenth of the total area of Hyderabad and is inhabited by 1,500,000 people—comes to 21,000,000 rupees a year. In addition, there is some income based on an unusual and highly profitable palace custom: a subject of the Nizam who is received by him in audience,



Princess Nilofar, cousin to Princess of Berar, before, and wife of the Nizam's second son.

presents him with a gold ashraf—currently equal to about 100 rupees—plus four silver rupees. Although Osman's father used to touch these coins and return them, as a token of good luck, Osman is in the habit of accepting the gift. On four annual gala occasions, when he entertains thousands of guests at lavish banquets financed by the state of Hyderabad, Osman rolls up his sleeves and faces the receiving line, quickly jerking the five coins out of each visitor's hand and dropping them into two bags, separating the silver from the gold. Some of his nobles take pride in presenting him with as many as twenty or thirty gold ashrafs every time they see him. Total returns from this ritual may be estimated at 10,000,000 rupees. These three visible sources of income add up to an annual total of 36,000,000 rupees, or \$12,000,000. Additional gifts, donated by those eager to please Osman or desirous of special favors such as government jobs may conservatively be estimated at \$3,000,000 a year.

According to his own statement, the Nizam spends twenty dollars a month. His palace staff, even his kitchen, is maintained by public funds. Osman has repeatedly expressed himself in favor of home industries, with the convenient result that his clothes, his toilet articles, as well as his cigarettes, are sent him free of

charge by local manufacturers. An estimate, therefore, of the Nizam's total savings during his reign at slightly below \$500,000,000 must be fairly near the mark.

The bulk of his fortune, however, is in his jewels. An expert jeweler who was once permitted to see the collection in order to carry out some repairs, and whom his friends later pressed for an evaluation, estimated "what he had seen of it" at \$1,500,000,000. The collection includes the Jacobs diamond, used by the late Nizam as a paperweight, a large camel-shaped diamond, a set of three egg-sized stones, as well as a unique set of emeralds. As for his pearls, the often heard boast of Hyderabad that the Nizam could lay a pavement of pearls from Charing Cross to Oxford Circus in London is not much of an exaggeration. He once had his pearls taken out of the sacks where they had been kept for many years to wash them in a special solution which would preserve their luster, and to grade them according to size. The pearls formed a shimmering carpet covering the roof of every building in his palace compound; it took the servants three days to spread them out, and the process of grading had to be abandoned as too time consuming. Osman, incidentally, owns the world's largest gold table service, consisting of solid gold plates, platters, knives, forks, ash trays and even salt shakers for 150 people. "Buckingham Palace," one of his attendants told me, "without a single commiseration," "has one for twenty-four only."

The Nizam has no treasure house. There is little method in his metallurgic extravaganzas—he goes about it in a charmingly haphazard way. Most of his wealth is piled up in the two main buildings of King Kotli, where he lives; gold, in coin, bars and large keg-shaped blocks, is stacked along the walls of what used to be living and bed rooms. It fills the parlor and the garage. It is stowed away in half-forgotten corners—once the Nizam had his servants take down some tapestries of which he had tired, and boxes filled with gold were found behind them. Another time, a truck drove into the palace grounds laden down with gold bars. There was no room to store them and, as a temporary measure, Osman posted a sentry to watch the precious cargo. That was twenty years ago. Today, the same truck stands in the same yard, its wheels embedded in the wall. Its body is covered with grass, and a little tree sitting on top. The gold is still there, and so is the sentry. In a remote corner of the rambling mansion, a pushcart with several sacks of silver rupees has been resting quietly for years. Most of the sacks are gaping at the seams and the coins have dropped to the ground; no one has picked them up.

Not counting the value of his crown lands, then, the Nizam's wealth is most likely to be somewhere in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000,000, which probably justifies the claim that he is the richest individual in the world. Personally, he gets (Continued on Page 162)

Next in line, the Prince of Berar and his wife, daughter of the ex-Sultan of Turkey.

City of Hyderabad, heart of Osman's feudalistic domain of 83,000 square miles. Should "H.E.H." appear, this traffic would instantly cease, and pedestrians would stand in respectful silence.



It's a Long Way Down

By GEORGES CAROUSSO

STEVE BOSSERT sat on the porch of his shack, mending a net. His knobby-jointed fingers were slow and stiff from too many attacks of the bends, but he was in no hurry. Outside the cove, the wind was kicking up and shifting to the northeast, and unless his weather eye was getting dull, there was a good long spell of weather ahead. It was just as well. He had this net to mend and a couple of lobster pots to straighten out, and if the storm lasted long enough a wiring job to do on his dory's motor. He had learned the trick, long ago, of saving up little jobs to fill the endless lonesome hours when a storm kept him tied up to his pier. He still did it, even though the reason was no longer clear in his mind. At forty-seven, Steve Bossert didn't stop often to figure the reasons for his actions. It might have been different if he had had a family, but he was alone. He had the cove, and the shack, and the dory, and his fishing. On rare occasions, he would walk into the village and get silently, broadly, unobtrusively drunk.

He heard the sound of a motor heading toward his cove, and he got up and went to the porch rail, sniffing his face slightly in the characteristic walk of all deep-sea divers. It was a PT boat heading toward his pier. Steve Bossert's large frame stiffened and he ran his fingers through his long, salt-and-pepper thatch of hair, but he did not go out to meet the new arrivals. The PT bumped lightly against the pier and an officer jumped ashore. A lieutenant commander, Steve noticed. Then, as the officer walked briskly toward him, Steve saw his face. His fingers fell away from the porch railing and he stepped slowly backward and sat down in his chair. His legs were trembling, and the trembling moved upward until it filled his whole body. For twenty-five years, he had dreamed of meeting this man on the moment of his own choosing, and now it was happening and he was not prepared for it.

The officer stopped with one foot on the bottom step of the porch. "Hello, Steve," he said. It was almost a question, and the half smile on his weather-beaten face was also a question. "You remember me?" "Of course," Steve Bossert said. "Boyd Lorrimer. How could I forget you?"

"It's been a long time. Almost twenty-five years." Yes, it was a long time. But you don't forget the face of the man you hate, even in twenty-five years. As the years passed, this face in his memory had aged

After twenty years of waiting and hating, Steve Bossert found the weapon for revenge in his hands . . . placed there by the enemy himself.

just as his own face had aged. Only Beth's face had remained young and beautiful in his memory. She's a middle-aged woman now, he thought suddenly. He could not imagine it. She had grown up with him from the chubbiness of childhood to the maturity of a lovely, desirable girl of twenty, and she had remained twenty in his memories until this moment.

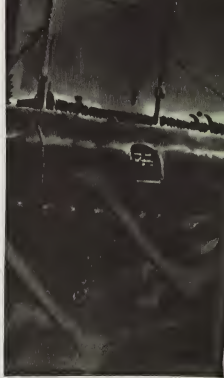
Boyd Lorrimer came up the stairs slowly and sat back against the railing.

"So, now you're a lieutenant commander," Steve Bossert said.

Lorrimer looked down at his stripes thoughtfully, as though he had not noticed them before. "It's a long, hard way up," he said.

It's a long, hard way down, Steve Bossert thought. It had been a long, hard way down to the sunken S-196M. He had been a first-class machinist's mate then, and Boyd only a yeoman. They were young and strong, and a little drunk with their strength and youth. They were pals. There was nothing more natural than to spend shore leave together. And together meant Beth, as going home to Northport had always meant Beth. What did it matter if sometimes Boyd couldn't get anyone else to fill in on a foursome? The three of them could go out. They could take turns dancing; they could walk down the street arm in arm, happy with the wonderful world. There is not a crowd when two are in love and the other is a buddy.

Then, the S-196M went down with a jammed induction valve, and the water poured into her, sinking her, bow first, into the clay bottom a hundred and sixty feet down. It was a race against time to slip the huge chains under her and get the floating cranes to pull her loose. It was a race in which the hammerings inside the ship grew weaker and finally stopped only minutes before they brought her to the surface. Stark minutes that pointed accusing fingers at each personnel delay, each minute of hesitation in the face of danger down there in the dim depths.



At the court of inquiry, the divers were tense, unable to give satisfactory answers to their own silently asked questions. But only Steve Bossert blew his top at that inquiry, and struck a superior officer who dared to question that he had done everything humanly possible to save those men. There was a court-martial and Steve was dishonorably discharged.

"You dropped completely out of sight after your court-martial," Boyd Lorrimer said. "You never left a word for any of us."

"You're gold bruid now, Lorrimer. You don't know what it means to be tossed out. You don't know what it means in a Navy town like Northport." He wondered why he was saying all this now. Someday he had expected to tell Boyd Lorrimer, but that was to have been a day of his own choosing. "I worked on a tramp steamer. For three years, I hit every bell port in the world. Then I came back."

The officer leaned forward and looked at Steve intently. "To Northport? I didn't know that. I think I begin to understand now. You didn't let any of us know."

"No. You were busy. You were a married man. You had a baby son." Steve Bossert picked up the net and the hobbin, and started working on a tear. He was afraid of his hands as long as they lay idle on the arms of the chair.

"At first, I thought that you were dead," Boyd Lorrimer said. "Then I heard that you were diving for the Blue Star outfit. That was a long time ago. Later, I heard you had this fishing station. I did not look you up. I figured if you wanted to come back, you'd come home to Northport. I was never one for barging into a man's private life."

"No!" Steve's fingers would not behave. He almost dropped the hobbin.

"If you mean Beth, you're wrong, Steve," Lorrimer's voice was even. "You must get that straight, Steve. Beth and I fell in love with each other. We



When the storm broke, it would be impossible to hold a rescue vessel over the position of the submarine.



He bent down to the brilliant flame. The burner shot its brilliant fireworks through the murky water.

knew it for months before the court-martial. Things like that happen to people, Steve. We couldn't think of a way to tell you. But we knew that we would have to tell you someday."

"Then I ran away. It made things easier."

"You didn't come just to tell me all this," Bossert said, nodding toward the PT.

"No, I came to ask for your help."

"My help!" he chuckled hollowly. "That's a good one!"

"I need you," Lorrimer said evenly. "I need every expert deep-sea diver I can get. There aren't many to be had. I knew you had a fishing station here, so I came to get you. The S-One Sixty-nine R was rammed by a convoy that changed its course. She's down in three hundred and fourteen feet. There are live men aboard her."

Steve Bossert looked up. "Three hundred and fourteen feet!" Then he shrugged. "That's too bad, but that's the Navy's headache."

Boyd Lorrimer flinched as though he had been struck, but when he spoke, there was no anger in his voice. "It isn't a case of headsche, Steve. It's the lives of the men trapped down there. They have Momen lungs, of course, but to try to ride an air bubble to the top from that depth would be suicide."

"How about a McCann rescue chamber? It worked on the Squalus."

"It's our only hope. But a diver must go down first, clear the wreckage from the escape hatch and attach the down-buoy cable."

"You seem to know what to do. Why come to me?"

Boyd Lorrimer's lips thinned with the anger he was trying to control. "Because my divers are all green. Because there is a storm all around us that has

grounded the planes that are rushing me experienced hands. Three hundred and fourteen feet! Over a hundred and forty pounds of pressure! You know what that does to a man's brain. My divers have tried it. They're gone, but they're green. They get down there, and it's dark, and the current swirls clouds of silt around them, and the pressure saps their strength and fills their heads with fog. And they break under it, and we haul them up and put them in the decompression chamber, and they sit there bawling like kids because they couldn't take it." The commander stopped the sudden flow of words and ran his hand absently over his chin, and for the first time Steve noticed that the lines etched on his face were lines of fatigue.

"Tek-teki!" he said. If it were not for the men trapped down there, he might be enjoying this. "And what makes you think that I'll help? After all, they told me in no uncertain terms, a long, long time ago, that they had no use for men like me."

Boyd Lorrimer shook his head wearily. "I don't know if they were right or wrong, Steve. I'm not here to judge you, I'm here to beg for your help. Maybe you're too old to dive. I don't know. All I know is that you know what it's like down there, and those kids don't. I'm not here to ask you in an official capacity. Perhaps my coming here at all is against regulations. Perhaps your diver is against regulations. I don't know. I don't think I care. The captain aboard the S-One Sixty-nine R is Lieut. John Lorrimer, my son."

Steve Bossert looked up at the drawn, tense face. He felt dizzy and confused. He hated this man standing before him—hated him with all the deep-rooted hurt of half a lifetime. And now this man was begging

him to save the life of his son. After twenty-five years, Boyd Lorrimer himself was placing the weapon for vengeance in his hands. Steve got up slowly and shuffled to the railing. He leaned on it, studying the sea and the angry sky. He could feel Lorrimer beside him, tense, straining, fighting the impulse to force a quick decision. *Let him wait, he thought. Let him stew in his own pride. Let him wait until he realizes that the stripes on his sleeve don't mean a thing to me.*

But when Lorrimer at last said, "Well, Steve?" and he had won his little battle, there was no joy in it. He went into the cottage and put on a pea jacket and a stocking cap, and followed Lorrimer down the pier to the waiting PT boat.

It was rough as they plowed into the running seas beyond the cove. The wind was shifting steadily toward the northeast, piling up in the heavy, rolling clouds. When the storm broke, they would have to abandon the rescue. It would be impossible to hold a rescue vessel over the position of the submarine. Lorrimer had mentioned clouds of silt. Silt would not hold the four five-ton anchors mooring the Mallard over the sub. They would drag. It would be suicidal folly for a diver to descend from a salvage vessel which might drag his life line and air hoses, which might yank him from the submarine deck while he was working, and plunge him to crushing depths below. Without the storm, a dive to such depths would be a panicle between the diver's skill and courage, and the terrific, stupefying pressure. No men could blame another for refusing to dive under those conditions. No men could issue the order for the dive. Even a lieutenant commander could do nothing but stare at the dull, impenetrable water and ask for volunteers.

He's building up hopes on me, Steve Bossert thought. He's putting his son's life in my hands.

(Continued on Page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK ROBBINS

My Own Money

By
GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

All Candy wanted was to make Jack happy on his first furlough. How could she guess what a man home from war really expects of the girl he loves?

CANDY punched her time card and put it back into its slot. Louise Sherwin was the name typed over the slot, but everybody called her Candy. Her father had started it, the first time he ever looked at her, a tiny but well-rounded infant with a tuft of vivid hair.

"She's all red and white," he had said, "like a candy cane." Now, seventeen years later, the name still suited her. The tuft of hair had grown to shoulder length, gently curling at the ends, and its vibrant color had toned down to a lovely warm russet. She was so nicely rounded as she had been as a baby, only in different places. Her skin was wonderfully white, and her cheeks and lips were red, and although her eyes were blue the effect was still there. She had a little tip-tilt nose with a smidge of freckles across it that no amount of powdering could hide, and she looked like candy. She looked good enough to eat.

In appreciation of this, several prolonged whistles followed her as she left the factory, but they were so much a part of her daily life that she scarcely heard them. She walked along briskly, swinging her empty lunch box. In the left-hand pocket of her shirt, under her overall strap, she could feel the fat bulge of the little Manila envelope. It cracked a little when she moved her shoulder.

Two blocks past the factory, she turned into a softly lit, thickly carpeted shop. An emaciated woman in a black dress glided forward with an air of weary boredom.

She murmured several words huskily before one emerged, "Something?"

"My dress," Candy said. "Miss Sherwin."

"Oh, yes," the horrid woman murmured. Then she looked over her shoulder and shouted, "Miss Sherwin's dress ready?"

A moment later, a younger woman came through the voluminous gray draperies at the rear of the shop with a box. "Evening, Miss Sherwin. All ready for you. How are you this evening?"

"Fine." Candy pried the envelope out of her shirt pocket and counted out several of the crisp new bills. She smiled at the friendlier woman. "I'm fine. I just got a raise."

"If you should change your mind about the dress," the woman said, "there were two other girls after it. If you wanted to return it—"

"I won't change my mind," Candy said.

She carried the box under her arm, not holding it too tight, and she thought about this dress that she had bought with her own money. She hadn't asked whether she could have it. She hadn't consulted anybody. She had just seen it in the window and gone in and tried it on and paid a deposit, and now she had it. Now she had a new dress that she had bought without her mother or father or anyone else even knowing about it. She had bought it with her own money.

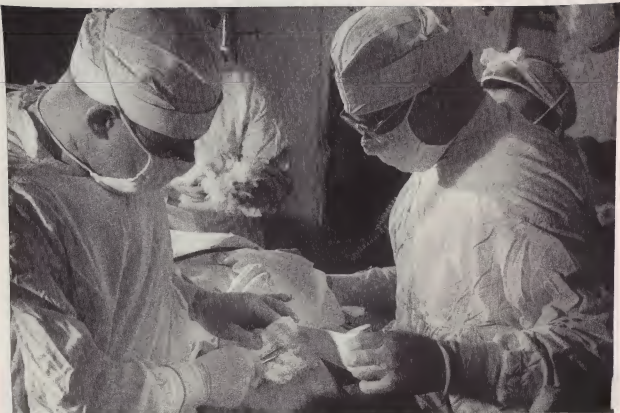
"You're a smart kid," the foreman had told her today. "Another six months, you'll be getting as much as anybody in the shop."

She passed the first three houses on her street and then, at her own gate, she stopped a minute because she had thought of something. With this raise, her salary was almost as big as pop's.

Candy's mother was always saying that pop didn't make much, but that he had so many (Continued on Page 36)



He stopped, and his glance followed the stinky length of her black dress to the high-heeled, open-toed sandals.



At the Army's Valley Forge Hospital Lt. Col. James Barrett Brown (right) and Capt. Willis McKean use fluffy cotton waste to combat the cruellest marks of modern "gasoline war"—scars from exploding fuel in tanks, planes, ships.

The Waste That Saves Lives

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

THERE had been a collision in mid-air, and a sudden flash of flame. And now all you could see of Ens. Johnny Wilson's face was his chin and his grin. He looked like a good-natured night-club swami whose bulbous turban had been pulled down over his eyes by a playful customer.

"I feel as though I'd stuck my head into a pillow and couldn't get it out," remarked Johnny, who is a real guy, but who professes that we don't use his real name. "The doctor says I can take this thing off in another couple of weeks, though, and look at myself."

For a moment, the grin disappeared and you could read the young Navy flier's thoughts through the folds of his grotesque bandage.

"But I guess," said Johnny, "they can fix up burned faces pretty well these days."

That they can. And Ensign Wilson's curiously oversize headband is part of the new technique. Beneath the outer winding of bandage, and separated from the burned skin by several layers of gauze, was a thick padding of mechanic's waste, the curly thread stuff that every shipworker uses to wipe grease from his hands and his tools.

What suddenly lifted this Cinderella of the machine shop into the distinguished company of sutures, scalpels and sulfu drugs was the discovery of its unusual value in the newest treatment for burns—the pressure dressing. The soft, fluffy material, when cleaned and sterilized, serves as an ideal cushion to distribute pressure evenly over the burned area when an outer roller bandage is firmly bound on.

To understand why the simple cushiony bandage is giving such spectacular, lifesaving results in the Army, the Navy and civilian practice, it is necessary to recognize that "burn patients do not die of their burns," as the chief of a Navy hospital ship expressed it. They die from complications, of which shock is the commonest. Shock is the quiet killer in seven out of ten burn fatalities. Toxemia and infection usually account for the others. Shock is a complex thing, not yet fully understood even by the best physiologists, but

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY KEIGHLEY



Mechanics use it to wipe off grease, railroaders pack it in journal boxes, doctors save lives with it.

Now the doctors have perfected a new way to fight burns—a war-tested treatment that will help thousands of military and civilian fire casualties escape pain and disfigurement.

the central fact about it is the rapid oozing of the fluid part of the blood, the victim's own plasma, out of capillaries which have suddenly sprung leaks. Dr. Sumner L. Koch, of Northwestern University Medical School, a pioneer in developing the pressure dressing, coined the term "white bleeding" to describe the phenomenon. If large blood vessels are cut or torn, there will be red bleeding, too, and this will add to the shock condition. But in burns white bleeding alone usually does the damage. It forms watery swellings, or blisters, and the burned flesh itself weeps profusely. Worst of all, as the blood fluid leaks out of its normal channels and stagnates in the tissues, the blood pressure drops to a dangerously low level. The vital parts of the body can no longer receive enough blood-borne oxygen and nourishment and, if the shock is unchecked, life finally ebbs away.

Now, the use of mechanic's waste is something like the boy at the leaking dike. It works by damming back the precious life fluid, forcing it to return into the capillaries and thence to the veins and arteries where it belongs, and preventing or at least slowing down further leakage. No one claims the pressure dressing takes the place of plasma transfusions, for which thousands of American people have given their blood, although doctors have found that less plasma is needed by patients who have been treated with pressure bandages. Nor are these (Continued on Page 165)

He Flew Our First Jet Plane

By PAUL R. MILTON

The maiden flight of our revolutionary new airplane, the feverish work of preparation, the exciting tests—and what it all means. An authorized interview with the man at the controls.



Robert M. Stanley, first to fly America's first JP, found the plane by far the most exciting assignment of his career.

ONE morning in May, 1942, stocky, tight-jawed Lawrence D. Bell called his chief test pilot, Bob Stanley, into his office in the administration building of the Bell Aircraft Corporation in Buffalo, New York. On his desk Stanley noticed two turbine blades about three inches long. He guessed at once that they had something to do with a certain mysterious project in the main Bell plant.

Bell said, "Bob, I can tell you now; our secret project is a jet-propelled airplane for the Air Force. It is still secret, but it's time for you to go to work on it. Very few other men know about it, and I don't want you to tell anybody else until you actually have to put the man to work."

"That was my introduction," says Stanley, "to the most important and revolutionary aviation event since aircraft came of age, and certainly the most exciting assignment I ever had."

Robert M. Stanley, veteran Navy and test pilot, was then in his second year as chief test pilot and head of the flight-research department for Bell Aircraft. He'd been interested in jet propulsion for a long time. If practical, it might work one of the most far-reaching changes in aviation principles since the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk some forty years ago. Flying without a propeller, an airplane powered by a jet engine might reach new and hitherto impossible speeds and altitudes.

Bell went on, "Here are some sketches of the air frame and the engine. I want you to familiarize yourself with the JP at our secret factory"—he mentioned an address in Buffalo—"and set up a flight-test program."

Stanley studied the sketches. He was agreeably surprised that the engine would use a common fuel instead of one requiring liquid oxygen. Unlike early rocket engines, it would not burn itself out in a few minutes. And because it had no reciprocating parts to cause sliding friction, there would be nothing to wear out. He was most surprised, however, that the engine promised to deliver so much thrust—the measure of engine power in jet propulsion instead of horsepower.

Eight months before, the evening of Thursday, September 4, 1941, Larry Bell had had a telephone call at home from the headquarters of Gen. H. H. Arnold, Air Force chief.

"The general would like you to be in Washington tomorrow morning for a technical conference. Bring your chief engineer."

Bell called Harland M. Poyer, at that moment having a family picnic in his yard. "We're taking the nine-thirty to Washington."

At Air Force headquarters the next morning a group of top officers explained. In July, the British Air Ministry had given General Arnold an airplane engine of a new type—jet propulsion—designed by an RAF officer named Whittle. The British had down a

jet plane successfully, and now the USAAF proposed to develop a twin-engine jet fighter of its own. General Electric, whose representatives were also at that Washington meeting, was to duplicate the engine. Bell was charged with designing a new air frame, as no existing fighter model could be modified.

"On the way back from Washington, Poyer and I agreed," says Bell, "that firmer secrecy would be needed on the JP project than on any we'd ever worked on. So, obviously, the project couldn't be carried on in either of our plants in Buffalo and Niagara Falls. I rented some new office space in Buffalo."

Meanwhile, Poyer selected the men from his staff that he needed to design the air frame—an aerodynamicist, a structures designer, a stress-and-weights man, a thermodynamicist and a development engineer. They were sworn to secrecy and transferred to the secret office.

"In two weeks," Poyer told Stanley later, "we produced the outlines of a JP design comprehensive enough to show General Arnold and get a go-ahead signal from the Materiel Command at Wright Field. In design and appearance the JP was going to be an orthodox midwing monoplane. In three months we had the major elements so far along that we could order materials and prepare a secret factory on the second floor of a built building in Buffalo. There was space enough to hold three planes."

Within six months the design was finished. Progress was linked to Washington and Wright Field by the liaison work of Ray Whitman, first vice-president and cofounder of the company, the very first man Larry Bell himself had brought into the project on returning from Washington. More key men disappeared from the main plant. Production began.

"And I began," says Stanley, "to spend every other day at the secret factory. I found one prototype completed, a second half done, a third started. To maintain secrecy, the tests would not be conducted from our own fields but in California. So I began to reorganize my flight-research staff, then numbering about two hundred, so that I could take certain men to the site and still leave trained replacements to continue normal operations at the home plant."

Stanley arrived in Los Angeles on August nineteenth, his thirtieth birthday, and the next morning he traveled to the test site. The Air Force already had a regular training base near by. Though this area is

not ideal for airfields during the winter rainy season, for ten months of the year the flying weather is excellent. The terrain is bleak and flat, quite safe for dead-stick landings; the only vegetation is spikard Joshua trees and sagebrush. The area set aside as test site was about three miles in diameter, with hangar and barracks in the northwest quarter—and twenty-five miles from the nearest town.

"The contractor employed by the Army engineers to put up the test-site buildings was unhappy but firm. 'I don't think we're going' to have all this ready on time. Can't get enough men. When you comin' in here?'"

"Middle of September."

The contractor shook his head. Stanley saw his flight-test program expiring in the powdery dust. In desperation, he went back to Los Angeles and took an option at twenty dollars a week to rent an evangelist's revival tent, in case the hangar wasn't completed in time. He also bought some \$1500 worth of stoves, refrigerators, dishes and miscellaneous kitchen equipment, and hired cooks and waiters. Back at the field between buying trips, he assured Col. Don Keira, project officer who had been working on the engine with the British and G. E., that he would meet the scheduled flight date.

With the test-flight program set up for a year, Stanley faced a pretty long stay in the desert. "So," he said, "I decided to get married. I telephoned my fiancée, Katherine Norman, suggesting she come at once to Los Angeles. She arrived about September first and we scheduled the wedding for the eighteenth. Then I had an unexpected hurry call to return to Niagara Falls."

"I was back at the test base by the seventeenth to find that the crew had arrived, as well as the first JP, under military guard. I rushed back into Los Angeles, reaching there an hour before the wedding. Our honeymoon consisted of Saturday and Sunday in San Diego, and I was at the field, ready to work, on Monday morning."

During his absence, the Army engineers had really breathed on that contractor's neck. The barracks were finished and the hangar, too, except for the flooring and electrical wiring. There would be no use for the revival tent. With the arrival of the JP, however, secrecy requirements compelled the contractor and his men to withdraw, and Stanley and his crew had to



Artist's conception of the plane which needs no propeller, ignition system, carburetor, automatic throttle control or cooling system.

finish the flooring and wiring and hook up power from a 4800-volt cross-country high line running near by. With this, they ran their lights, a huge air compressor to power the automatic tools, lathes and drills to be used for alterations and repairs. They worked sixteen hours a day seven days a week. While they were putting the last touches on their facilities, the first airplane was being assembled and the engines installed under the direction of G.E. mechanics and engineers, who had also arrived.

The day scheduled for the first flight approached. Larry Bell arrived, and on September thirtieth, in the late afternoon, Stanley climbed into the cockpit to put his hands on the controls of the JP airplane for the first time. He was a little tense. Suppose the heat of the jet just seared off the tail like a giant scissor?

He waved to Bell, who grinned back and nodded. Bob started the engines. The tail didn't burn off. He breathed easier and taxied away from the hangar, picking up speed. He did a little high-speed taxiing up and down the runway, taking her maybe five feet off the ground and bringing her down again, to test the brakes and controls. After a few minutes, he rolled her back to where the others were watching attentively.

He called out to Bell. "I'd like to take her up now." Bell shook his head vigorously. "Tomorrow's the date. Let's not give her too much the first time."

The test program called for the first flight at two o'clock in the afternoon of October 1, 1942. A considerable group of men had arrived to witness it. There were Bell officials, Air Forces officers, aviation scientists and the engineers Larry Bell had promised, in Buffalo a year before, to bring to see the first flight, as a reward for their work on the plane.

By twelve o'clock, everybody had gathered for lunch in the mess hall close by the hangar. Beside Larry Bell sat Horland Poyer and his ever-present pipe, Edgar Rhodes, Herb Bowers and the other Bell engineers. With them was Art Fornoff, of Bell's service department. Across from Stanley sat the always-cheerful Maj. N. D. Heenan, of the British Air Commission in the United States; the fragile, venerable dean of aeronautics experts, Dr. W. F. Durand, of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; and Donald F. Warner, chief of the General Electric engineers who'd built the engines. An important presence was the project's Air Forces boss, Col.—now Brig. Gen.—Laurence C. Craigie from Wright Field pinching hitting for Colonel Keira, who had gone to England with the project officer on the airplane, Col. Ralph Stafford.

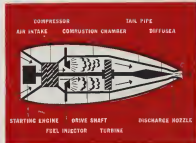
Stanley remembers that, calm and confident as they all looked, he felt himself to be the most confident man there. He was the first to leave the table at about half past one. He walked over to the hangar and gave the signal for the JP to be trundled out. He climbed into the cockpit and took her up. This is how his report reads:

"Duration of flight: 30 minutes. Throttle was applied promptly and acceleration during take-off appeared quite satisfactory. . . . The first flight reached an altitude of approximately twenty-five feet."

Right after that hop, at the low altitude usual for the first flight in a brand-new job, he took off again and went up 4000 feet. The cockpit became so warm he came right down again to remove the hatch for better ventilation. He went up again, so high he became very cold.

(Continued on Page 87)

DRAWING BY JAMES R. BINGHAM



Air sucked in at front is compressed, heated, mixed with fuel, ignited, forced out rear.

Traitor's Wife

By COUNTESS
INGRID VON ROSEN

As Told to KURT SINGER

JUDAS ISCARIOT, the greatest traitor of all times, was unmarred, and posterity therefore cannot know what a Mrs. Judas Iscariot thought and felt at the time Christ was betrayed. But almost all modern traitors from Pierre Leval to Vidkun Quisling have wives. The spotlight has fallen on the Quislings, but has left their wives in the shadow. What kind of women are they? Are they ambitious like their husbands? Are they happy women? Are they frightened? Do they share with their husbands in the unlovely work of treason? Are they simple, naive or intellectual? What is it like, the life of a woman who married a Quisling?

I have met Madame Maria Quisling more than once, and I think I know her well enough to attempt a psychological analysis of her life and hopes. I know how she lives, I know her surroundings intimately, and, above all, I know that she is far from being a happy woman.

I met Madame Quisling for the first time almost twenty years ago. Russian born, she was at that time a translator and office worker for the Russian government. The place of our meeting was Kharkov, the city that has suffered so terribly in this war, and her native place.

She was a pretty young girl, not yet twenty, tall and slender, and with large, deep-set eyes. During those famine years of 1922-23 I was working in Russia for the Red Cross and the League of Nations, organizing the distribution of food and clothing.

One of the men who was doing most for the Russians at this time was the great Norwegian North Pole ex-



Madame Quisling, whose wifely ambitions have brought her unhappiness on a regal scale.

plorer, Fridtjof Nansen, one of the great idealists of our time. It was Nansen who introduced me to his secretary, Capt. Vidkun Quisling. Quisling was tall, not so fat as he is today, and fresh and youthful of feature. Very soon after our meeting, he introduced me to his pretty young wife, Maria.

Maria was a well-educated young woman. She spoke English well, was more or less pro-Soviet and was trying to convince her husband that the Soviet Union was a progressive, forward-looking land. At this time, both she and her husband used to say to me, "In spite of the famine, conditions today are better than they were under the Czar. The Russians are a people of genius."

When I left Russia, the Quislings were staying in Moscow. Vidkun Quisling was working for the British government. This was in 1927, during the great general strike in England. England had broken off diplomatic relations with Russia because the Russians had helped the British strikers and organized subversive

Through her puppet-dictator husband, comely Maria Quisling got the power she coveted. Hated by Norwegians, she presides over a 46-room villa surrounded by machine-gun nests.

movements, and Norway had taken over the handling of British interests in Russia. The Norwegian government had appointed Vidkun Quisling to do this work.

I remember distinctly that Quisling received a British medal as recognition for his services to England. His wife, Maria, was excessively proud of this distinction. The memory of those days came back to me very sharply when, recently, Maria and Vidkun Quisling declared publicly, "England is the deadly foe of all civilization." Their statement was published and acclaimed by the entire Nazi press.

I was living in France and Sweden, traveling a great deal and had quite forgotten the Quislings. Then, sometime in 1931, I came across a newspaper item relating that Vidkun Quisling had been appointed Norwegian Defense Minister. Then, on April 9, 1940, I learned what the rest of the world learned—that Quisling had betrayed King Haakon, had delivered his country into the hands of the Nazis and had become the Nazi puppet dictator of the Land of the Midnight Sun. It was a sad moment for me when I heard this. The Quislings, as I knew them, were talented, honest, idealistic people. But I knew that ambition and the lust for power could destroy the best of characters. Maria Quisling, I knew, was the kind of woman who longed for fame. She wanted to bask in her husband's glory; she belonged to that type of woman that longs to make a great career for her man.

I hoped I would never see them again. Quisling had become a new word for "traitor" in every language in the world. And I did not want to have anything to do with traitors. But events in this war are incalculable; surprises are the order of the day. One of those surprises descended upon me in my home in Stockholm in the form of a visit from a government official of a neutral country. He was a man I had known many years; I had worked with him in Russia in 1922, helping to send relief to the Ukraine, the Caucasus and Armenia. (Continued on Page 29)



Portrait of a husband who made good, Iscariot style. Flanked by Nazi overseers, Vidkun Quisling, betrayer of his country, salutes at the swearing-in of a Quislingist "volunteer" battalion.



They'd met her half a mile from our house, beyond the fork that let into our draw.

The Education of Kelly Brown

By NORMA BICKNELL
MANSFIELD

IT WAS agreed by everyone in our wheat country that Kelly Brown had taken on a handful when he married Molly Dietrich. She was a slim switch of a girl with gypsy coloring, as pretty as an autumn day affume. She lacked, however, three essential virtues which Kelly had avowed his wife must have; she was not ladylike, nor was she housewifely, nor tidy, and less than six months after they were married, Kelly Brown's gay nature showed some strain.

"I should have minded what my mother told me," he said grudgingly, "and picked a girl and married her and let the love come later. After," said Kelly Brown, "I'd trained her like I wanted her to be." But here he was, all tied in wedlock with his Molly. "She spends her bull time," Kelly said, "down at the barn with me or fooling with that black horse, Jupiter. She's got the wrong idea of how to be a wife."

Kelly had been a roundup rider and he'd saved his money. He'd bought the Dietrich ranch from Molly's mother, and somehow in the bargain he had got the daughter too. What made it worse, he was full gone in love for Molly. I can recall it well, that day he came to speak his woes to father.

My father was a Boston man who had been licensed as a doctor, but he had given up his medicine to farm

There was nothing in the marriage ceremony that required Molly to promise she would be a lady. And that fitted right in with her plans.

the land. In wintertime he still rode out, his black bay handy, to swab sore throats and bind up cuts, but when spring came, he turned again with pleasure to his wheat. My stepmother, with her sweet soul and gentle manners, had tamed his arrogance somewhat, so he was well liked, and Kelly had come to ask his help in making Molly Brown a lady.

"She ran that ranch herself before you met," I can recall my father told him, defending Molly, whom we'd loved for some years past. "Still, as you say, a man can't have a woman interfering with his business. It might be wise," said father, "for you two to have a baby." He turned and saw me listening. "Mare, what are you doing here," he asked me sharply, "with Leah needing help up at the house?"

Now, at that time in my small heart I was a Black-foot chieftain, in spite of female gender and the frockies

on my nose, and Kelly Brown had told me he, too, had some Indian blood. He got it, he had told me, from his father, who'd left his mother before they were wed. So Kelly, who looked all pure Irish, had never seen the man at all, yet I was hopeful he had spoken truth to me. The test, I thought would come when he had babies. If Indian blood was in him, they would be popooses. Now, here was Kelly making trouble in the nest. I turned toward the house, the ground under my feet all bubbled up with frost where winter was beginning, my hopes well frosted, too, by Kelly's words.

He spent some time with father at the barn, and would have liked, I think, to stay to noonday dinner, but when my stepmother suggested it, he shook his head.

"Molly's home alone," he said, but still he stood in our big kitchen, staring at the apple pies Leah had made. "It ain't so often," he said wistfully, "a man gets apple pie when he's first married." At that, he spewed his troubles out again, a big, redbeaded, baffled Irishman, both hungry and discouraged.

"Now, Kelly," Leah said at last, "the girl is young. You wouldn't want her different than she is. You only think you would. . . . Why, here she is."

Young Molly Brown, her gypsy face all mischief, swung wide the door and came in; in a pair of denim trousers. She wore, besides, a sheepskin coat, while around her head she'd tied a blue bandanna, and on it perched a tall old hat of Kelly's. It was a setup even I, an Indian, could not

(Continued on Page 24)

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT CLARK



This stricken tanker, set afire by a torpedo, was one of the many sunk during 1942, when the U-boat was at its deadliest and the Armed Guard was the freighter's only means of protection.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

They Called 'Em Fish Food

By **LT. (JG) ROBERT C. RUARK, USNR**

THE graduating officers of a Navy indoctrination school were staging a farewell play, the corny, earthy kind of play dreamed up by students whose sufferings have come to an end. Suddenly, an officer walked on the stage, held up his hand for attention and hawled, "Ensign Joseph Smith, report to the duty officer immediately for orders. You are being assigned to the Armed Guard."

The subsequent hush was broken by the wail of a doomed banshee from Ensign Smith's seat high in the balcony. "Oh, my God, not that!" cried the young ensign. Another moment of quivering silence, followed by a pistol shot, and what appeared to be Ensign Smith's body plummeted from the balcony into the orchestra. The usings—or so it appeared—rather than accept his condemnation to death, had hastened his fate.

This bit of vaudeville occurred nearly two years ago and, though exaggerated, it had more than an inkling of how young naval officers felt at that time about a duty which has since become one of the most coveted assignments of fighting men in the war. Even so late as a year ago, candidates for gunnery jobs aboard merchant ships were regarded and spoken of pitifully by their Navy comrades as "fish food." When a man was assigned to the Armed Guard, his roommates rolled their eyes in burlesqued horror, made strangling noises and drew their fingers across their throats.

Today, the Armed Guard is probably the Navy's most popular seagoing assignment. Officers who have served their year, and have been transferred to the fleet, sometimes sigh over their idyllic existence in the Armed Guard, and curse the day they left the pond old SS Rustpot for the more complicated, less comfortable life on a regular Navy vessel. Enlisted men who have risen in rating to a point where they are a trifle too



The author, whose ship was rammed by one sub, attacked by another, hit by lightning.

Some of the most hair-raising stories of the war are told by the Armed Guard, those valiant Navy gun crews who thought that assignment to a merchantman was a sentence of death.

rich for the Armed Guard's blood have been known to refuse higher rates for fear of being transferred to destroyers or battle wagons. Men who have been sent out the war in destroyers and escorts, not to mention an assortment of shore jobs, have been basting a gut for a shot at the formerly maligned Armed Guard. A great deal of the duty's danger has departed, its training has improved 100 per cent, and a remarkable esprit de corps has flowered among its members.

The Armed Guard has met the enemy officer and on more widely divergent fronts than any other branch of our fighting forces. Stroll into the officers' bar of the Armed Guard base in New Orleans and eavesdrop on a bunch of breezy-chiding lads who haven't seen one another since they shipped out a year ago. They wear the ribbons of every theater of war, they've been wounded, decorated, and they've been in every invasion from Guadalcanal to Salerno. They've been bombed, strafed and torpedoes. They've spent days in life rafts, and they've been starved, frozen and broiled in the sun. Their experiences make fantastic conversation.

"... and all we had to eat for a week was one alligator and a pint of turtle's blood."

"I had a little ammunition trouble in the Persian Gulf. It got right hot—about a hundred and sixty-five degrees."

"... and when my coxswain woke me up, he said, 'Excuse me for bothering you, sir, but the ship just broke in two.'"

"The chief mate turned around and said: 'Don't look now, lieutenant, but I think there's a German raider just off our port bow.'"

"When the ship cracked in two, it caught one of my boys in the crevice. It was pretty horrible."

Some of the Armed Guardsmen have had year-long planken, and others have stacked horror on horror, but they all ship out again.

One of our typical hard-knocks boys was Lt. (j. g.) Robert Stephan, of Lafayette, Louisiana, an artist before he joined the Navy. Stephan's ship got off to an inauspicious start in New Orleans, when she dropped the hook and lost the whole business—anchor, chain and all. Then, in New York, the vessel fouled a ten-inch line in its screws, and it took divers four hours to untangle the mess. A few days out of New York, off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, the luckless Liberty was involved in a ramming so thoroughly rigorous that it might have been planned by Abbott and Costello. A tanker was rammed, and blew up right beside her. Then Stephan's Flying Dutchman locked horns with an ammunition ship, which promptly caught on fire. Stephan's ship fouled its anchor on the smoldering

ammo ship and the two vessels wrestled with each other, while everybody aboard expected momentarily to be blown out of the water.

When the two vessels finally broke out of their dangerous embrace, Stephan's trouble seeker smashed into still another ship, which sank. With a hole in its bow big enough to drive a cow through, the antisocial ark finally reached England. Coming home light, the evil-genius tug ran into the famous September wolf-pack attack, which took heavy toll of Allied shipping off Greenland. She took a torpedo in her belly, and snapped in two like a twig. The midship section sank in less than a minute, and her after portion disappeared in less than a minute and a half. Thirteen Navy gunners were killed, and twenty merchant seamen were lost. Stephan's escape was miraculous.

The explosion's force hurled the lieutenant across the boat deck, crushing him between the deck and the lifeboat. His life jacket was ripped off and both shoulders smashed so badly that his arms were useless for weeks after. As the ship went down, Stephan was sucked under with it. And then the horseshoe began to function.

"As I sank," the officer said later, "two big pieces of wood somehow drifted under my arms and wedged there. They were heavy enough to hold me up, and they forced me to the surface. A long time afterward I

was picked up by a raft, and eventually somebody heaved me a line and hauled me aboard the rescue ship."

Leaving the convoy to pick up more survivors, the rescue ship ran smack-head into a surfaced submarine, turned tail, and then jumped into two periscopes. It finally got back to the convoy, after zigzagging for hours between the double evils, and once more was involved in a heavy submarine attack. The convoy finally reached Halifax, and Stephan went to the hospital. It took months for him to recover from exposure, shock and the frightful pounding he took when the explosion smashed him overboard.

The adventures of Lt. Gordon Morton, of Detroit, followed the pattern of a B movie. A Jap sub threw a fish into Morton's ship somewhere in the Indian Ocean, but all hands made the boats safely. They spent seventeen days at sea, but they had plenty of food and water. One man even managed to shave every day, ending his litchy-chinned fellow passengers. Hewing closely to the movie motif, a huge shark followed the boats for days. Once, a whale bronched so close to the lifeboats that Morton says you could smell the fish on its breath. One of the voyagers went off his rocker and began to use fancied flights of rescue planes, ships and tropical islands in his ramblings.

Morton, scratching off the days on a sheet of soft lead, had cut his seventeenth mark when they finally made a landfall. Sure enough, out came the friendly natives in outriggers, and the lifeboats were towed through a break in the coral reef. The island was Kavaratti in the Laccadive group, and somebody had been telling the natives about the Good Neighbor business.

The king of the island personally undertook to entertain the survivors, and for the next couple of days they were stuffed to the scuppers with goat's meat, coconuts and rice. There was the usual tropical moon, soft breezes sighing through the palms, the throng of native drums and native chants. Finally, the big shot took the Americans over to another coastal village, whence they were shipped to Ceylon and a rest camp there. As he left, Morton was vaguely uneasy, conscious of something missing.

"I kept expecting Dottie Lamour to turn up," he said.

There are a thousand stories in the Armed Guard files, all of them good. One officer and crew, torpedoed a scant fifty miles from shore, were forty days on a lifeboat before they finally reached the beach. Another went ashore in East Africa and killed a huge elephant, putting a .30-caliber rifle bullet in the beast's eye. One hunch, three hours out of Mohale on their first trip, contacted a maharajah, got two direct hits and a probable kill, and then went to sea for nineteen months thereafter with no action. In my own case, I topped off a screwy cruise by being rammed by a submarine, attacked by another while sitting at anchor, by seeing one of my ships explode a torpedo as it swished past the ship, and finally by being struck by lightning.

Freshman Year of War

A LOT of things have happened to the Armed Guard since the Navy first stuck gun crews aboard merchant ships. In the bare beginning, the ensign or lieutenant who put to sea with the merchant marine could be reasonably aware of many unpleasant things. He could count pretty well on a hostile attitude from the merchant seamen, who resented the Navy's presence as a curb on their personal freedom, and who generally believed that the Armed Guard crews were but the first step in a Navy plot to take over the merchant service.

The new Armed Guard officer could be pretty sure that he and his men would be inadequately trained and that his armament would be sketchy. Many an officer has gone to sea without any preliminary training, and with no knowledge of gun or seamanship. One young officer I know went to Malta in that famous blockade-running convoy of the summer of '42. The British installed 30-mm. Oerlikons before the ship left England, and the Navy crew had only half an hour's lecture on the use of the guns. When German planes hit the convoy in the Mediterranean, the men got just one round out of the Oerlikons, and after that the guns were useless. Somebody, it appears, had neglected to tell the gunners that unless you grease each shell, the gun won't work. Nor has it been so very long since we braved that roughest of all runs, the Murmansk route past the North Cape, with only a few .30-caliber machine guns as antiaircraft armament.

In the days before we organized the convoys with an adequate escort, you (Continued on Page 37)



The Armed Guard at battle stations on a large merchant vessel. Their shore training has covered every emergency that might arise at sea.



Crewmen of the Armed Guard at mess. No other branch of our fighting forces has met the enemy more often or on more fronts.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO



Washington's Headquarters during the fateful winter of 1777-78. Today the furnishings of the old stone house, even to quilts and pounce box, correspond as exactly as possible to the inventory his landlady gave him.

Valley of Fortitude

By **DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE**

A FINE old forge, gutted now with fire set by the enemy, its heavy machinery scattered. A valley where, last summer, the beads of wheat had clashed and nodded with fat terns, stripped now by human locusts in red coats. Snow to the rolling sky line, and weighting the lowering clouds.

That was Valley Forge when Washington led his beaten Continental troops to it on December 19, 1777. He came in need of the weapons that might have been forged here, but the ironworks were ruined beyond repair. He came in need of the wheat that had been carried off to Philadelphia and was feeding the British. There was nothing left—only a few houses and the snow. Old snow, with new snow upon it that had crusted hard—hard enough to cut a man's feet, not hard enough to hold up 11,000 staggering men. More snow in the brant-black sky, driving into the faces of the soldiers, swirling under the cloaks of the foreign officers and needling through the rags of the infantry.

In This Year of Trial . . .

A dozen miles from my home in suburban Philadelphia is Valley Forge Park—a place of wooded hills and rolling meadows and a clear, happy little stream. Always a lovely spot, it becomes a pink-and-white fairyland in early May when the dogwoods bloom. In those brighter days, when gasoline could be had, I drove out to Valley Forge many times every year, and in dogwood season I always took my family there for a picnic supper under the fine old trees. The inspiration of the place has never grown old for me, not only because of its transcendent beauty but also because it stands as an enduring symbol of the fortitude and the vision and all those other qualities which have made America great. And so because, in this year of trial and anxiety, those historic hills and meadows possess an even deeper meaning for all of us, I asked my friend, Donald Peattie—the notable naturalist and historian—to tell again, in new words, the old, old story of Valley Forge. —Ben Hibbs.

So the Continental troops came into winter camp, retreat making hewen their footsills. From the lost battles of Brandywine and Germantown they came, carrying 2000 wounded, and carrying, too, every man of them, in his heart the siber thrust of defeat.

For when a free people are beaten back—and it seems they are always wonted at the start, being never so fawned as the aggressors—they learn always with the same agony that the right does not pre-

vail simply because it is the right. Nor because it has been proclaimed in a brave and true declaration and mustered under a star-bright flag. The right to liberty, granted by God, can never be taken for granted by men. And however much our ancestors did to win it, they cannot leave it secure to us. In one way or another, each generation must earn it again, sometimes at the highest price. That price may be poured out in blood on the battlefield. Or it may be paid out in the cold iron coin of fortitude, as it was at Valley Forge.

For this was a gate that must be held—a gate to the mines and mills and ironworks of all Pennsylvania, which the desperate young nation must have to hammer out weapons for self-defense. Already the British were smug in Philadelphia, a little surprised that the rebels had not capitulated, once their capital was taken. It looked only an easy reach to seize those vital industrial centers. But thwart that reach lay Valley Forge, and into the valley—and on to the slopes of Mount Joy, near by—now fled the troops that meant to hold it. Slowly, slowly, the winding ranks slugged forward, cold and weak and hungry, wounded or sick or struggling with the bogged artillery. Their last camp lay back at Whitmarsh, thirteen miles away, and it cost them a week to cover those thirteen miles.

First across frozen Trout Run, heading for the ruined forge at the far northwest of the valley, there to take up the post ofanguard for the camp, marched McIntosh's North Carolinians, and with them the shattered remnants of Washington's personal Life Guard and a sprinkling of Georgian and South Carolina boys. The Southerners looked around at this cradle of winter out of eyes wreathed with cold. Here the oaks cresting the hills were naked of leaves, stony and sleeping, and the boys from the South looked and shivered and thought of the live oaks at home, where even in winter the mockingbird sills and sings through the evergreen foliage, and (Continued on Page 48)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GOTTSCHO-SCHLEISNER



The white shaft of New Jersey's memorial to her Continentals along Inner Line Drive. Many states have raised monuments at Valley Forge.



A Revolutionary soldier's hut, like those in which the ragged patriots shivered through the winter, stands re-created at the edge of the wood.



A national anthem in stone. The Washington Memorial Chapel.



View from Fort Washington, with Revolutionary cannon still watching over the ground where Pennsylvania troops camped.



The reception room in Headquarters is peopled with the ghosts of famous patriots.

George Washington slept here. The jacket and tricorne hanging on the chair give the impression that the great Virginian has just left the room.



There has always been dogwood at Valley Forge, and this month about 50,000 trees will make the old camp a dream of pink-and-white beauty.





I Don't Talk About Love

By PHIL STONG

PART TWO

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT

The coming Victory Garden show found rich, snobbish Mrs. MARIE LESLIE, widow of the cereal king, determined to win blue ribbons. She intended to get independent, well-to-do Connecticut farmer, AZEL BAZZONI, who had a way with prize vegetables, to advise her gardener. Her pretty blond daughter, EVELYN LESLIE, whom she has bribed not to join the Wacs, knew that she would alienate Azel by petting him. Evelyn talked to Azel's daughter, HAZUDIAN, as they sit-watched together. The girls liked each other; they were planning how to arrange the matter when Hepzi's brother, MAJ. DAVIN BAZZONI, newly returned from North Africa because of a slight wound, came to take Hepzi home. He interested Evelyn; she went home with them for cookies and cider, and her interest increased.

DAN was piling into the regular spring breakfast at Bradford Place—home-cured ham, sausages and potatoes; blueberry pie which was adorned with fresh-grown crust that Hepzi made with laboratory precision and perfection; wild strawberries, just

"I'll put an end to this," said Azel shrewdly. "I'll go to cock-tails, but I won't say one darned word about cabbages!"

ripening; muffins and home-shaken butter from deli-lighted cows.

"If that little dame hadn't darn near crowded me over the cliff on the Hill Road once in her convertible, I'd say she wasn't such a bad number."

"You bent her fender," Hepzi said.

"You're darn abouting I did. I had the milk truck, and any dums tries to push me without road doing seventy on an uphill curve is lucky to live. I ought to have ground her beneath my choriot wheels."

Hepzi assumed a Madonna patience. "She doesn't hold any grudge. In fact, she told me, when we first started watching, that she forgave you the dents and for yelling. 'That'll teach you, you crazy little fool.'"

The major opened his mouth, exhibiting a disagreeably mangled bit of buckwheat cake. "She forgave me!

And my radiator hanging over the river valley with only a couple hundred feet of straight drop."

"She said you went too slow."

"I'd have gone a lot faster if I'd turned out for her," he chuckled. "I got Whepley over to police court, and he said she oughtn't to have a license at all. She stuck out her tongue at him, and the judge slapped her twenty-five for contempt. But they won't take up her license while she keeps the road tax reduced practically single-headed."

"There's a lot you don't know about Evelyn," Hepzi said coldly. "Her mother always trying to get her married to some Mudvani or chewing-gum heir. No wonder she thinks her life is cheap."

"But she oughtn't to think mine is too."

"She knew you wouldn't get hurt. Look what you did to her car."

"Look what I'll do to her the next time she tries to make me take a two-hundred-foot jump in a milk truck without any parachute. I still have a sad feeling that I let her live." He reached out absently and spared two more sausages, doused them in the home-made chili and got them down without apparently noticing that he had done anything at all.

Azel merely ate a hearty breakfast and said nothing. You bring up two boys and one girl, and the girl can

Daniel grinned. "Do you know anything about the frictional modulus of an antique faculty in the presence of a military emergency?"



usually play the boys against each other, or you bring up two girls and one boy, and the girls will usually try to be the favorites, but you bring up one girl and one boy, and a lot of scuffling is natural and unavoidable. You bring up two boys and they scrap worse, except when a stranger gets mixed up in their feud. Axel never cared much about peace anyway, because it lacked entertainment value. That was why, as the two kids wrangled about the Leslie girl, his mind set on the problem of Nesta Chadwick and Sven Jonsson and their cabbage. Gardeners or no gardeners, he figured he could take a bite any time he put his mind to it. He knew this dirt up here better than anyone else, and he was the old gooser who had the plants that were used to it.

The telephone rang about then. It rang all the time, anyway, when Axel was serving one of his terms as selectman—in the winter to see when the snowplow was coming and in the summer to complain about pits in the gravel.

"Hello!" he said in his pleasant plowman's voice, stretching the phone at the other end two inches. "What can I do for you?" He always bent them to it with this inquiry. Not what you ought to do, Mr. Selectman; he conferred ultimate benefits before they could make demands.

"Oh, Hepzi. She's right here. . . . Some girl, with one of those curlicues, ain't-I-the-sweetest-thing voice," he added to Hepzi, handing her the phone.

His voice carried clearly to the ear above the curlicue. It could never be pounded into Axel's head that even if he wasn't talking to the phone, he could still be heard over it.

"Dan!" Then Hepzi spoke in an ain't-I-the-sweetest-thing voice, as, Axel had always noted, women commonly do over a telephone. "Hell-lo?"

"Psh!" said Axel with disgust.

Father and son winked at each other, but both held their full mouths open, so that the racket of their jaws on the pie would not leave them out of the conversation.

"Oh, that would be fun! I'll ask Dan." She turned around, capping her head over the receiver, for there was never any telling what these howling menfolks of hers might get over the air, even without the use of Mr. Bell's invention.

"Dan!" Evelyn wants us to come down for cocktails at five this afternoon. Her mother wants to hear about the war and meet us."

"Not I, said the fly," the fly said promptly. "I've got to go over to Leicester this afternoon and kind of look over the grounds."

"Oh, Dan, you said you still had three days' leave."

"If I do things over and above the line of duty, they might give me the engineers' medal with crossed

spades and clinch bars. Not me. You know how many kinds of poison that girl's got access to? Arsenic, copper sulphate, nicotine for flowers, and cyanide for woodchucks. Not me."

"Oh, don't be a silly fool! Evelyn wouldn't poison a serviceman—she was kind of looking at your uniform last night. It seems rude to Mrs. Leslie, too; she's got a son in the Army."

"Oh, all right, all right. Have to do something for old Randy; he was a pretty good scout when he could get away from Old Lady Leslie, before he went off to boarding school. Made a fine record at medical school, I heard."

"I think so. Evelyn lets things slip while she's saying he couldn't get the tonsils out of a fly without a fatal hemorrhage. He got some kind of a graduate prize, though, and he was doing all right. The cocktails are at five. . . . Dad, you can have your milking finished before then, and I'll be sure your blue-check tweed is ready."

"What? Me?"

"It's a very quiet tweed and makes you look just as young as you ought to look. We can all get into my roadster."

"Me! Go to a cocktail party!"

"She's got a son in the Army just as much as you, and Dan's back, but poor Randall's still stuck out in a lot of palm trees, saving everybody's life. She asked specially for you—makes two men and three women."

"I will not!"

"And spoil Dan's first afternoon at home, when he's said he wanted to go?"

"I didn't say any such —"

"And mine? After I've run the house and helped around the place, and I'm so fond of Evelyn after all those evenings we've been plane watching, and she wants me to come to her house with my family, and I can't slap her in the face by coming down all alone, when we're all asked."

"Now, wait a minute! You don't need me."

"All right then, I'll tell Evelyn we can't come."

"Hold it a minute." A sudden dreadfully shrill look passed over Axel's face. "They asked for me especially, didn't they? Well, I'll put an end to this right now. I'll go, but I won't say one damned word about cabbage."

MARIE LESLIE was a complete fool in her aims, but she was far from being an idiot in her methods. Her beginnings had been solid but obscure; in all the long way she had followed Mr. Leslie up from a smallish town to another smallish town—but this town on insignificant fief of great social dominion—she had made some mistakes, but they were all small mistakes. Her objectives had been irrelevant to anything useful or rational in life, but her tactics had been superb. Her belief reasonably have argued that warfare for social position is as important as warfare at chess, baseball, golf, contract bridge or finance. She had her principles of combat and she had been trained in them for forty years.

So, when the doorbell rang that afternoon, the butler in his pantry merely lurched convulsively and with some slight anguish, and then resumed his chair and a paper-bound copy of Somerset Maugham's excellent short stories. The maids, except one, were in the maids' rooms, diverting themselves in various ways, and the queen was at the front door, welcoming her guests in person, with the assistance of the princess. One small maid, with an apron, but no cap, took the men's hats and put them in the closet, and the Bradfords were welcomed into the small parlor. Axel was surprised to see that the living room in this vast house was hardly larger than his own.

He considered the furnishings with the practiced eye of a man who had fought off some five years of antique hunters many years before. Mrs. Leslie had some nice pieces. He estimated roughly that the contents of these two parlors would auction within a thousand dollars of each other, except for the rug and pictures. He had an instinct for values, and he guessed that the deep-piled single rug in this room might be worth as much as his western, by the fact that his western resembles that of his, but he imagined Mrs. Leslie's were worth more than his, which was correct; his odd-width chestnut floor, however, was worth a good deal more than the odd-width oak at the edges of her room, by fifty years and by the fact that his were mezzetins where they had been laid, while her planks had evidently been collected. No use trying to match patina for an expert eye. They'd offered him plenty for his whole parlor floor and a tenth as much for similar planks in the barn. (Continued on Page 32)

Post Scripts

Outspoken on the Token

O H, MAIRZY DOATS, and Dozy Donto,
On tokens be my curses.
What'll I do
With red and blue,
Unless I use two purses?
Mairzy Doats, and Dozy Donto,
And little lunks are lucky,
Mixed up each time
With a penny or dime,
Those tokens are simply ducky!
Mares eat oats, and does eat oats;
Could I munch corn or daisy,
I'd roam the range
And NEVER get change
With tokens to set me crazy!

—AMY GREIF.

Walking on Air

YES, often a nerve has been sadly jangled,
And often a toe has been badly mangled,
And often a tongue that is sorely bitten
Has uttered remarks that are rarely written,
When folks in the dark sense a stair too many
And take one more step when there isn't any.

—WILLIAM W. FLATT.

Cache as Cache Can

I'VE dug up all my pretty flowers,
And though it is an irksome fest,
I've dedicated gardening hours
To items that are good to eat.
In pots I put my blooms to bed
And wept, but thinking on a morrow
Bright with edibles, I said,
"Potting is such sweet sorrow!"
I hope the FBI won't snoop
Around my garden spot and spy
That little space by the back-door stoop
Where grows so barley, oats or rye.
What's in that plot? Well, it ain't hay.
Despite what anybody thinks,
If you should ask me, I would say,
"Confidentially, it's pinkie!"

—LEONARD A. PARIS.

"See What I Mean?"

"Listen —"
He prefaces each remark.
"Listen —"
He ought to be tossed to a shark,
Along with the —
Qually shilliant gee
Who helpfully ends every sentence with
"See?"
It may be too petty, too carping of me,
But
Listen,
It's driving me gaga,
See?

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

On Certain Specimens Excavated During Spring Cleaning

THESE odds and ends, so rusty,
So moldy and so musty
That my conscientious mate can hardly
brook it,
Were fondly laid away
Against a rainy day —
They look it.

—W. W. WATT.

Armed Services Produce Capable Husbands

WHEN home the conquering hero comes,
From land, from sea, from airway,
How deft those hands that were once all
thumbs —
If prophets could have it their way!
With ribbons and buttons and medals galore
Agile on the stalwart torso,
How industrious he
Will scurry to bed!
How neat as a pin; and more so!
Oh, vanished then the clutter from his sagging closet
shelves,
The raily-day sementoes of his muddy Number
Twelves.
Gone the certain chaos from the middle dresser
drawer,
The Sunday-paper cyclone from the Sunday-morning
floor.

How occupied his tranquil days
With scrubbing brush and pail!
So thoroughly do Army ways
Domesticate the male.

And nights, you'll find him darning, then,
with tiny careful stitches,
Or anchoring a button to his go-to-
meeting breeches.

Consider the postwar picture, now!
Bent over the Monday suds,
With dispan hands and a hot, flushed
brow,
He benders the family dude;
While she — Oh, pinkiest of postwar
dreams! —
Sits snug with a cigarette
And a book and a bevy of chocolate
creams —
(But would anyone like to bet?)

—P. SHACKEN.

We Can Dream, Can't We?

ONCE in the space of twelve days,
Mrs. Robert Anthony attended four
dessert bridges and five dinner parties,
and ate heavily at all of them. In
addition, she received two pounds of
candy as a birthday gift. With the ex-
ception of four bonbons, which she gave
to Mr. Anthony, she ate the entire two
pounds.



"You'll find it a nice quiet neighborhood ex-
cept for an occasional naval engagement."

On the thirteenth day she stepped on the bathroom
scales to see how much weight she had gained. She
discovered that she had lost three pounds.

Mrs. Mary Zellerman walked into a downtown
movie theater to see Madame Curie. She had been
shopping and her feet were tired and aching. Settled
in her chair, she quietly slipped off her shoes. In the
next hour she had to rise four times to allow other
patrons to pass in or out. As she prepared to leave,
she reached for her shoes, and there they were — exactly
where she had pinned them.

Mrs. Julius Waffenerfer met a friend at the local
beauty shop. "How are you, Millie?" she asked. "I
haven't seen you for ages."

"I've been at the Good Samaritan Hospital for an
operation," answered her friend, "but I won't bore
you with the details. How are you?"

One day Mr. Peter St. John discovered a bad dent
in the front right fender of the family car. To Mrs. St.
John he said, "I guess I must have done it myself."

—ELEANOR S. J. RYDBERG.



"Well — are you going to sit there all day?"



"Darling, I can explain everything."

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



“Man, that’s *fine* tobacco”

...that’s **LUCKY STRIKE**
tobacco!

yes, **LUCKY STRIKE**
means *fine* tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.





Suddenly what he had feared and expected and wanted to happen was happening, simply but quickly.

Fair Stood The Wind For France

By H. E. BATES

PART EIGHT

SOMETIMES as Franklin looked down at O'Connor, prostrate on the bed in the room of the hotel, the brandy still wet on the gray lips that were too tired to accept it, he could see the lines of a dead face. He recalled the moments when he had crawled under the cars, pulling himself slowly along the sleepers, toward a man who did not move, and how, even after the moment of recognition, O'Connor had still lain there, staring upward, eyes dark with fear and hunger and great weariness as they shone from the thin face, very white in the gloom of the afternoon. He recalled the journey back through the dark streets of Marseilles, and how it had seemed a very long way because O'Connor sometimes could not go on without rest, and how he would rest, suddenly, without warning, against the wall of a house, flattening himself back against it, and how Franklin would wait for him and hear the agony of dry heave sucked through his mouth, in quick crying gasps like broken words, as if he were trying to speak and breathe at the same time. Now, on the bed, he was breathing quietly, but the words were still not fully alive in the half-living face. It was the face of a man who had been beaten back wherever he went; the face of a man thrusting his face through the bars of a prison, first in one place and then another, only to have it beaten back, and then only to

thrust it out again and have it beaten back again, until there was a last time when he lay down and could not get up and could bear it no longer.

"I tried all ways, skip." The dark mouth hung open, trembled and seemed to try to bite at the words.

"All ways. Swam rivers. Got—got—got—"
"Don't talk," Franklin said. The small room was full of the sound of O'Connor repeating the one word, dry and helpless, like a child with a fit of coughing. When the agony of it broke at last, the short rush of new words was almost too low and tired to hear. "Got all my money pinched, skip; took all my money."

He gave the most unaccountable smile of bitterness, screwing up the thin cheeks until they were double creased with dark fissures on either side of the mouth. The O'Connor that had once thrashed his way buoyantly over every kind of trouble seemed to have died. Franklin held for a moment one of his thin wrists. The flesh above the upturned pabble of bone was wrinkled and cold. He let the wrist go and unloosened O'Connor's shirt at the chest, opening the shirt out so that he could feel the chest, cold as the wrists themselves. It was quite hollow under the hair between the outer frames of bone, holding for a second or two the few drops of brandy he poured down on it. As he put the bottle down by the bed and began to rub the brandy into the chest, moving his hand circularwise and slowly across the furrows of bone, O'Connor smiled

again and said something about "Reminds me when I was a kid. Chest rubbed."

Franklin rubbed the chest until his hand was dry, and then poured a little more brandy on it and rubbed again. When it was dry a second time, he poured the brandy on the chest again, but this time flattened the palm of his hand in it and rubbed it first on one of O'Connor's wrists and then the other. As he did so, he saw another kind of smile come on O'Connor's face. It fixed itself there, very quiet and, in a way, quite solemn; the smile of relief after pain. Soon he saw it grow under the motion of his hand. He saw it spread upward through the nose, spreading warm film across the eyes, until the smile there seemed liquid, living, and O'Connor let the lids close down as if he wanted to seal them against the overflowing joy.

When he opened them again, Franklin had finished rubbing his wrists. He got up and poured a little more brandy into his tooth glass. He turned to see O'Connor sitting up. His hands were flat on his thin knees and where the shot had ripped across the hose of one of them there was a mark as if a hot nail had been laid there and hammered in. It did not seem as if the wound had bled at all, as though the fleshless skin of O'Connor's hands was also bloodless, and now, for the first time, O'Connor looked at it; the smile still fixed on his face, very solemn, very quiet and gravely determined.

He took the brandy from Franklin's hand and drank it without speaking and

(Continued on Page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

"Right now Frigidaire dependability counts more than ever"

*Typical of expressions from
Frigidaire users everywhere.*



Food Fights For Freedom!
Grow more in '44,
on the farm or
in your Victory Garden.

Frigidaire, busy with war production... today is no less proud of the millions of Frigidaire products, made in peacetime, now serving their users so well, so dependably, in so many helpful ways.

Your grocer and butcher are working long hours to serve you and your community well these wartime days. They are doing a real job in the face of rationing, temporary food shortages, lack of help, and a dozen other perplexing problems.

In many thousands of stores, Frigidaire equipment is giving valuable wartime help by protecting precious food safely, dependably. We are happy about that. Proud, too, of all the other Frigidaire products that are performing faithfully in homes, factories, offices and on farms throughout the nation.

To continue to make Frigidaire products America's first choice is our goal for the future. The fulfillment of our plans must await Victory. But one thing is certain: there will be more and better Frigidaire products for more people—and in their making, more jobs for more men!

FREE! NEW BOOKLET for users of commercial refrigeration equipment



CONSERVATION TIPS tells how your refrigeration or air conditioning equipment can serve better and last longer. Get free copy from your local Frigidaire commercial dealer. Find his name in classified directory under REFRIGERATION EQUIPMENT—COMMERCIAL, or write Frigidaire, 471 Taylor St., Dayton 1, Ohio today. In Canada, address 58 Commercial St., Leaside, Ontario.

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Guarding the faithful wartime performance of all Frigidaire equipment is an obligation of Frigidaire's nationwide service organization, always ready to help grocers and butchers protect and conserve the food they sell.

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Peacetime Builders of

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS • RANGES • WATER HEATERS
HOME FREEZERS • ICE CREAM CABINETS
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION • AIR CONDITIONERS
BEVERAGE, MILK, AND WATER COOLERS

SOLID CITIZEN

By PETE MARTIN

A roving Post editor meets a man who tells how to beat rationing, prides himself on evading all wartime sacrifices. An acid portrait of a civilian slacker.

WE WERE on The Lark, the overnight streamliner between San Francisco and Los Angeles, due in the land of the platinum muthurges stand at dawn. In the lounge car a few feet away, General Vandegrift was nibbling at a plate of food. In addition to the general, there were Navy stripes and Army uniforms and a sprinkling of citizens shaved a rosy pink and wearing executive responsibility as easily as their custom-tailored, double-breasted suits. We were being shot through the hard white sunshine outward.

A waiter in a mess jacket brought us the news that there had been "a slight derailment" down the line. Not a wreck, but a "derailment." This was California, where words were important and gaudy. A Navy captain due to inspect a new ship at ten o'clock worried about the fact that he would be lucky to make it by four. But the man seated solidly next to me was unperturbed. He took out a cigar, looked at it calmly and held a flame to its tip. We had been discussing the rigors of travel in a day of overburdened transportation systems and railroads straining every coupling to do a staggering job. There was, he said, "nothing to it." All you had to do was to learn a few angles.

"When I was in New York, I was in a terrible jam trying to get West again," the solid man remembered. "Somebody suggested that I see a girl named Jones who was supposed to have know-how and be able to pull space out of a hat when Joe Public just couldn't get it. I took my troubles to her and she went to work. In half an hour she had my space from Chicago west mailed down. It took her a little longer to get me set from New York to Chicago. I suppose she had connections with other Miss Joneses around the country or a Mr. Jones or two—somebody smart enough to take advantage of the well-known law of supply and demand. Maybe they built up a pool of space reservations to draw on the moment they were put on sale. I wouldn't know about that. I slipped her twenty bucks. It was worth it. She told me that some weeks she made as much as a hundred and fifty dollars that way. Another useful thing to know is about the bell captains in some of the hotels who buy up reservations in advance and peddle them through bellhops. They get to make something out of it, but you can't kick if you're getting a break." The solid man set grist store by sportsmanship.

He had the travel-food situation figured too. "On a lot of these trains out here, they serve only two meals a day," he said. "You get breakfast and dinner, and that's all. For dinner, you choose between feathers and fins."

I admitted that I had already encountered the fish-and-chicken limitations.

The solid man's eyes beamed reminiscently. "On my last trip," he confessed, "I ran into the dining-car steward to come to my compartment. I told him my wife and I had our mouths all set for a good dinner, and what was he going to do about it? Then I slipped him a five-dollar bill, all folded up. He went outside for a minute to look at it. When he came back, he said, 'I'll send the waiter—the one I call my upstairs boy—in here to see you. We've got a roast in the icebox, and I think I can slice off a couple of nice tender steaks for you.' I ate so much I almost fainted."

Thinking about food made the solid man remember the OPA. He was very tolerant about it. "Someday



"I told him: 'Take some of that Scotch you've got in your cellar and wave it in front of that butcher's nose.' He got the idea right away."

after it's gone the way of the NRA, we'll be laughing at it," he said. "For that matter, it's already a laugh. I've got a friend who's interested in one of the small distilleries. He sells cartons of case goods to his customers at whatever the law of supply and demand brings, regardless of the ceiling. It's a cash transaction. The purchasers come in with packages of bills wrapped up like a loaf of bread. The banks are apt to keep a record of thousand-dollar bills, so the bills in those packages are one-hundred-dollar ones. My friend is convinced that before anybody gets around to checking up on him the war will be over, the ceilings will be discontinued." The solid one chuckled in admiration of his friend's brilliance.

We stopped to let a freight train pass. It was made up of boxcars, tank cars of oil, and flats with war goods crated or covered with canvas.

When it had rattled by, the solid man resumed his task of educating me. "I ran into another friend the other day who said he'd like to have me up to his house for dinner, only he'd used up all of his meat points. I just looked at him. 'Don't you know any butchers who like Scotch?' I asked. He said he knew one whose tongue was hanging out. 'Take some of

that Scotch you've got hived up in your cellar,' I told him, and wave it in front of that butcher's nose. You were smart enough to try in a lot of canned goods before they were rationed. And I didn't think I'd have to give you any hints.' He got the idea right away. We went to his house for a case, and I waited for him outside the meat shop. When he came out, he had bundles of roasts and steaks and chops and bacon and a lot of other stuff. We lugged it into his house and tucked it away in his quick-freeze unit. His wife's face was a sight. 'We won't be able to have anybody in for dinner,' she complained. 'If we give them a roast like that, they'll know we didn't have enough points to buy it honestly.' Then I stepped into the picture. 'Look,' I said, 'wise up, Mary. You won't lose any freese. They'll be begging for invitations. Besides, maybe they know a few little tricks themselves.'

"People can be very foolish," the solid man said seriously. "I know people who have given up trying to get hold of a bottle of beer in a locality where liquor is rationed because the salarman in the stores tell them it's all gone. All you've got to do is scurry around a little, and you can find some guy on a third-floor-backsmeplace who was smart enough to see the shortage coming and stock up. He might make you buy a case of light wines along with your (Continued on Page 162)

DRAWING BY GEORGE L. CONNOLLY

... BUT HOW LONG WILL
SHE HAVE NICE CLOTHES
 ... IF YOUR CAR CAN'T
 GET YOU TO WORK ?

"It's a grim fact! America is junking over 200,000 private cars every month
 ... in spite of the fact that 4 out of 5 risk losing their jobs if they lose
 their cars! Let me help keep it from happening to you ..."

Al Wright Speaking for the Motor Car
 Service Men of America

"NOT a nice thought, is it... being out of a job, because you simply couldn't get to your job? But—are you sure you're not among the 4 workers out of every 5 facing that danger right now? I ask that as a service man who knows what you risk. And I'm not hunting business for your service man—he's busy enough now!"

"But stop and think! Experts agree that 4 out of every 5 people must get to work in private cars... or else! Streetcars and buses are crowded now, carrying only 1 out of every 5! So if your car should quit tonight, you might soon face the choice of 'walk—or don't work'!"

"The Alemite people are having me remind you of that simple fact every month—for your own sake. And they're not just grinding their own axe. Naturally, they hope your service man is one of the thousands who use and recommend Alemite lubricants. But even if he uses some other brand, the big thing is to *see him* regularly... to keep riding and working. And if you haven't

seen him since I warned you last month, you're gambling right now with both your car and your job! You're overdue for such vital safeguards as:

1. **Prevention of wear and breakdowns.** Without regular care, less and slower driving can result in faster wear. Today's conditions demand every-30-day chassis lubrication, crankcase flushing and oil change, and battery check. Also periodic steering gear care, packing of wheel bearings, and reswearing oil filter.
2. **Long-life insurance for tires**—through every-30-day inspection of wheel alignment, with brake check-up and adjustment. Also periodic rotation of tires.
3. **Gas mileage check-up**—to stretch mileage by cleaning and respooping fouled plugs, cleaning air filter, adjusting timing and carburetor, and tuning motor.

"Today, the mileage left in America's cars—in your car—is a weapon of war. You're driving your last car until months after victory. And it's strictly up to you whether you keep riding, or risk not working. A little care makes all the difference. See that your car gets it... now."

Another Month Gone—

It's later than you think!

See your Service Man Today
 ... Then Every 30 Days!



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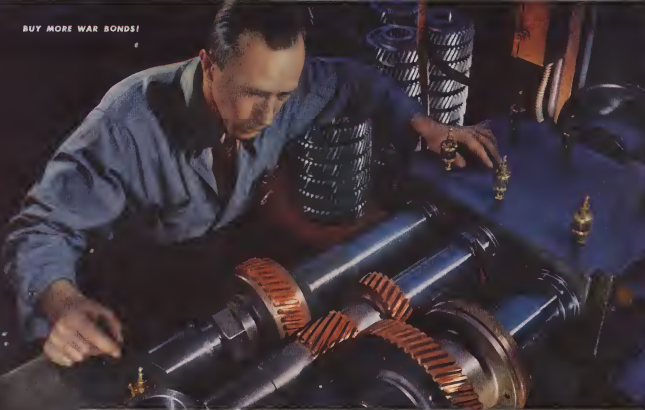


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IMAGINATION IN ENGINEERING

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Imagination turns the calendar inside out . . .
it's the answer before the question,
knowing how before the product is made.

You can't build a fence around imagination,
or time it with a stop-watch . . .
it travels trails never used before.

Imagination is the daring, unrestricted
force in engineering that gives special character
to all Chrysler Corporation products —
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Engineers at Chrysler Corporation turn ideas into machines and methods
that produce cars and trucks in peacetime, military weapons today.

The engineers work closely with research men and experts in manufacturing to apply imagination through Chrysler Corporation's entire producing and operating organization . . . and they use the experience and talents of all divisions to help each deliver better products.

This practical use of imagination brought you 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, high-compression engines, all-steel bodies, floating power, fluid drive and other car improvements which owners of Chrysler Corporation cars now enjoy.

Today, Chrysler Corporation produces large quantities of tanks, anti-aircraft guns, aircraft assemblies and engines, ammunition, army trucks, harbor tugs, gyro-compasses and other vital weapons. When the war is over, Chrysler resources again can be devoted to the production of quality automobiles and trucks for you.

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CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines

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TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

THEY CALLED 'EM FISH FOOD

(Continued from Page 25)

just figured you were a potential corpse, and let it go at that. That was the picture, and small wonder the Armed Guard drew few volunteers. Of course, we still get killed in this duty, for so long as ships carry ammunition and high-octane gas into the teeth of enemy guns there will be casualties. But we are no longer sitting ducks.

There was a time when, if you had a ten-man gun crew, a 4-inch gun and a couple of .50-caliber machine guns, you were considered a very lucky guy. Today, the average Liberty ship carries two automatics, dual-purpose, 3-inch guns or a 4 or 5 inch gun aft and a 3-inch forward, and eight 20-mm., which fire explosive shells with appalling rapidity. The 20-mm., probably more than any other single factor, has made aircraft attack on convoys highly impractical. Sixty or eighty ships armed with Oerlikons and 3-inchers can toss up a foam of flak that a hummingbird couldn't fly through.

For men to run those guns, you get a stock complement of one second or third class boatswain's mate; three gunners' mates, two rated signalmen, two rated radiomen and twenty gunners, all of whom have been subjected to months of training. That training covers, as well as shore training can, every possibility that may arise at sea. The men work on guns until they can practically build a 5-inch, 38-caliber out of a few tin cans and a little rusty wire. They learn blinker and flag hoists and semaphore. They go out on firing ships for days, until the spitting crack of a 3-inch 50-caliber is no longer a startling novelty. They fire at surface targets, at sleeve targets on antiaircraft targets, and further refine their potential deadliness, on a polio-rat gadget that comes as close to being the skill as a substitute can. When the Armed Guard officer takes a ship today, his skill is bulging with fire control and gunnery, seamanship, communications, navigation, convoy procedure, aircraft identification, first aid and simple surgery.

The big baguette in our business has been, and always will be, the maintenance

of cordial relationships with the merchant personnel. Although the master is boss of the ship, he has no jurisdiction over the Navy detachment, and in time of combat is actually ranked by the ensign or lieutenant. Such a situation has created some fancy footwork on both sides, especially if the skipper is one of those 1-am-master-of-all-I-survy gentlemen.

During the early days of the war, the Armed Guard was almost purely on the defensive. We were resented, and with some justice. Our merchant ships were already cramped for space, and our presence aboard overcrowded them badly. To skippers accustomed to jovial powers at sea, the fact that we were in no way responsible to the master sometimes acted as a goad. We were a minority group whose dress, regulations and experience differed vastly from those of the men we sailed with. We were largely inexperienced at sea, and undoubtedly some misguided, green officers exceeded their authority and wrongfully interfered in the handling of the ship.

The Navy made one serious mistake in the Armed Guard's infancy—that of sometimes assigning noncommissioned personnel as chiefs of gun crews, and frequently sending faze-checked, too young officers to sea as commanding officers. It quickly was seen that the job called for the authority and prestige of a commission, and the level head that goes with maturity. As a consequence, the noncoms were swiftly weeded out and the shiny products of midshipmen's schools were plucked out and sent to other, less taxing duties. Your typical Armed Guard officer today is in his middle thirties, is married, has had executive experience, wears a stripe and a half or two full stripes on his sleeve, and is aware that the job calls for something more than keeping the guns clean.

Friction between merchant seaman and Navy lessened as the naval unit became larger and larger, and the professional sailors became accustomed to our presence aboard ship. The expansion of our freighting fleet, plus the heavy casualties of the early days, has necessitated the employment of thousands who never saw the sea before the war. Every ship that sails today is heavy with those men, and they accept us as a matter of course. They've never been to sea except

(Continued on Page 39)

HERE'S TO—

3 ON A MATCH

PERFECT

COOLER, Milder, RICHER-TASTING!

*** SHE-YOU- AND PIPE APPEAL**



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PRINCE ALBERT

CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

*** PRINCE ALBERT**

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

SURE a man with a pipe "takes" a woman's eye. But follow through, friend... add true Pipe Appeal. Rise and shine with the personal pipe-joy of choice, bite-proofed Prince Albert. Mellow MILDNESS for your tongue... a level of RICHNESS for your taste. Cool? It's cooler! Crisp cut, too... easy packing, easier drawing. A pass to good "eking"... stays lit. P.A. for pipe-joy... peak Pipe Appeal!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

5. J. Borden
Sellers, Inc.
New York, N.Y.



Sometimes good pennies turn up bad!

THE PENNIES you save on little economies here and there may seem like *good pennies* at the time.

But—if those few extra pennies were saved on motor oil, they can sometimes turn out to be mighty *bad pennies* . . . the most *expensive* pennies you ever saved!

Because oil is a good deal more than just oil. It's *protection* for your car . . . protection that's vitally important in these days when most people can't buy a new car, and even repair parts are hard to get.



And since your car *spends* the transportation that you and your family . . . and your country . . . *must* have, this is no time to take chances on motor oil! It pays you . . . more than ever today . . . to use the *very best motor oil* that money can buy!

We sincerely believe that the "very best motor oil" is GULFPRIDE. Of course, it costs a few pennies more per quart than some oils. But spending those few extra pennies can prove a *real saving* in *safety* and *long life* for your motor.

Being the only oil refined by the famous Alchior process, Gulfpride gives you *safer* lubrication. It gives you a cleaner motor, less carbon, and greater protection for piston rings and bearings. Gulfpride is a *tough* oil. It is



tough in film strength, and *tough* in resistance to the formation of harmful varnish, carbon, and sludge. Yet Gulfpride is *free-flowing* and *quick-acting*, and so meets driving conditions today when you drive less, drive more slowly, and make shorter trips.

Change to Gulfpride *NOW!* Then follow the recommendation of the American Petroleum Institute and change your Gulfpride every 1000 miles, or every 60 days, whichever comes first.



REMEMBER: *The best you can buy, is today's best buy!*

Gulfpride

"THE WORLD'S FINEST MOTOR OIL"



(Continued from Page 37)

in company with the Armed Guard. Also the inclusion of planned quarters for the gun crews on the newer ships, so that merchant and Navy personnel may be bedded and fed separately, has greatly eased the strain between the two groups.

But the great smolderer has been the commercial sailor's appreciation of the Navy complement as something more than merely decorative in the seagoing scheme. Any sailor who has been through a couple of stiff air attacks loses any animosity he might have cherished toward the gun crew. I remember a snappish old engineer who had no use for the Navy, and never missed an opportunity to get in a couple of cracks at us. A few weeks and several attacks later, the old boy could have been seen dashing around the exposed flying bridge, in a perfect hail of flying flak and falling bombs, with a bucket of water for my gunners—the same "sea scout" he used to ridicule. When we finally hit the dock, after a mean run up the Adriatic, the merchant marine fell all over itself trying to buy drinks for my boys. And right here is an apt spot to say that some beautiful auxiliary landing and firing jobs have been done by the merchant sailors when the Navy crew was inadequate or depleted by casualties.

The most alluring feature of the Armed Guard is that we get home often. The Army goes overseas, and there it stays. Escorts and destroyers ferryboat between the States and foreign ports, but their crews don't see much shore time. Carrier and battle-ship duty carries a long absence from America, and the saying is that once you land in an advanced base, you stay there until the war's over. But the merchant ships go out, dump their load, and unless they get fouled up in a shuttle run, they usually head back for another cargo.

Nobody who hasn't been away from this country for months can understand what getting back means. I've seen

tough Army officers, with nearly two years of foreign service, actually weep as they waved good-bye from the dock of some beat-up hole in Africa. They knew we were going home to everything they wouldn't see for God knows how long, and there wasn't a man who wouldn't have paid ten years of his life for dock space on our rusty, dirty old Liberty ship. Our homing-pigeon proclivities make us the fat cats, the anointed few, of the fighting forces.

If there is a serious drawback to the duty, apart from the ever-present chance that you'll be slightly dead on a moment's notice, it's the boredom. After paid four-day days at sea, the most timid chap aboard begins to wish a couple of JUL 8's would pile out of the clouds to provide a little excitement.

Even though it's boring, continually riding a hot cargo does get to you. You know your nerves are all right, and you don't have trouble sleeping, and you never entertain the thought that you might be blown to pieces at any moment. But you also begin to notice that your cigarette consumption has trebled, and you're drinking an awful lot of coffee. Finally, when the last bomb is on the dock and the final siren of gas rides out of the hold, you discover you're immensely relieved. A light ship is very pleasant, because you feel you've at least a couple of chances to get off the thing.

That's our duty. It's not so adventurous as combat flying, nor so glamorous as an sliding around in a submarine, nor so tough as chieftaining a tank. It's dull in spots, uncomfortable in others, and danger is always riding with you. The Armed Guard isn't a dream service, but it's our baby, and we love the brut, especially since time has made her a touch more legitimate. We've come a far place since the days when our password was "Sighted sub, glub, glub," and our wives inspected our insurance policies with more than passing interest when we went down to the sea in merchant ships.

Letter of the Week

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: Perhaps you will think this is an unreasonable complaint from a supersensitive guy, but if you were in 4-F, you would be only too quick to sympathize.

I am a radio director, a cog in an essential industry, and each week I put part of my salary into War Bonds. Fortunately, there is only a limited amount of physical work in my job, as it is impossible for me to work a regular nine-hour day five days a week. You see, when I was twelve years old I had rheumatic fever. Today, I look as normal as any fellow wearing khaki or Navy blue, but there is quite a difference between us. You can see me climbing out of a subway to the street. I'm the young fellow breathing harder than the little sixty-five-year-old woman who has beat me to the top. I've got heart trouble.

But why should I have to take a beating because of it? I am sorry to say I have taken some pretty low verbal blows from men in uniform as well as civilians. Some of you who read this may be prompted to say, "Listen, guy, men are losing arms, legs and their lives in this war. Are you asking us to forget this and be careful of your sensitive feelings?" I fully realize the gravity of this war, and it hurts to know I can't get in it, but it hurts a lot more when someone belligerently

asks, "Why aren't you in uniform?"

The Government realizes many men are unjustly handed a white feather. It has just announced a plan to give men who have been honorably discharged from uniform service an emblem to lend a military air to civilian clothes, but this only puts a brighter spotlight on the man in 4-F.

This letter is not written with only myself in mind. There are a lot of men in 4-F. It might be very natural reaction to resent that healthy-appearing young civilian walking down the street, but please remember this—I'd trade my head for the Purple Heart this very minute, if it were only possible to do so. —FRED JAMES.

PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS

Guarantees* You a Clean, Cool, Comfortable Shave with

NO RAZOR BURN!

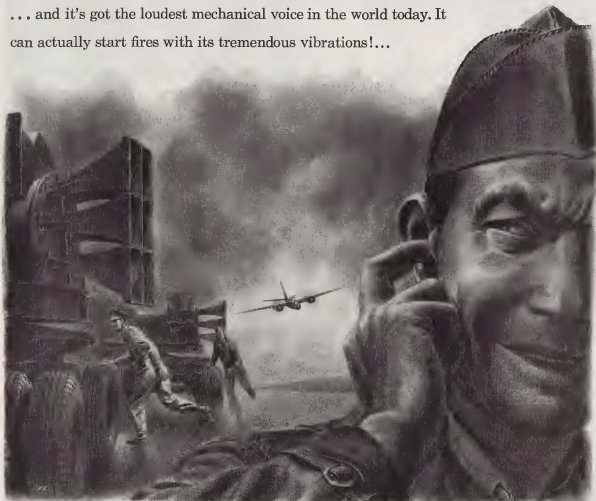
COOL COMFORT WHILE YOU SHAVE BECAUSE EASY-TO-SPREAD PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS LUBRICATES YOUR SKIN WITH REAL OLIVE OIL—MAKES EVEN A TOUGH BEARD EASY TO CUT!

COOL COMFORT AFTER YOU SHAVE BECAUSE PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM LEAVES YOUR FACE RELAXED, COMFORTABLE, YOUNGER LOOKING—FREE FROM RAZOR BURN!

*YOUR GUARANTEE OF CLEAN, COOL COMFORT WHILE—AND AFTER—SHAVING Get Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream in the time-money-saving Victory Jar. Use it day after day. If you don't agree it gives you the cleanest, coolest shave you've ever had, make your razor glide along without irritation, free from Razor Burn, mail the cartoon top to Palmolive Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we will immediately refund your money!



"BIG JOE" CAN BLAST A HOLE THROUGH A FOG! . . . It's the air raid siren that's guarding Pearl Harbor and hundreds of American towns and cities . . . and it's got the loudest mechanical voice in the world today. It can actually start fires with its tremendous vibrations!...



BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS!

"Where does Big Joe's power come from?...I'll tell you!...From the same engine that used to hide under the hood of a Chrysler...the very same engine that's helping to push thousands of General Sherman tanks toward Berlin and Tokio!"

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors.

CHRYSLER



DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

QUEEN HELEN

(Continued from Page 11)

for dramatics—not before the footlights, but as stage manager. In her senior year she took on the job of business manager of the Moriah board, the student year-book, and astonished everyone by ending up with a sizable profit instead of the usual red ink. In this book, the senior-class poet wrote:

*We love little Helen, her heart is so warm,
And if you don't cross her, she'll do you no harm.
So don't contradict her, or else if you do,
Get under the table and wait till she's through.*

Commencement week, word came to Helen from a friend that Mrs. Whitlow Reid was looking for a social secretary. Mrs. Reid, the informant let it be known, was a woman of majestic whimsey and of many moods. She would brook stupidity only once; demanded, and would pay munificently for, quiet perfection. Helen Rogers decided she was the necessary paragon, saw Mrs. Reid, and came back with the job.

The girl from Appleton went to work in the famous Florentine palace on Madison Avenue which, art critics agreed, contained a greater quantity and variety of art treasures than any other private dwelling of the period. By the light of its silver chandeliers, little Miss Rogers memorized the *Sachs Register* and familiarized herself with the social certainties of that generation. Summers she accompanied Mrs. Reid to the intimidating elegance of Ophir Hall.

Her employer was a unique personality of the time. The daughter of Darius Ogden Mills, the eminent California financier, she had come blurring into New York and proceeded to spend her father's millions with cheery and startling abandon. Abhorring a social vacuum, she had a dinner table nesting eighty. When none of New York's discomfited shops

could provide her with damask in one continuous piece to cover such a board, she sent to Ireland and had two woven that would.

Behind their napkins, guests used to speculate whether Central Park wasn't the only place in the city big enough for the cloths to be laundered and hung out to dry.

Stout, resplendent, Malapropian at times, and utterly candid, Elizabeth Mills Reid had a way of making a poet's soap single with some such remark as, "My husband likes you so much, I could never understand why." The next moment she was being breath-takingly generous to anyone in her path—a writer, a musician, a stave clerk or a Republican candidate. It was a constant source of satisfaction to her that she had been born a Republican, and she shouldered the responsibility conscientiously.

In 1905, President Theodore Roosevelt named Whitlow Reid ambassador to Great Britain. Miss Rogers, by now an indispensable part of Mrs. Reid's life, journeyed to London. Here, with her usual fine diligence, she soon probed the mystery of diplomatic entertaining, mastered the intricacies of protocol and became intimate with Burke's Peerage and Lauded Gentry. She watched the morning newspaper lists of arriving Americans; by ten a.m. she had made a list of the ones worth entertaining and, after checking with Mrs. Reid, had invitations on the way to them.

The Reids' only son, Ogden, who was the same age as Miss Rogers, had just graduated from Yale, and was studying law. Usually, he spent his summers with the family in London. Handsome, genial, not too fearfully intellectual, co-heir to the Mills millions, and in line for the editorship of the *Tribune*, he was a matrimonial catch not to be overlooked. Many an aspiring mother on both sides of the Atlantic had her hopes dashed when it was announced that young Ogden was marrying an unknown Miss Rogers. It was not a sudden romance; the en-

gagement was announced in 1911, eight years after Miss Rogers had gone to work for his mother.

Privately, the ambassador—who hadn't been born a Brahmin, but had become one by inclination and hard work—was disturbed. His wife, however, took the romantic viewpoint, stressed Miss Rogers' brains and talent for management. Miss Rogers, despite the Reid millions, insisted that a wedding should be at the bride's home, and took herself off to Racine, Wisconsin. Not wishing it to appear that they didn't sanction the nuptials, the ambassador and his lady journeyed to Racine for the wedding. It was a stirring time for Racine, with newspaper headlines all over the country, the Reid private car on the railroad siding, and a live ambassador riding up the main street.

The Work of Play

Ogden's interests in swimming, tennis, shooting and sailing became Helen Reid's interests. But she didn't acquire any of them casually. She marshaled her forces and conquered them, technical bit by technical bit, until she was an accomplished swimmer, a first-rate tennis player, a crack wing shot and had won a pleasant collection of yachting cups. Friends call Ogden a natural yachtsman who has the feel of sails and winds and tides in his bones. He sails by instinct, and it's a devilishly exciting interlude doing it with him, they say. Whereas Mrs. Reid's sailing is a triumph of mathematics. When she comes aboard her sloop, she comes with an arsenal of charts—on tides, wind drift, plotted courses, and so on. She stations someone with binoculars watching to loofah another watching off the port side for any close-tacking competitors who might take the wind from her. Oh, she wins the race in style—but it's work, every minute of it.

With leisure time to fill, and her natural penchant for campaigns, young Mrs. Reid soon became an ardent woman suffragist. She found New York rated a hopeless state; organization lagged, money was tight. She volunteered to raise funds, training her sights on wealthy women who were lukewarm to suffrage, but not to the Reid name. She had them to lunch in small groups and passed the fountain pen with desert. The \$500,000 she raised this way helped swing the state into the suffrage column.

When more farm crops were urged during World War I, Helen Reid turned her managerial talents to Ophir Hall's 800 decorative but unproductive acres. Plovers ripped through the green sod; wheat, corn, and oats went in. The socioeconomic language of the *Guernseys* and *Holsteins* departed overnight when they found themselves up against Helen Reid's charts on milk and butter expectation. As for the blooded Hampshire Down sheep—it was as though the Ford assembly line had struck them. Whereas Ophir Hall had bought its broilers and eggs heretofore, now the laggard Leghorns and Rhode Island Reds began laying it on the line, or off with their heads. The farm paid, and paid handsomely.

Fresh from these tidy conquests, young Mrs. Reid was asked by her mother-in-law and by her husband—who had succeeded to the editorship on the death of his father in 1912—to focus her dollar magic on the ailing *Tribune*. She rolled up her lacy sleeves and started on the advertising department. It was a portentous event for all concerned. Without her publishing role, Helen Reid would not have attained so full-bodied an eminence; without Helen Reid, it is doubtful if the paper would be in the hands of the Reid family today.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Miss Gardner. The second will appear next week.



Bug-boo crystals can't be beat,
For giving moths the well-known heat
They kill the moth worms like a charm,
But to your clothes they do no harm.

But vapors
included free with
each package



**KILL
MOTH
WORMS!**

Bug-boo Moth Crystals protect precious clothes and blankets! Used as directed they saturate the air with a potent vapor that kills moth worms. They have a clean, pine-like fragrance—no unpleasant, clinging, moth ball odor. One or more bag vaporizers are included free with each of the 1 lb., 3 lb. and 5 lb. packages. Also use Bug-boo Moth Crystals to refill your present vaporizers.

Also: Bug-boo, the Super
Insect Spray and Bug-boo
Victory Garden Spray

**G'BYE BOYS,
IT'S—
Bug-boo**



The Sign the Nation Knows



"Well, they rejected me, dear!"



HOW TO HELP YOUNG FINGERS LEARN

The better their eyes can see, the faster their fingers learn. To give your child See-ability, place the lamp so that light shines directly on the task in hand. Take care to avoid shadows and glare. Take care, also, to use good lamp bulbs. It will pay you to get Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. Made bright and long-lasting by persistent research, these dependable lamps will give you efficient, economical service.

SEE-ABILITY FOR YOUR HOME OF TOMORROW

See-ability, through wartime lighting improvements developed by Westinghouse engineers, will mean better living for tomorrow. You'll have greater eye comfort, added convenience, many new and beautiful lighting effects.



A FRIENDLY BEAM of light, shining across the yard, will guide your footsteps with a See-ability pathway to and from the garage.

SEE-ABILITY for kitchen work surfaces will make lighter work of cooking, baking, "fixing" and other household seeing tasks.



LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK... BUY AN EXTRA BOND!

Westinghouse

MAZDA LAMPS



FOR SEE-ABILITY

Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., Bloomfield, N. J. Plants in 25 cities... offices everywhere.



SCRATCH ANOTHER FLAT-TOP

(Continued from Page 13)

Harry Littlefield and check on a couple of shipyards he has there. Maybe they've got a few new wrinkles."

"On your honeymoon," Iris said, "you shouldn't be thinking about ships. Believe me."

Monday was a big day for Aleck. At ten o'clock his faithful secretary was carried off with acute appendicitis. Eleven o'clock brought the launching of another baby flat-top. The mother of a Navy boy came down to christen it. Her son had gone out in a torpedo plane after a ship carrier, and he hadn't come back. The ship carrier didn't go home either. The situation brought a familiar pallor of rage to Aleck's cheeks. He remembered Pearl Harbor and Tarawa and a number of other places, and he got on the loud-speaker system and delivered a vindictive address to the help.

"Let's face it," he said, in conclusion. "We're only a bunch of bums compared with those boys who are fighting and dying for us. The only way we can half justify ourselves is to work faster than ever. You know what our boys say when they sink one of those floating monkey cages? They say, 'Scratch another flat-top!' There's a slogan we can borrow here at Sanderson. Let's say, 'Scratch another flat-top!' every time we send a ship down the ways."

A yard-long telegram was awaiting Aleck when he returned to his office. It was from Harry Littlefield, who had a new job for him. There was a sick shipyard in Seattle that needed his touch. Littlefield had checked with the Sanderson outfit, who were willing to make a deal. How soon could Aleck pull up stakes?

Aleck considered the stakes he'd have to pull up, including Iris. Maybe she wouldn't like Seattle. And there was the church wedding, the antiques and the married couple. It didn't look too hot. He decided to wait until that night and ask her. Suddenly, he remembered the engagement ring he had to buy. He drove into town, forgetting lunch, and shopped around. The diamond he finally bought was large and clear, and suitably set in a platinum mounting. He was positive Iris would be pleased, even if he couldn't finish paying his 1942 income tax. His future was settled, and he felt vaguely unhappy.

Going without his lunch made him fuzzy, and he spent the afternoon in an unsettled state of mind. At four o'clock, Tom Sanderson, his personnel director,

appeared with an employee. Under Aleck, Sanderson was far from a heartless corporation, and the help were urged to take their troubles to the management.

This particular employee was female, weighed approximately a hundred pounds, and stood a shade under five feet high. Her blond hair was tied up beneath a red bandanna handkerchief. She was clad in dirty overalls a couple of sizes too large for her, and there were smears of grease on her hands and face. She looked awful. Sanderson steered her up to Aleck's desk. Aleck did not rise, and stared coldly at the employee, who had a tendency toward staggering and seemed dazed.

"This lady," Sanderson said, "is named Susan Relway. She represents a personnel problem."

"What's she been hit with?" Aleck asked.

"Nothing except fatigue," Sanderson replied. "... Miss Relway, this is Mr. McClellan, our production manager."

Susan smiled vacantly at Aleck and teetered on her heels. She put a hand on his desk and scolded herself.

"How do you do, Miss Relway?" Aleck said. "Take your hand off my desk; you're getting grease on it."

"Miss Relway has been with us for several months," Sanderson continued, "and we've had her in a number of departments. The kid is very willing, but small and not too strong. We can't seem to get her spotted where she can take it physically. Lately, she's been on light riveting in subassembly, but here she is again, punch-drunk."

The child beside Sanderson extended her arms, vibrated excessively, and at the same time said, "Tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut!" in a loud voice.

Sanderson shrugged apologetically. "Just a little rivet-happy," he said.

"I see," Aleck said, and used a piece of blotter to wipe the grease from his desk. "Well, we must consider the problem objectively. ... Miss Relway, is your job vitally necessary to you?"

"No, but it is to the Government," Susan replied. "Women are needed in industry. There's a war on."

Aleck reminded himself that you had to be patient with the home front. "Have you had any specialized training which might fit you for another type of work?"

"She went to business college and took typing and shorthand," Sanderson said.

"Let Miss Relway speak for herself," Aleck said.

"They said too many women wanted white-collar jobs," Susan said. "Women were needed more in the factories, in the dirty jobs. I wanted to be where I could help most. I'm willing to get dirty."

(Continued on Page 44)



FRESH as mountain air!

THAT'S HOW FRESH APPLE "HONEY" HELPS

TO KEEP — OLD GOLD

• Fine tobacco, of course. But more than that, you want the cool, mellow smoothness that means your cigarette is fresh. Freshness gives you more flavor, finer taste, more aroma.

Apple "Honey," the essence of ruddy, juice-packed apples—helps hold the natural freshness of Old Gold's fine tobaccos plus imported Latakia—the "something new" which has been added for richer, smoother flavor.

Old Gold's freshness has helped to win a million new friends. Try them and see why!

(Continued From Page 42)

"There's no question of that," Aleck said. "However, Miss Relway, I believe you have shown your willingness and done your bit. I suggest you find other employment in an industry better adjusted to your physical qualifications. I'm sure you'll prove yourself equally valuable for the war effort. And remember that you go with the thanks of Susan."

"But I don't want to go!" Susan said. "Thank or no thanks."

"That's too bad. Nevertheless—" "Here's what I figured, Aleck," Sanborn interrupted. "At the moment, your secretary is on ice. The kid here can do typing and shorthand. So—"

"I'll take the job," Susan said. "I'm sorry," Aleck said, "but I have other plans."

"He doesn't want me," Susan said. "Don't argue, Tom—I mean, Mr. Sanborn."

"I will argue," Sanborn said. "... "Aleck, are you going to throw out an old and valued employee just because she isn't a big horse like the other dames?"

"An old and valued employee?" Aleck demanded. "Of what—three or four months?"

"I don't care; she's done her best. You don't throw out other people out. Why, we even have a pension plan."

"What'll I do, pension her at twenty years old?"

"I'm twenty-one," Susan said. "Never mind, though; I'll go."

Her dirty face was puckered. She was going to cry. Aleck and Sanborn looked at her. Then Sanborn looked at Aleck, who looked confusedly at the floor.

"Okay," he said. "She can stay. Let's stop those silly arguments."

Sanborn beamed at Susan, gingerly patted the only clean spot on her back, and withdrew.

She glanced around cautiously. "Are we alone?" she asked. "I guess so," Aleck said. "Why?" He jumped as she took his hand in both of hers. It was too late—his cuff had a wide smear of black laundry wool never got out, provided the shirt ever came back. Susan's eyes—a shade of blue he liked in his ties—were wide and soft, and her greasy face now an expression of humble adoration.

"I just want to tell you I think you're wonderful," she said. "That speech you made today at the launching was terrific. I've heard all your speeches, even when I was riveting. You're the greatest speaker this country has had since William Jennings Bryan. I never heard him, so maybe you are better."

"Thank you," Aleck said. "Please don't get close on me."

"No, I won't." "I've wanted to meet you ever since I've been here. You're simply out of this world, Mr. McClean. Bring your temporary secretary in a great honor. I'll remember every moment of it when I'm back welding or something."

Aleck couldn't think of anything to say, but he smiled in a fatherly manner.

"You mustn't think I'm crazy," Susan said. "I was only imitating a riveter to get your sympathy. I may seem a little erratic, but that's because I've fallen so hard for you. A girl only loves like this once."

"For heaven's sakes," Aleck said, and retrieved his hand. "It is no way to act in a shipyard, Miss Relway."

"I know. You're right. But I had to tell you; I couldn't hold it any longer. You're terribly handsome, Mr. McClean."

"No, I'm not, Miss Relway. That—that riveting has made you dizzy."

"You make me dizzy," Susan said softly. "And you're handsome."

"I'm skinny, and I've got a long face and

She stopped him with an upraised, city hand. "Please. A woman always knows these things."

Aleck had grown quite pale. "Listen, Miss Relway, I don't think we'd better talk any more right now. If you will be kind enough—"

"All I can say is, I'm mad about you. Do you want to start typing?"

"Oh, no," Aleck said. "You'd better go home and—wash up. Get a rest. Come back tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," Susan said. "I hate to waste a minute of the time, though."

She paused at the door. "Until morning," Mr. McClean said.

Aleck washed his hands thoughtfully. Certain sinister circumstances in connection with his engagement to Iris were occurring to him. To all intents and purposes, she had done the proposing herself while nervously twisting a driver, and then been so happy she had hauled off and socked a ball like the winner of the National Open. And now this little riveter was off her trolley about him. Ordinarily, a girl of her type would be in love with Frank Sinatra. Aleck regarded himself soberly in the washroom mirror. Apparently he had something which drove women crazy. Hereafter, he had been too busy to notice.

WASTEPAPER WANTED

This is one of those little things we can all do to help the war effort. Save up your package wrappings and other wastepaper in bags or boxes; use up your old newspapers and magazines in bundles about twelve to eighteen inches thick. Then sell them to a wastepaper dealer, give them to your favorite charity or call your newspaper and ask the editor to take them away. WFP is taking every step to insure that collections will be made, for only through widespread salvage of old paper can our military and civilian requirements for new paper be reached.

When he returned to his office, the telephone was ringing. It was his secretary's doctor. Sanborn's remark about her being on ice wasn't too far wrong; the doctor said she was packed with it, that he probably wouldn't need to operate, and he hoped to have her on the job in a couple of weeks. Aleck leaned back and drummed on the desk. Fourteen days of Susan was going to be a rich dose. He called Sanborn.

"Where's your new secretary?" Sanborn asked, as he entered. "Send her out for a bath?"

"Yes," Aleck replied. "I want to know something, fat boy. Why were you so anxious to have her work for me?"

Sanborn grinned. "She's a cute little dame out of those cowbills."

"You're a married man."

"Well, don't throw it in my face," Sanborn said. "It isn't considered polite to mention people's infirmities."

"Would you be surprised to know," Aleck said, "that she says she's in love with me?"

"Naps," Sanborn said. "And neither would anyone else at the yard. She says she wants to marry you."

"Oh," Aleck said.

"Anything else, Aleck?" Sanborn said.

"No, nothing—except I'm already engaged to a girl."

"Well, well," Sanborn regarded him admiringly. "You're right in the middle of the mating season, aren't you? Let me know how it turns out."

That evening when Aleck went to see Iris, he took the ring and the Littlefield drove home. The new airman arrived with the first and not with the second.

"I might be able to help more in Seattle," Aleck said. "You've got to remember—the steel strike."

"Nonsense," Iris said, and made an impatient gesture with her left hand, on which the diamond glittered. "You're getting married. That's the important thing to remember."

"You might like Seattle."

"I'm positive I wouldn't. And you're doing enough good here. Don't forget that when stop some other later. Marriage is permanent."

"That's what I hear," Aleck said.

She had something to show him, a little treasure from her prowling among the shops in Seattle, was a Pennsylvania Dutch cradle, suitable for either baby or decoration, and had cost only five dollars. It looked a little rickety and scared to Aleck, but then, of course, he was used to examining the new airman's war prizes. He was proud and excited and flushed. He was going to ask her to sit on his lap. She beat him to the punch by announcing they were going to an auction.

Hours later, his eyes red from smoke-filled rooms, he took her home. In their possession were two wig stands and an elderly clock that wouldn't run. Aleck drove home wondering how it would be to live in married bliss in what was apparently going to develop into a hock shop.

His new secretary was awaiting him in the morning, dressed in a brief skirt and a yellow sweater that matched her hair.

A clean face had wandered for the kid. She was as fresh and pretty and straitlaced as a new ball.

Among other matters, he gave the Littlefield wire to Susan for filing and dictated a reply refusing the offer.

Susan's face clouded. "Wouldn't it be better off going to the bank?" she asked.

"They probably need you more in Seattle, Miss Relway."

"Aleck!" Aleck said. "Look who's calling me Aleck. I have other plans, Miss Relway."

"Call me Susan," she said.

"I'll call you nothing of the kind," Aleck replied, and looked resolutely at the ceiling. "By the way, I'd have to ask you not to wear any sweaters hereafter. This is a business office."

"I only want to be attracted your attention," Susan said.

Aleck flushed violently. "Well, I guess I'm old-fashioned about everything but ships, Miss Relway."

That evening when Aleck was with his beloved again, and several minutes later. They returned to her apartment late, laden with treasure. Iris let him stay for a few minutes while she admired some Dresden or something, and then, with a Bristol vase and an old fire screen. "Darling, we're going to be so happy."

Aleck said. "Think of sitting alone night after night together among these treasures."

"I enjoy an occasional movie," Aleck remarked.

He didn't enjoy any for the next ten days, nor the Sunday round of golf. Iris was cashing the love letters, grandfathers clock, and nothing could stop her. In between times, Aleck exhaustedly carried chairs, wine coolers, various parts of a four-wheeler bicycle, an electric ruffet, petticoat Iris wanted to make into lamp shades. He stayed up late every night and the incessant bargaining stirred his Scotch blood. He joined in the haggling, to the detriment of his nerves, and thinner and more nervous, he wasn't much fun at the office in the daytime.

Susan, who had turned out to be surprisingly efficient, ordered his moods

(Continued on Page 46)



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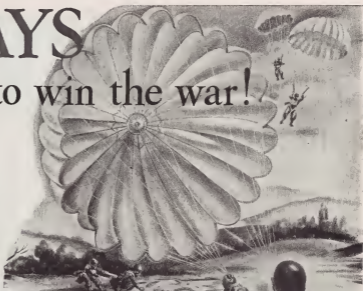
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(Continued From Page 44)

serenely. He began taking her into his confidence, and one day he asked her opinion of antiques. She didn't think much of them, although she lived with her parents in a house full of early-American stuff. Hotel rooms were more her style. Aleck gazed upon the girl almost fondly.

"Miss Reelway," he said, "I have a confession to make. I'm engaged to a charming and talented woman who is cracked on the subject of antiques. Sometimes I think I'm going to lose my mind or turn into a fine old chair or other upholstery. What is this thing called love?"

Susan had grown rather grim. "It's madness, Aleck. . . . She likes antiques and you don't, eh?"

It was the Victorian sofa with the high triple-paneled back and intricate carving that did it, and the weird drama was played in the basement of Iris' apartment house. She had bought the sofa that day from an elderly lady who had got in touch with her, and it was a perfect jewel. Delivery had been made during the day, when Iris was out, so the masterpiece was left in the basement. Aleck's job that evening was to struggle upstairs with it.

The lovers went down four flights of stairs hand in hand. Aleck tried out the sofa before lifting it. He had never been in a seat so uncomfortable in his life, and spoke somewhat feelingly to that effect. The result was inevitable. They had their first and last argument.

"It can go in our house," Aleck said, "but I'll never sit in it."

"You don't have to sit in it!" "Heaven, I'm sick of this old stuff. Why can't we have something new? They don't still go on building sailing ships just because they were good-looking."

"Carry the sofa upstairs," Iris commanded. "I'm losing my patience."

The load was really too much for him, but she wouldn't help. He staggered halfway up the steep flight leading from the basement and lost his grip. The sofa crashed to the concrete floor below. It was a trifle too elderly for such a bump, and Iris knelt, waiting, in a mess of splinters. She rose as Aleck came down to comfort her, hit him a back-hand wallop with the precision that made her punts so good, threw the engagement ring at him, and departed. Aleck sat for a long time beside the furnace. Finally, he went home.

Aleck was gloomy and abstracted at the office the following day. It worried Susan. At last, in the midst of dictation,

she took his hand and told him to tell mamma. He did.

"So here I am," he finished, "with a ring and no bride. As well tell Iris to show for it is a bunch of wig stands. I ought to get out of town, but I turned down Littlefield's offer."

"No, you didn't," Susan told him. "I didn't send that wire you dictated. Instead, I wrote a letter and forged your name, saying you'd let him know in a couple of weeks."

Aleck stared at her for a full moment. Slowly he brightened. "In that case," he said, "I think I shall blow."

Susan burst into tears. He tried his best, but they wouldn't stop. She was little enough to take on his leg, and he tried that as a last resort. Her arms went twisting around him. She laid her wet face against his neck. It seemed she couldn't bear to part with him. They began kissing each other. Dimly, as in a dream, Aleck found himself forcing a diamond ring upon her. They promised to love, honor and obey each other in rooms furnished with Grand Rapids furniture. Sanborn came in unexpectedly and did not seem astonished.

"This is a beautiful thing," he said. "I bet the FBI wishes they could borrow your riveter to work on a few cases."

That night Aleck went to meet the parents of his intended. They were a happy couple, devoted to Susan, living in a house exquisitely furnished with early-American antiques. There was just one flaw, a broad gap along the wall under a picture in the parlor. Susan's mother mentioned it when her daughter left them for a moment.

"I was sorry to lose that piece," she said, "but Susan made me sell it the other day to a lady. Said it was a matter of life and death. The space makes the room look funny, doesn't it?"

"I always hated that sofa," Susan's father said. "It had a high triple-paneled back, and was carved. You couldn't sit on the damned thing without breaking your back. We almost ended our marriage when my wife brought it home."

Aleck took a strong grip on himself. There was no use rushing into this. He would simply get the little crook who was about to become Mrs. McClean alone at the first available moment and bush her over the head with something—perhaps an old Dutch cup rack or a richly chased pair of fire tongs. Or maybe he wouldn't. The kid was wonderful. He mumbled to himself.

"What did you say, Mr. McClean?" Susan's mother asked.

"I just said, 'Scratch another Saturday,'" Aleck said. "That's me."



"It's just force of habit. There used to be a water cooler there."

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UNITED STATES STEEL

VALLEY OF FORTITUDE

(Continued from Page 26)

A mild wind lifts the lacy hem of Spanish moss. The scritch of the snow beneath their feet was a torment on their eardrums. Some walked with flapping shoe poles, some with sucking lead toward their feet, and some, like Edward Woodman, went barefoot as lads in July.

It wasn't a new experience for Woodman; he had only two pairs of shoes throughout the whole Revolution. But he'd held his ground as well as he could at Moore's Creek Bridge, at Mottville, Trenton and Brandywine. It didn't take hooves to make a man brave. Young Edward Woodman had learned early to toughen his feet for the rough road of life, when he was orphaned as a boy and ran away, from scolding women back on the plantation, to sea, where the pirates stole him. And he'd tried the Wilderness Road, a pack horse behind him and Dan Boone leading the way; there was nowhere that Woodman would not follow a chosen leader. But if ever he got out of this white hell, he swore to himself, he'd know enough never to come back into it.

Destiny must have smiled. Just at that moment the troops with which Edward marched were passing the little stone house of the good Quaker, "Doctor" Abijah Stephens. At the front parlor window the doctor's daughter Sarah was blowing a hole in the frost of the pane and widening it with her small warm fingers. How could she pick out, among all those men anonymous with misery, the one that would be her husband? But her heart was sick with pity for him, all the same—for all of them.

Only the Life Guard attempted a soldierly march, tried to keep to a cadenced step and carry their cold muskets with pride. While Sarah held her breath, their commander rode by in the midst of his men, his shoulders high, his mouth set, his eyes upon some victory he had never seen and could not know of, save that it was there because it must. The young ladies behind him, Alexander Hamilton among them, tried to imitate his unflinching posture in the saddle, but their eyes did not see what he saw; their eyes were fixed on him, as he led them, like a star.

The Virginians are crossing the creek now, and entering the valley. Few were uniforms; they are dressed as they were when they left their farms and backwoods, in hunting shirts and breeches. Through the rage that are left, the winter bludgeoned hands. That lieutenant in their midst, the one twenty-two years of age with the strong mouth and the penetrating brown eyes—be it at least, bludgeoned on a covered seat; the white wood socks his mother knitted him have got him the nickname of "Silverbeak." History says so, and deepens its voice to the very toll of the Liberty Bell that cracked when they carried this man to his grave, as it gives him his due title in full: John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Now there is as yet no such nation, no court, no grave Chief Justice. Young John cannot see so far; he cannot now even see, as he turns to look back, what the shouting is about. The voice is Dan Morgan's—Dan bellowing at his men to get the bogged carts out of the drifts. His men are the wild boys from Fincastle, where the rivers run from the Alleghenies—the "Backwater" Rangers, as tough as Dan Morgan himself. Dan wasn't forgetting, much less forgiving, the 100 lashes once given him for striking a British officer, but three years away still, over the snowy ground, his

day of vengeance when Tarleton's hedcows will turn their backs at Cowpens for Dan Morgan to strike.

So they come, marching on into the valley, into the future, the men that every schoolchild reads about in his history books. Lord Stirling, who claimed a Scottish earldom and was loved by Washington, half in jest, half in earnest, for that ferocious military man of his. Knox, a general at twenty-seven, who hoards his cannon like a miser, and seems to find more of them under leaves. "Mad Anthony Wayne," who, so they say, told "Washington," "You plan it, general, and I'll stand by it." "General," said "Washington," "Teufel Pie," as the Hessians call him Devil Pete, who stood up one day in his pulpit, threw aside his cassock to show the congregation his Continental uniform, and cried, "There is a time to pray, and there is a time to fight!" Von Steuben, the drillmaster, swearing thickly in three languages, yelling the wild young American apes into disciplined courage. And after them, presently, will follow Lafayette, who has come, in defiance of his king and family, tearing himself from the arms of a young wife, to put his

army. For his efforts, Mifflin had been crowned by the Congress with a seat on its newly reorganized Board of War.

That august body, the Continental Congress, had removed to the snug town of York, where the Sons of Liberty, when there, in the county courthouse, they made their legislative capital. It is a bit surprising to find Delegate James Lovell sneering, in a letter to a friend, at the man of Valley Forge. A You see he has astonished what numbers of troops have been collected near Philadelphia to wear out stockings, shoes, and breeches!" What "Washington" wrote to Mifflin on the Board of War, begging for food for his men, Congress ignorantly replied, "We cannot forbear our astonishment that the army should be in danger of starving from want of flour when the very neighborhood of the camp is at this moment full of wheat." And, just to help matters, they printed up ten million dollars' worth of paper money right then in York. They gave out the money other ways, too, decreeing every soldier should have a pound of meat and a quart of beer or milk a day, with sundry vegetables and butter—about prompt payment.

Now, save for a few, these honest good gentlemen, intelligent, honest, sincerely patriotic. Some of them had signed the Declaration of Independence. Many were distinguished. Yet deep in the roots of our system of government lies the worst jealousy of Congress toward the commander in chief, a wary fear of dictatorship. Some were there in that Congress who were less afraid of King George than of Furrer George, the country squire on the white horse. There were some, like Christopher Washington set down, in that controlled wrath of his, and wrote his famous letter to the Congress:

"I consider you a most gentleman," he says toward its close, "that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fire, than to squander the lives of his men and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have to do with the army, I feel superfluous for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

General Greene, that pessimistic, tactful, fighting Quaker—perhaps the ablest of all Washington's officers—admitted that the American probability the army must soon dissolve. "Sometimes, Washington, too, thought so. By all the rules, he knew, they must retreat or disperse or surrender. Had he the cause of liberty, there can be no surrender. To retreat was to lose the war. As for dispersal—deserters there were, yet astonishingly few, from a soldier's point of view, he said, when it was paid at it, in paper money. It needed thousands of inching tools, that, like the shoes and medical supplies, came in a thin trickle because the civilian townsmen delivered them in this shape. It needed fresh meat, and contractors sent in decayed fish.

"Feet and legs froze. Frost Lafayette wrote to his wife, 'I had become almost black and it was often necessary to amputate them.'"

"Naked and starving as they are," said Washington in bitter love, "we cannot but only have the patience and fidelity of the soldiers."

Something more than patience they had. Being Americans, they laughed. The men in their bones, and of the things they made of it. They laughed at the French officers' dandified uniforms; they laughed at one another's rags; they laughed at the wiles of the little Negro girl who tried to get their money by sending blankets away from the shivering

PLANTERS

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

I wield the mattock and the spade,
And plant the seedling in its bed;
But not for me the massive shade
That one day wide this oak shall spread.
Two hundred years from now its crown
Will in the azure wave and gleam;
For grandeur shall it have renew
When I am nothing but a dream.

And this camellia that I set
Where it for centuries shall stand,
I shall not see its glory, yet
I know, because I love the land,
And love the lovers, I am glad.
Of labor's lost that brings to be
Beauty by deep affection wrought;
'Twill be for others, not for me.

And others long before my years
Planted upon their pilgrimage
The trees whose splendor calms my fears,
The blooms whose beauty stills the rage
Of mortal storms. Who gives a tree
Or flower its frail and humble start
Bequeaths to far humanity
Love's empire of his hand and heart.

maiden saved at Washington's disposal, And Pulaski, too, the patriot Pole, who will die for American liberty at Savannah.

Yes, they were all there, on that march marked by bloodstains on the snow—everybody who believed when it was hard to believe, who had faith when doubt was easy. Everyone who could will his grip to hold fast when his hands were numb. Generals and captains, corporals and privates—the Jersey men, the York State boys, the Maryland fishermen, the Philadelphia town clerks, the Hampshire farm lads—they were there.

And what of those who managed not to be there, or who stayed briefly, or were kept much away by business? There were many. General and captain, corporals and privates—the Jersey men, the York State boys, the Maryland fishermen, the Philadelphia town clerks, the Hampshire farm lads—they were there.



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(Continued from Page 48)

them from her misery. But there were some jokes they couldn't see. Congress was one of them, and profiteers another. And there was no laughing off the small-pox and "camp fever"—a sort of typhus—that raged through the valley. One third of the army was one day ordered to the hospitals. But there were no beds for such numbers, so most of the sick men kept on their feet, to die or to recover, as fate pleased.

Now the laughter is hollow; now the cause seems hopeless; now there are only four more days' provisions in the camp. And how much strength of soul? "Dear mother," writes Dick Wheeler, in a letter that has come down to us, "we are very comfortable and are living on the fat of the land."

You cannot break a boy like that. You can only kill him; and three thousand died that winter.

But the winter itself had at last to retreat. Then the stars came up the Schuylkill, a very miracle of fishes, and fed the starving host. Then, free of ice, Trout Run chuckled again in sunshine, and the green came on the slopes, and the fruit trees budded. Then on the camp burst news of the French alliance. Thirteen cannon for the states roared forth, and bonfires ringed the valley, outshining the softened stars.

To the hospitable home of Abijah and Priscilla Stephens the soldiers had come often through the winter; they would stamp off the mud respectfully on the doorstep, looking around at the face of home inside with hungry pleasure. Abijah, who had the knack of herbs and healing, went often into the camp to nurse the sick soldiers, and one night, crossing weary legs beside his hearth, he said to his wife, "Priscilla, there's a lad who helps me tend his comrades, a Carolina boy, who knows thy brother. Woodman, his name is." So Priscilla had him welcome.

Little Sarah Stephens watched the lean young visitor under devious lashes. He went away again, bowing his thanks with a Southern grace, and she thought of him, maybe, oftener than of the others. She watched the fruit trees blossom, the dogwood drifts gleam like the ghost of vanished snows along the hillsides, and she wondered about this business of growing up, so queerly sweet and painful. On June nineteenth her wonder quickened into excitement. What are the trumpets blowing for?

They are blowing for the break of camp, Sarah, for the long trial over and the hot blood up. The British have evacuated Philadelphia; they are moving upon New York, and General Washing-

ton, unleashing his gaunt war dogs, is moving in pursuit.

Where the Americans marched out from the valley, the Hessians marched in—as prisoners of war. At last they, too, departed, and peace came back to Valley Forge. The great oak woods that had hung above the valley were all gone—they, too, had given up their centenarian lives for their country, to build the soldiers' huts and warm the soldiers' bones. But already the swift young seedlings were shooting up; the fruit trees still flowered, cherry and apple, every wayward spring. Again the plows were turning a sleek furrow, when Edward Woodman, honorably discharged from Washington's disbanded army, came by this way to visit the old winter camp.

What is it that draws us back to the scenes of our hardships? Perhaps those are our great hours, purer than the hours of our delight, prouder than the moment of victory. Perhaps it was the old huckle call of such peaks that turned Woodman aside, to cross Trout Run and tramp alone—this time under an autumn sky—the Port Kennedy road. Almost the first house he came to was Abijah Stephens'.

It was six years since he had knocked on that door, years that had made a woman out of Sarah, who opened that door to him. Abijah, at his daughter's wedding to Edward, gave Sarah for her dower the fine tract down by Trout Run. And because Woodman was an orphan, without a home of his own, he took root there with his Sarah, raising the sons and daughters she gave him, in the fertile heart of the valley.

That's how he came, one day in July of 1787, to be plowing the bottomlands along Trout Run when a traveler on the road pulled his horse to a stop, tossed the reins to his black servant, and came straight across the field to the plowman. A tall man, solemnly dressed, Woodman saw, halting the plow politely. The visitor set his heels in the earth like a man who owned earth somewhere himself and loved it. His greeting had the South in it.

There was much he wanted to know. Who lived around here, and what crops did they raise? How did they till the soil, and how many bushels to the acre did they reap? The gentleman noted down Woodman's answers in a notebook, methodical and deliberate.

"I have a farm of my own," he smiled in explanation. "I am always seeking new ways to improve it."

"I could tell you more," remarked Woodman, "if I'd lived here longer."

"And how long have you been here?"

"Rightly speaking," said Woodman, lifting a hoof of his horse to take a stone

(Continued on Page 53)

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES KNOW PHILIP MORRIS

Proved less irritating to
the smoker's nose and throat!



WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED! Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors.



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Finer flavor... less irritation... America's FINEST Cigarette!



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BOTANY

PROVES

**THAT THE
FABRIC IS THE
SOUL OF THE
SUIT...**

**BOTANY
"500" SUIT**



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

COPYRIGHT 1944 BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

Two great firms have collaborated to produce a combination masterpiece...pure, all-wool worsted fabrics, tailored into garments that will make you proud every time you wear one...and featured by leading retailers. \$45.

BUY WAR BONDS • KEEP ON THE JOB

Fabric by Botany Worsted Mills, Passaic, N.J. **Tailored by** Daroff, Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 51)

out of the shoes. "I've known the valley since 'Seventy-seven. I was camped here with the Continental army—McIntosh's North Carolinians." His voice deepened with pride. "We were quartered five miles up the road, near the commander's headquarters. In Mistress Hewes' house, that was. Not till the last man among us was under a roof would the general quit his own tent for that comfort."

An attentive glint came into the visitor's eyes, and Woodman, catching it, made the most of his moment. "He was a big man, tall as you are—taller, I'd say. Looked so on his horse, anyhow. Looked like a statue, with the snow on him, that day we marched into the valley; we had to cheer him, for all our hearts were in our boots."

"Yes," said the stranger. "I recall it. I was camped here too."

"Well, now! What state were you from?"

"Virginia."

"You were in General Morgan's command, then?"

"Not quite. I ask you to excuse me; I haven't given my name—George Washington."

So they stood there, fellow farmers, fellow campaigners, fellow Americans. By some whim of history—which so often shakes its head in ignorance just when we would like to know more—we are privileged to know this small incident in the life of Washington, who, that summer, was presiding over the convention that was framing the Constitution in Philadelphia. In the life of Edward Woodman it was glory to last a lifetime, to be recounted to your grandchildren on your knees—how the Father of his Country had said that he was made happier to see an old soldier peacefully tilling the soil and raising up a family than by all the homage ever paid him.

Yes, that's just the way Washington spoke, and wrote, in his diary, his letters, his messages to Congress. A little stiff, a bit grand, but warm for all that, sincere as morning and true as the Word.

And the incident, if it shows nothing else, shows George Washington as the first tourist to visit Valley Forge. A century and a half later, the number of pilgrims to this shrine of American history had reached 1,250,000 a year, or

did in times of peace, and of course will again.

Valley Forge Park, the property of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, is the result of more than half a century of patient and loving work on the part of many individuals and of patriotic organizations. It was when Francis M. Brooke, a descendant of Anthony Wayne, organized the Valley Forge Park Commission, on Memorial Day in 1880, that the soul of Valley Forge began at last to receive the honor due it. States raised monuments to their heroes who had stood their ground here so long ago; statues were erected to Wayne and von Steuben. The farmhouses where the generals had been quartered were acquired and restored; the lines of the old encroachments and redoubts were rediscovered and re-created. But by far, the Valley Forge of Washington's day was brought back and, as far as possible, all that is anachronistic has been removed, until this has become the most extensive restoration of a Revolutionary monument in the country.

Research and historical science have gone into the task. In the fine old stone house that Washington rented from Mrs. Hewes, the furnishings correspond exactly to the inventory that the lady gave the general; desks, chairs, tester beds, dining tables, dressers, glassware, china and pewter are all composed of carefully chosen, authentic pieces of the period. As though Washington had just left the room, the blue cloak and tricorn hat hang in an alcove on their peg; the quill, the pounce box, the candle rest upon the desk. Here, as everywhere that the genuine atmosphere and furnishings of early America are preserved, the same emotion fills the visitor—a reverent sense of the integrity of character that founded the taste of colonial and Federal design. Used as we are to the size and quantity of modern buildings and their equipment, to the emphasis upon comfort, we can only stand amazed and humble before the material vestiges of our past. They were so little. They were so spare, so pure, so true with the compass.

To see how spare was life for the common soldier at Valley Forge, walk into the shadow of the Revolutionary Soldiers' Hut, where it stands re-created on the edge of the woods. Within its walls, the beleaguered boys suffered, and joked, and won at last their liberty and ours. (Continued on Page 56)



START... AND KEEP...THE DAY RIGHT

ENJOY THE HEARTY CHEER
...the satisfying goodness...
that only real coffee can bring
you. Coffee brewed to the full
capacity of the pot...fragrant
and freshly made every time.
Anywhere...anytime...coffee
means keener minds, quicker
wits. No wonder coffee is the
all-time, all-American favorite!
Have another cup!

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU
BRAZIL COLOMBIA COSTA RICA
CUBA DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
EL SALVADOR MEXICO VENEZUELA
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

have
another
cup!

COFFEE

The Friendly Drink...
from Good Neighbors



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There's that face again!"

**Sensational Super Fuel Provides New Power Ingredients for U.S.A.'s
100-Octane Aviation Gasolines—Boosts Power Output of U.S. Planes!**

We Call it—**“FLYING HORSEPOWER”**

**COMING IN MOBILGAS FOR YOUR CAR!—
Same Power Ingredients developed for
aircraft engines . . . will give your car new quick
power response under all driving conditions!**



MOLECULE MAGIC!—“Flying Horsepower’s”
new aviation power ingredients are the result of 11
years of research in Socony-Vacuum laboratories.

BACK of the daily headline news of U.S.
victories in the air is the promise of great
news for American car owners . . .

After Victory—the same aviation power in-
gredients of “Flying Horsepower” which have
made possible the tremendously increased power
output of airplane engines—will be made avail-
able to motorists in Mobilgas—will yield the
same quick getaway and power-pull at all speeds
—which have been so important to our airplane
engines!

“Flying Horsepower” is the result of devel-
opment after development by Socony-Vacuum
in Catalytic Cracking . . . 11 years of pioneering
work . . . a \$50,000,000 investment in new refin-
ing equipment and facilities . . . the greatest Cata-

lytic Cracking program in the entire world.

Right now, every drop of “Flying Horse-
power” is going into war fuels . . . but at the war’s
end—your car’s next for this super fuel. Just as
fast as Socony-Vacuum’s 14 “Flying Horse-
power” refineries can be converted to peacetime
production—you’ll get a wonderful new Mobil-
gas with “Flying Horsepower’s” aviation power
ingredients.

New war power for America’s fighters and
bombers today—new driving power for your car
tomorrow. If you like to drive, there’s a new
thrill coming—you’ll get “Flying Horsepower”!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Company, General
Petroleum Corporation of California.



**MORE POWER TO THEIR WINGS . . .
“Flying Horsepower” means greater power
output from U.S. Aircraft Engines!**

**TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING
Five Network, Coast-to-Coast
10 P.M. E.W.T., Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs.**



Mobilgas AND Mobiloil

**AFTER VICTORY!.. FLYING
HORSEPOWER
AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE**

Sensational Super Fuel Provides New Power Ingredients
100-Octane Aviation Gasolines—Boosts Power Output

We Call it—**“FLYING HORSEPOWER”**

COMING IN MOBILGAS FOR YOUR CAR!—

Same Power Ingredients developed for aircraft engines . . . will give your car new quick power response under all driving conditions!



MOLECULE MAGIC!—“Flying Horsepower’s” new aviation power ingredients are the result of 11 years of research in Socony-Vacuum laboratories.

BACK of the daily headline news of U.S. victories in the air is the promise of great news for American car owners...

After Victory—the same aviation power ingredients of “Flying Horsepower” which have made possible the tremendously increased power output of airplane engines—will be made available to motorists in Mobilgas—will yield the same quick getaway and power-pull at all speeds—which have been so important to our airplane engines!

“Flying Horsepower” is the result of development after development by Socony-Vacuum in Catalytic Cracking...11 years of pioneering work...a \$90,000,000 investment in new refining equipment and facilities...the greatest Cata-

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Right now, every drop of “Flying Horsepower” is going into war fuels...but at the war’s end—*your car’s next* for this super fuel. Just as fast as Socony-Vacuum’s 14 “Flying Horsepower” refineries can be converted to peacetime production—you’ll get a wonderful new Mobilgas with “Flying Horsepower’s” aviation power ingredients.

New war power for America’s fighters and bombers today—new driving power for your car tomorrow. If you like to drive, there’s a new thrill coming—you’ll get “Flying Horsepower”!

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Mobilgas AND Mob

s for U.S.A.'s
of U.S. Planes!



MORE POWER TO THEIR WINGS...
"Flying Horsepower" means greater power
output from U.S. Aircraft Engines!



TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING
Blue Horsepower, Coast-to-Coast!
10 P.M. S.W.T., Mon., Tues. Wed. Thurs.

il oil

AFTER VICTORY!.. **FLYING**
HORSEPOWER
AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE



DO YOUR BEST on this MORNING ENERGY BREAKFAST

BUILD IT AROUND NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT—GOOD 'N CRISP—FOR ENERGY TO WORK ON!

Ever taste a sunny morning?... That's what Nabisco Shredded Wheat will remind you of. Crisply toasted strands of sun-ripe wheat, in golden-brown biscuit form. Add milk, sugar, fruit or berries

—and there's the star course of a breakfast to give you deep-down eating joy—and energy aplenty for your Victory gardening. Nabisco Shredded Wheat is made from 100% whole wheat—one of the Basic 7 Foods our Government tells us are vital to health!

Now she ran up the steps, slamming the screen door behind her, and called out, "Who's home?"

Mrs. Sherwin came out of the kitchen. You could tell that she had once looked



BAKED BY NABISCO...
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

**MORNING ENERGY
BREAKFAST
SALE!**

NOW AT FOOD STORES



(Continued from Page 53)

As though in celebration of that triumph, the dogwood tree flower in the month of May—50,000 of them. There were always native dogwoods at Valley Forge; in modern times thousands more, both pink and white, have been planted by the commission. Through this body, rich and poor alike have contributed to the beauty of Valley Forge Park. Sunday-school children pledged the first \$100 for the building of a chapel. Millions added in proportion, inspired by the enthusiasm and the clear patriotic dream of the Rev. W. Herbert Burk, whose original idea it was to build here a house of worship where faith in God and love of country should be blended. Thus has risen that national anthem done in stone, the Washington Memorial Chapel, with its glorious stained-glass windows, glowing with red and blue, which depict the birth of the Republic, and its carillon of forty-nine bells, one for each state plus a birthday bell for the Union.

MY OWN MONEY

(Continued from Page 18)

other virtues it didn't matter. "Your father's not a money man," she would say. "Never was and never will be. But I guess nobody's a lot smarter, or a better husband or father. Living with him's been more fun than traveling all over the world. I guess we've been so happy we've never missed the things most people say you need to be happy."

Candy had always accepted this, but now she wondered whether her mother hadn't just been trying to convince herself all these years. She had stretched the money in the miraculous way some women have with money, to cover everything they'd ever really needed, but she must have got tired of it. She must have got tired of never being able to spurge even a little bit.

Of course she had. Because look at the way her face had lit up when Candy brought her home that pin out of her first pay check. Just a little gold-filid pin with a blue stone that matched her mother's eyes, but she had thought it was wonderful.

"Why, Candy," she had kept saying.

"Why, Candy?" She had bought pop a good cigar, because he loved cigars, but could hardly ever afford to buy good ones, and Freddie a new baseball bat, and she had stood and watched them all with the things she had bought them, and she had felt—How had she felt? Like the good fairy, like Santa Claus—like somebody new in the family, somebody new and important.

Now she ran up the steps, slamming the screen door behind her, and called out, "Who's home?"

Mrs. Sherwin came out of the kitchen. You could tell that she had once looked

Every sunset in the year, The Star-Spangled Banner peals forth, across snow or dogwood bloom, summer green or autumn's best foliage.

Though fence and beauty lie upon it now, Valley Forge—where not a bullet was fired—is still a battlefield in the minds of us all. For here we fought the battle of doubt and discouragement; here we might have disbanded, given up the cause as hopeless. Here we might have lost trust in our leaders or preferred to abandon our principles and settle for a doubtful margin of profit. On this spot, our two selves fought each other. And the best man won. The soldiers who staggered into camp through the snowstorm marched out exactly six months later, singing, with green sprigs in their hats.

Nine days thereafter, they overtook the enemy at Monmouth and beat him. Valley Forge itself was a victory not of American arms but of the American spirit.

very much like Candy. She was definitely plump, where Candy was softly, ingeniously curved, and her hair was faded to a sandy brown, but she still had bright blue eyes and a young, warm smile.

She smiled now, so that her words had no sting. "You and Freddie. It's a wonder the house hasn't fallen down years ago, the way you two hang around." She kissed Candy's cheek. "Hello, my little working girl!"

Candy stood quite still. "I got a raise today." She took out the envelope again and spread the bills carefully on the hall table. "Here's dollars missing—this dress I bought," she said casually.

Her mother stared at the money. "That's wonderful," she said. "You stared at the box. 'So you be. She's a new dress. You didn't say—' you didn't say anything about it. After a minute, she turned around and smiled. 'Is it real?' 'You'll see. I'm going to wear it to-night.'"

She went into the living room, where her father sat with his slippers on, reading the evening paper. He was a slightly bald man with old-fashioned, steel-rimmed spectacles sliding down his nose. He looked like a bookkeeper. He was a bookkeeper. But when he glanced something more in his face. Humor and contentment—or perhaps it was one thing, humorous contentment—a joy that was wonderful, but I can't help that. I mean to have just as good a time as though I were. Maybe better."

"Hello, pop," Candy said. "I got a raise today."

"Did you? What do you know about that? You'll be making more than your old pop now."

She made an impatient movement with her shoulders. "Don't say it like (Continued on Page 58)



"I'll see you two blue points and raise it five red points."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Fresh up" AND FEEL CHIPPER!



You're worth a lot more to yourself . . . to your family . . . and to your country . . . when you're feeling chipper and wearing a pleasant smile.

Of course, that's not so easy on a day that's tiring and difficult. But a "fresh up" with 7-Up *always* helps. Millions find a smile in its sparkling, bubbling flavor. Their spirits rise as

this happy, chipper drink makes their sense of enjoyment leap to life.

Today the demand for 7-Up is the highest in history . . . and still going up! That's why, from coast to coast, you're never far from a "fresh up". Remember—"fresh up" always means 7-Up and 7-Up always means "fresh up".

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Be a "Fighter-Backer":
Do all you can to speed victory



*"fresh up" with
Seven-Up*

You like it . . . it likes you

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



How YOU can Avoid The Danger of DENTURE BREATH

BOBBI acting up again, teacher? Maybe he— and others, too— shy off at your ... Denture Breath. Avoid offending in this way. Don't trust brushing and scrubbing

with ordinary cleansers that scratch your plate material. For such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE IN POLIDENT

Do This Every Day!

Play safe!... Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer...rinse...and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

No brushing



What's more... your plate material is 80 times softer than natural teeth, and brushing with ordinary tooth paste, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate

in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And besides, the safe Polident way is so easy and sure.



Later—Teacher doesn't worry about Denture Breath now... she's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If you wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate—costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters, 30¢ and 60¢.

FOOD
Fights for
FRESH
protection
and
conserve—
above and
beyond!

Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

(Continued from Page 56)

that. You and mom. As if I'd done something else. As if— as if I were a child."

"Well now, you know you're only seventeen," he said gently. He looked off across the room. "I remember when your mother was seventeen, she was just the little girl that lived next door to me. I'd as soon have taken her out anywhere—" He shrugged and laughed. "Then all at once she was grown up, a beautiful young lady, and I was afraid she wouldn't go out with me. But she was past twenty then."

"Things are different now. Twenty? My gosh, by the time I'm twenty I'll probably be managing the whole factory!" She kissed the tip of his nose. "Going to dress before dinner. 'By, now,'" she said, and went out, slamming the door behind her.

In her room, Candy opened the box and took the dress carefully out of its layers of tissue paper. She laid it out on the bed and stood looking at it. Even with nobody in it, even just there on the bed, it was a very sophisticated dress. Candy thought that someone coming into the room and seeing it, not knowing whose room it was, would think, *A woman of the world lives here—a woman of taste and distinction.*

Once she had it on, she had to make several changes in her appearance to go with it. Delicately, she swept her bright hair up, away from her face, and pinned it on top of her head, with the curly ends spilling casually forward. She powdered her white skin lightly, concealing the warm tint of her cheeks, and with orange-red lipstick designed a vivid, fruity mouth. A little mascara, a dash of blue eyeshadow, made her eyes look enormous and deepened their color, and the stopper of a perfume bottle applied behind her ears, to her temples, in the crooks of her elbows, gave her a fragrance that, according to the label on the bottle, was both subtle and mysterious.

When she finally stepped back from the mirror to look herself over *in toto*, she was very much satisfied with the effect. She no longer looked like a pretty girl of seventeen, a girl people called Candy. She was, instead, a woman who belonged

in a sleeky black dress that clung effectively, and was completely unornamented except for two during black sequin curves at the bosom.

The dress produced a new walk, too—a slow, hip-swaying walk with which Candy left her room and went down to dinner. Her twelve-year-old brother Freddie watched her with his mouth open as she came to the table, and then all at once he guffawed loudly and hoarsely.

Candy turned to her mother with slow dignity. "Will you ask him to stop that?" she said softly.

"Stop it, Freddie," Mrs. Sherwin said sharply. Then she looked back at Candy, and her lips drew together at the corners. "Not that I blame him. All that make-up, and that dress. I hope you can take it back, Candy, and let me help you pick something more suitable."

"Take it back?" Candy sat down and began sipping her soup. "I have no intention of taking it back. I'm wearing it out tonight."

"You're not going anywhere in that get-up. What would people think? A sweet, wholesome girl of seventeen looking like—"

"Mother!" Candy broke in softly. Then she stopped a moment and carefully examined her soup spoon. "Listen, mother, I'm a woman, earning my own living. I'm entitled to wear what I want to."

Mrs. Sherwin spoke softly too. "Woman, my eye! You're just out of high school, just out of gym shorts. Don't get too big for your boots, young lady. As long as you're under my roof, you'll do as I say."

"I don't have to stay under your roof, remember that. I could afford a very nice apartment of my own, where I could do as I liked."

For an instant, Mrs. Sherwin looked frightened. Then her face changed, and she leaned across Freddie to speak to Candy in a voice that was no longer soft. "Are you threatening me, young lady? Let me tell you—"

Mrs. Sherwin, who had sat quietly listening, interrupted now. "You two rednecks had better calm down before something catches fire." He looked at

(Continued on Page 61)



THE NATIONAL
BUSINESS

"Just fine! How's everything with you?"



Buy War Bonds — To Have and to Hold

Through the Roof

The whole vast area of conquered Europe is a Nazi stronghold. Massive walls and powerful fortifications defend it — all as nearly impregnable as Hitler can make them.

But overhead there are no walls. It is *through* the roof that Allied bombers have been able to inflict the heaviest blows on Germany's industrial war-making machine.

To the valiant young Americans who man the Boeing Flying Fortresses, "through the roof" now has an added significance. On days when there was a thick overcast, Europe was once safe from precision bombing. Today new navigation devices enable the Fortress bombardier to hit his target through

dense cloud cover with almost the same uncanny accuracy as when the air is clear. The first raid by the Forts on Berlin was made under just such conditions.

The deadly bombing done by the big Boeing planes has become a matter of wonder, not only to our Allies but to the enemy. After Flying Fortresses had demolished the Messerschmitt plant at Regensburg without allowing a single bomb to fall on a hospital which was practically a part of the factory area, our Eighth Air Force fliers received a special radio message from the Luftwaffe. The net of it was "Congratulations on your accuracy. We don't know how you do it!"

The Fortress crews know the answer. It is done by cool courage, skill and training, and by the bombing stability of the steady-flying Forts themselves.

Some day Boeing's design, engineering and manufacturing skills will be turned once again to products of peacetime. And you can have full confidence in any such product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

NEW AIR FORCES COMBAT FILM

The Army Air Forces motion picture, "The Memphis Belle," shows the heroic crews of Boeing Flying Fortresses in actual combat over Germany. See it at your local theater.



*This wonderful new color film...perfected
in war...will soon be available to you*



Practically every foot of Ansco Color film and paper has been going to the armed forces and essential industries since June, 1940.

But there are encouraging signs that a limited amount of this remarkable film may soon be released for civilian use.

Natural, lifelike color

And, good as Ansco Color was originally, it is even better now that it has been tested and im-

proved under exacting battle conditions.

We sincerely believe that Ansco Color is far superior to anything you have ever used. With this amazing film, you'll be able to take beautiful transparencies... in *natural*, lifelike colors.

A word of caution

It is important to remember that color film cannot be handled as casually as black-and-white. It requires careful exposure. And the processing must be done under carefully controlled conditions for best results.

We'll let you know, the minute Ansco Color

Film is available. With it, we think you'll get the most exciting color transparencies you ever saw!

Ansco, Binghamton, New York. A division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Ansco
formerly Agfa Ansco
film · cameras

(Continued from Page 34)

his wife, and the corners of his mouth were twitching. "All girls go through the black-dress stage, mother. Didn't you? Didn't you ever try to look like a vamp when you were a kid?"

Mrs. Sherwin pushed back her chair and began clearing the table. "Well, if you insist on spoiling her —" She glanced at Candy again. "When Jack sees you, he'll probably refuse to take you out anyway."

Candy rose too. She stood with a dish in either hand and looked at a spot directly between her mother and father. She spoke very slowly and distinctly, as though to a baby just learning the meanings of words. "Listen. I am not a little girl dressing up. I am not a child to be spoiled or not spoiled. I am full grown. I am working, helping to build planes that will win the war, doing important jobs. I am making almost as much money as — as much money as a lot of men."

"She turned her eyes to her mother. "Jack's been in the Army — overseas and everything. Do you think he wants to go out with a child?"

"Nobody said anything to her or stopped her as she went through the swinging door into the kitchen. She put the plates into the sink and turned on the water hand, because she didn't want to hear any discussion they might have after she was out of the room."

Before the splash of the water drowned their voices, she heard Freddie say, "What's a vamp? Pop, what's a vamp?"

A moment later, her mother came into the kitchen. She tied an apron around Candy's waist. "You'll get your new dress all wet," she said. "She began washing the dishes silently, piling them in the sink for Candy to dry."

"The Pearsons have a part-time maid now," Candy said presently. "She comes in at two and stays to wash the dinner dishes. We could afford it as well as the Pearsons, and you wouldn't have to work so hard any more."

"You want a maid. After all these years, I could never get used to having another woman in my kitchen." She looked up brightly. "Thanks anyway."

It seems as if we ought to get more good out of — well, out of all the extra money —"

For a moment, Mrs. Sherwin said nothing. Then she said, "You don't always get good out of money. Sometimes —" She didn't finish, but sloshed the soup tureen vigorously over the dishes, scowling intently at the thick white bubbles. Her hands were quick and deft, not red or rough, in spite of nearly twenty years of housework.

"I'm sorry about before," Candy said. "I'm sorry I lost my temper."

"Well, I lost mine too. . . . Where are you and Jack going?"

"I don't know. Someplace swish, I guess. After all, he'll only be home a little while, and he'll want to make the most of it."

He had wanted to make the most of their last date before he went away, too, but she had been silly about it. He had said, "Where do you want to go, Candy? Anyplace you say. Anyplace at all." She could remember the way he had looked at her, his dark eyes serious in his thin boy face and his mouth smiling, so that you couldn't tell what he really felt. "We won't have another date for a long time."

And she had been silly, because she had felt all choked up and sentimental. She'd had a chance to have a wonderful time with him somewhere, but she had said, "I want it to be like every other Saturday night. I just want to go to the movies, and then for a soda at Schlampfner's, the way we always do."

His eyes had smiled then, too, and he had squeezed her hand and said, "You're a funny kid, Candy — such a sweet, funny little kid."

Well, she wasn't a little kid any more. She knew now that a fellow didn't want to celebrate at Schlampfner's, with a girl in a Sloppy Joe sweater and ankle socks. Especially if he'd been in the war, he'd want to have fun and do things in a big way while he was home on furlough. He'd want his girl to be smart and glamorous, so he could be proud of her when he took her to some swanky hotel or night club.

"He's certainly going to be surprised," she said, more to herself than to her mother. "He probably doesn't realize what a different it makes when a girl is out working and making her own money. He'll certainly be surprised when he sees me."

"Yes," her mother said. "He certainly will."

Candy glanced at her sharply. Then she said, "Listen, mother, you can think what you like, but I know how Jack will feel, and I don't want you to — Don't treat me like a child in front of him, that's all, or make any remarks about the dress. And please tell pop and Freddie, because —" She stopped and looked down at the dish she was drying and kept polishing it slowly with the towel. Her voice, when she went on again, shook a little. "I've been looking forward to tonight for a long time, and if you spoil it for me —"

"Nobody's going to spoil it for you, Candy," her mother said softly.

Candy ran upstairs when she heard the doorbell. She said she had to powder her nose and comb her hair again, but it wasn't that. She didn't want to be just sitting there when Jack came in. She wanted to make an entrance.

A glance in the mirror was very satisfactory, except that her cheeks were too flushed to look sophisticated. She toned the color down a little with powder, and then tiptoed out into the hall, where she could hear what they were saying downstairs. At the proper moment in the conversation, she would walk slowly into the room.

She heard the door close and the mingled greetings, and quite a long silence. Then Jack's voice said, "This is swell. Everything's just the same."

"You look fine, Jack." That was her father talking. "Darned if you're not bursting out of your uniform."

Jack's laugh was wonderful, from the way Candy remembered it, deeper and quieter. "I have filled out some, sir. It's mostly muscle."

"What are all those ribbons for?" Freddie's voice was changing early.

The dark emerged in a kind of husky yodel. "Are they like medals?"

"They're just service ribbons. They show I've been in action."

"Haven't you any medals at all?"

"Most soldiers don't get medals, Freddie. They just do their job."

Candy's voice was smothered tired. She thought maybe he was tired of sitting there talking to her family, but she didn't want to go down yet. She didn't want to go down until Jack asked for her or mentioned her name.

It was exciting to wait and hear his voice and imagine how he would look when he saw her. She could picture him very plainly, down there in the corner of the sofa where he always sat, slouching a little, with his long legs stretched out and his hands clasped behind his head. She could picture his eyes — dark and dark and full of fun, and his thick dark hair with the cowlick in front that he always tried to plaster down with water, and never could.

She didn't remember at all what his hands were like, and that was funny, because she always noticed hands now. She could see someone's fingers handling tools, sorting parts, darning over the intricate mechanism of some machine, and recognize who it was immediately, without looking at the face.

"I saved this for you, Jack," said her mother downstairs. "There's more in the kitchen."

"Oh, boy, lemon cake!" His next words were slightly muffled, but he didn't sound tired any more. His voice was vigorous and happy. "This is what soldiers dream of — a nice soft sofa, a warm room, a family, lemon cake —"

"No pretty girls!" asked Candy's father.

"Well, sure. That's taken for granted. And speaking of pretty girls —"

Candy timed it just right. She started down the stairs when her father mentioned pretty girls, and she almost tripped over the hem of the black dress in her

(Continued on Page 43)

In any event wire flowers



You'll make her especially happy if you "Say it with Flowers." In fact, whether it's Mother's Day, a birthday or just because you're thoughtful, flowers say things for you in a way people never forget. Flowers boost morale too, so —

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BUT MORE WAR BONDS

Q Cues—Slightly Cuckoo

EACH of the following twenty-five phrases defines a word beginning with Q. Some are queer, some quaint. The question is how do you qualify? If you don't guess in less than 15, we'd say you're a quiz Quinzling; 15 to 30 shows quality and quickness; and more than 30 means you're quite the top (see No. 24).

Okay, turn the quink. Answers on page 70.



1. As if.
2. Used to speed up a horse.
3. Squeamish.
4. Former.
5. Without which no meeting is official.
6. A game.
7. An elemental unit of energy.
8. A medical charlatan.
9. Proportional share.
10. To lose heart.
11. An individual peculiarity.
12. A chew of tobacco.
13. A landing place.

14. A type of square dance.
15. A supply officer.
16. The object of the chase.
17. A form in poetry.
18. A form of severe inflammation.
19. A common solid mineral.
20. A deed of release.
21. Idealistic, but impractical.
22. To take a deep draft.
23. A goverless.
24. The highest quality.
25. A witty retort.

—ALBERT A. GRYFOW.



"Big Boy" makes the grade

● Up and over western mountain grades, "Big Boy" hauls heavy loads of war supplies. A fleet of these "Big Boy" locomotives—the world's largest—rumble over the Union Pacific Strategic Middle Route, uniting the East with the Pacific Coast . . . linking farms and factories with the many supply lines to America's far-flung battle fronts.

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** Farm production must be supplemented by Victory Gardens. Grow more in '44.*



THE PROGRESSIVE

**UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD**

(Continued from Page 61)

haste, but she made her entrance before Jack could finish. She walked slowly into the room, and he stopped talking and stared at her, just the way she had imagined he would.

"Candy," he said.

She found a new voice to go with the dress and the walk—a cool, soft, slightly drawing voice. "Hello, Jack. It's good to see you."

"I'd never have known you. Honestly, if I'd met you outside somewhere, I'd never have known you."

This was what she had expected him to say—that he never would have known her, that she had changed so much, grown up so much. She should have been pleased, but there was something wrong. Something in his voice.

She looked at him, and it seemed to her that he had changed too. His G.I. haircut had taken decisive care of the cowlick, and it made his face look even thinner than she had remembered it, the bones larger. He appeared larger altogether. His uniform seemed to strain across his chest and shoulders, and he stood so straight that he was several inches taller. He stood holding the plate with the cake on it, and his hands were strong and firm, with square, long fingers, and because she had never noticed them before, they looked strange too.

But these were little things. It was something deeper in him that was changed. It was in his eyes—not a boy's clear, merry eyes any more, but a man's, grave and aware. It was in the way he was looking at her, so that she felt cold and uncertain.

There was an odd little silence. Even Freddie didn't speak. Then Candy covered it, talking rapidly, smiling. "Where are we going, Jack? Where are you taking me?"

"I don't know exactly. I had thought—" He stopped, and his glance followed the slinky length of her black dress to the high-heeled, open-toed sandals. Candy waited and then, because she thought he was never going to say another word, she gave what was meant to be a gay little laugh.

"Well, how do you like it?"

"How do I like what?"

"My new dress, of course, silly. You've been looking at it long enough. How do you like it?"

"It's pretty," he said. He must have heard the flat sound of his own voice, because he added, "It's very pretty."

The cold spot spread in Candy's chest, and she couldn't bear it. She didn't know what was the matter, but whatever it was, she couldn't bear it. She wanted to hear Jack's voice the way she had heard it while she was waiting upstairs in the hall—warm and contented and alive. She wanted him to look at her as if she were somebody special.

"I bought it with my own money," she lied. "I was just passing by the store, and I saw it in the window and went in and bought it." She gave the gay little laugh again. "It seems such a long time ago that I had to ask my mother if I could have a new dress, and my father for the money to buy it."

Freddie broke his unnatural silence abruptly. "Pop says she looks like a vamp," he remarked. "What's a vamp?"

"Freddie!" Mrs. Sherwin said in a loud voice. "I just remembered I have no eggs for breakfast. Run right down and get some before the store closes." She propelled him out of the room. "Hurry, now."

"A vamp," Mr. Sherwin said, although Freddie was far out of earshot, "is a beautiful, seductive girl—a what do you call it?—a pin-up girl." He looked at Candy over his spectacles. "Why don't you two get along and go dancing somewhere? If I was young, that's what I'd want to do."

Jack said, "All right," in that same flat voice.

"We don't have to," Candy said. "If there's something you'd rather—"

"No, we'd go dancing. After you thought the dress and everything."

"We don't have to. I'd just as soon—"

"My goodness, Candy," Mrs. Sherwin broke in, "why don't you say you're tickled pink?" She turned to Jack. "You know, she thought you'd be crazy to go out somewhere very well, after all you've been through. She thought you'd want to go dancing and all that, and so she dressed for it—but, my goodness, I know she'd much rather not. She works terribly hard, eight and ten hours every day. She's got a real important job, making parts for airplanes, and it takes a lot out of her. When she's through, she's good and tired, and she enjoys a quiet evening, don't you, Candy?"

"Yes," Candy said wearily. "Yes, I do."

She looked at Jack and she saw his eyes change. "I didn't know you made airplane parts. You never—I should say that is an important job. You must be pretty good." His voice was warm and alive and interested, and he put down the plate and grabbed her hand. It was the first time he had touched her. "Heck, I don't want to go to any swell place, Candy. I just want to do all the things I used to do and see all the same places and all the same people." He was looking at her in a different way now. He was looking at her as though she were somebody special. "Let's go, Candy."

For a moment, she clung to his hand. Then she dropped it and went to the door. She looked at her mother and father, and smiled a little, and then she looked at Jack again.

"I'll be right down. I want to get into some different clothes," she said. "Something for a movie and a soda at Schlumpfner."

It was late when Candy got home, but her mother was still reading in the living room.

"Why, hello," she said. "You home already?" She glanced at the clock. "Well, my goodness, look at the time. I had no idea—I got so interested in this book—"

"Never mind, mom," Candy kissed her. "Don't you think I know you've been waiting up for me? I'll bet you knew the time to let the second, without looking." She smiled, and her eyes were bright and a little bemused. "I think it's nice of you to wait. I'm glad. Because I have a lot to tell you."

Mrs. Sherwin searched her daughter's face with keen eyes. Then she said quietly, "That's fine, Candy."

Candy walked over to the fireplace, and stood staring at the imitation logs.

"Listen, mom, that black dress—Did you throw away the box?"

"No, I didn't throw it away."

"Well, that's good, because I've decided—They said in the shop I could return it, so I thought I'd just pack it up and drop it by tomorrow."

"It's all packed up. It's all ready for you," her mother said. "I knew you'd want to take it back."

Candy turned around and stared at her. Then she smiled. "I think you know too much," she said.

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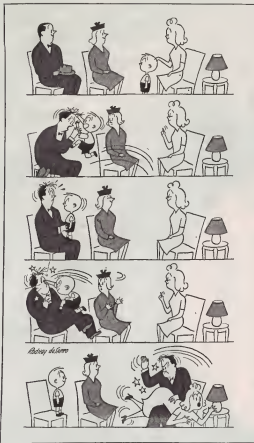
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IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN

(Continued from Page 17)

He looked down at his hands, broad and coarse and calloused, the fingers curved clawlike by the stiff knobby joints. There was no gentleness in hands like these. Gentleness had been stolen from them a quarter of a century ago. He would not tell Lorrimer now that he did not intend to dive. He would prolong the hope, then he would tell him. And no man would blame him for not diving. There was not one chance in a hundred of any man's getting to that sub and attaching the down-haul cable for the rescue chamber. But he would not tell Lorrimer that. Not yet.

The rescue vessels came in sight. The Mallard, moored over the sunken sub, held the center of the stage. Two destroyers, a cruiser, three seaplane tugs and two Coast Guard boats hovered about, ready to offer assistance, but it was the Mallard's show. She alone was equipped for rescue work. She had the air compressors, the pumps and the underwater burner outfits. The nine-ton rescue chamber rested on her fantail, huge and pear-shaped, ready to be swung into position. If a diver was successful in securing a down-haul wire on the escape hatch, the rescue chamber, guided by two men inside it, could draw itself down slowly until the inch-thick rubber gasket on its lower rim pressed firmly against the submarine's deck. The men in her would hold the water out of the lower compartment then, and the terrific pressure of the sea would attach the chamber like a huge vacuum cup against the body of the submarine. They could then open the hatch to the interior of the sub, to the sea air, the smell of chlorine from the flooded batteries, to the survivors or their bodies.

The Mallard also had the "iron doctor"—the decompression chamber into which the diver could be rushed, and under slowly diminishing pressure rid their bodies of the liquid nitrogen that the tremendous pressure had formed in their bloodstream. Without that gradual decompression, the bubbles would turn into gas again, in powerful, paralyzing explosions that would shatter blood vessels and cause the agonizing convulsions of the bends, if not paralysis and death. It was the Mallard's show, all right, and the gray fighting ships surrounding her ungainly bulk stood at a respectful distance and waited.

Commander Carson met them at the rail. His face showed the unmistakable

signs of strain and fatigue, but he smiled and held out his hand to Steve.

"I'm glad to have you with us, Bonser. I've heard of some of the work you did for the Elise Star outfit."

"That was a long time ago. I haven't done much diving in the last few years. Only odd jobs."

"Too odd for this job?" the commander smiled.

"I don't know, sir. It sounds tough."

"I'll come in and tell you what I know while your 'beens' are dressing you." He nodded toward the northeast as to an old acquaintance. "It isn't going to give us much time to work. . . . Come along, Lorrimer."

Commander Carson outlined the situation while the "beens" worked on Steve. One anchor had dragged, but they had managed to drop another in time, and their grappling line down to the sub seemed to run straight and secure. Three more divers had tried the descent.

"Mally made it to the sub, all right," the commander said. "He managed to stay on for ten minutes. He reports that there is some wreckage over the aft escape hatch. We sent a torch down, but his lines got fouled on the wreckage, and by the time he was free, well, we brought him up. There is a strong current and clouds of silt. Mally did his best."

Steve struggled into the three suits of blue woolen underwear and two pairs of wooden socks without comment. His mind raced with the details of his dive. It would be cold down there. He would have to work with two-fingered rubber mittens. It would make handling the torch harder. If there was silt, a light would be useless. If he took the torch down he might save time, but add to the number of lines which might foul and cause him trouble. He'd chance it.

Lorrimer's voice startled him. He had forgotten him. Lorrimer asked, "Have you—has there been any further contact with the submarine, sir?"

"Yes," said Commander Carson. "The underwater listening device on the Clyde picked up some hammer signals. There is so much underwater noise that they were vague, but we managed to piece together that the forward torpedo room is flooded. We'll have to use the escape hatch on the aft torpedo room."

"Any report on—the number of survivors?"

"No. The messages are unsigned." Steve Bonser sat on the heavy stool and let the dressers attach the eight-pound, weighted shoes to his feet. Over their heads he could see a destroyer pitching wildly in the mounting seas.



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HALF-HITCH



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The inviting aroma,
the spicy scent
of cool woodlands
tells you
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On your radio "It's MIDT TIME for HIRES"—Music, Tunes, Laughter featuring HORACE HEID
EVERY MONDAY NIGHT—BLUE NETWORK

The wind was growing stronger every moment. A cold, thin drizzle began to fall. He doesn't know if his son is alive, he thought. He doesn't know if he died quickly or if he is waiting down there, dying a slow death. He will never know if I don't go down.

There were a lot of men around Steve now, adjusting the breastplate fittings and leg braces, and it was hard to think. They secured the heavy lead belt with straps around his shoulders and between his legs. He checked the long diving knife in the breast sheath. Commander Carson was giving him last-minute directions. Beyond him, Boyd Lorrimer's face was an inscrutable mask etched with fatigue and worry. Steve listened to the commander, nodding, but the words did not have any meaning for him. It had happened too suddenly. He was not prepared for the revenge now thrust so unexpectedly into his hands.

The diving helmet was lowered over his head and latched in place. The helmet mouthpiece was open, and Commander Carson lowered his face near it, so that he could be heard. "Test her out, Bossert," he said. Steve had to speak to test out the phone connections, but the words would not come to him. He wanted to say, "Ask Boyd Lorrimer what happens to a man when he's down and out. Ask him what happens when he leaves his girl and a pal behind him. Ask him that." Instead, he said, "One . . . two . . . three." The man with the earphones signaled okay.

Steve turned the control valve over his left breast, and a stream of air hissed out. "Control valve okay," he reported.

He felt hands over him, bolting the faceplate in place, strapping all the straps, all the fittings of his air hoses and life line. The torch was attached securely to his belt with a piece of marline. Two taps on his helmet told him that he was ready.

But he was not ready. He had not been ready for any of this. He walked stiffly toward the diving platform, staggering under the two hundred pounds of weight he carried, and still he was not ready. He grasped the triangular steel balk on the diving platform and steadied himself. The platform swung out over the rail, pitching under him with the roll of the ship. It lowered slowly until the water crept up to his knees, his chest. This was the moment to call out into his phone and have them stop him. Now, when the hope soared highest in Lorrimer, would be the time to tell him that he could not make the dive. The water swirled before his faceplate. He turned the control valve, and air rushed past him. "Ready to dive," he said.

The platform swung slowly until the grappling line was in his mittened hands. He wrapped his legs and left arm around it, and began his long slide to the bottom. He was no longer conscious of the dragging weight strapped to his body. The air roared through his helmet. When the breastplate began to press against him, he turned the valve slowly, forcing more air into his suit to combat the pressure. At fifty feet, he lost the swirling motion of the surface waves. Up above him, he could see the hall of the Mallard and the long stream of his life lines running to the deck. It was lonely in the dark waters.

(Continued on Page 68)



The Shoes of Borabora

ON THE island of Borabora in the South Pacific, two secret weapons caught up with Chief Yeoman Ernest Furrow, USN—a pair of thick mail-order catalogues, calculated to hit the target of the natives' good will, and previously ordered by Chief Furrow, with true strategist's foresight, just before leaving United States waters.

Within a few weeks after his canvas hat unloaded on Borabora's beaches, the entire female native population was employed doing laundry for soldiers and sailors, and when the first bundles were returned, the catalogues were brought out to beguile the ladies. Beguiled they were, not to say dazzled, by the strange and beautiful display of American ready-to-wear, but their only social events were weekly church services and an occasional wedding, and at first they had no idea how or what to choose. At a few laundry days passed, however, and all the natives saw American movies at the showings for the servicemen, the women fell in love with American clothes, particularly the shoes. And shoes—open-toed, colored, red, white, green—made up the majority of the three-thousand-dollar's worth of mail orders written.

Chief Furrow and Carpenter's Mate Shiflet Goodstein, lacking a measure for sizes, had each woman stand on a sheet of paper while they drew a line around her foot. But they could not send the pictures. Charts and diagrams are forbidden for wartime mailing. So Chief Furrow had to describe each foot—for instance, "Send a shoe that will fit a foot which fits within a 6" x 13" rectangle."

Although the two big companies filled all orders, neither could supply exact sizes. They did the next best—sent the biggest shoes on hand. Alas, few of the women could squeeze into the fascinating footgear. Those who could, swaggered unhearingly on Sunday mornings. Female fistfights threatened. And then one languishing lady found a pair of discarded G.I. Army shoes and a can of red-enamel paint.

She solved the problem and set the style. Each Sunday, now, the women flock eagerly to church in the only foot covering which met the needs of their 6" x 13" rectangles—femininely bedecked with red or green or white enamel, but still G.I. Services over, the charmed shoes are promptly returned and carried by hand as they hike homeward, barefooted.

—FRANCES FINK.

BATTLE-SCARRED LADY WINS A FURLOUGH



In 43 flights over enemy territory, this tough Martin B-26 Marauder proved she could "take it" as well as "dish it out." She wore out 3 engines, 9 tires, a set of 9 valves, 4 generators, 5 starters, 4 carburetors. Fuelage and wings are a patchwork of scars from flak and bullets... and her 6-month diet in action included 67,000 gallons of gas and 6,274 quarts of oil. But to the credit of her splendid crew are three attacks on submarines, five enemy aircraft downed and many tons of bombs dropped on enemy objectives.

Reprinted reported from official War Department columns

HOME TO THE U. S. for a well earned rest come this battle-scarred Marauder and her gallant crew.

They have accomplished brilliantly the double purpose for which the Air Force strives—to inflict heavy damage on the enemy, and to do it with the least possible loss of men and equipment.

Veteran workers in Hudson plants can contribute nothing to the glory that American fliers are winning in the sky—but they can help guard American lives by building with both skill and care.

As Hudson production lines step up their tempo to work on important new aviation contracts, we are thankful for the 34 years of high-precision manufacturing experience that is now enlisted in the common cause.

**BUY MORE
U. S. WAR BONDS**

Hudson Aviation Division Wins Second Army-Navy Award for Meritorious Service on the Production Front



Biggest and deadliest of U. S. dive bombers, new *Currier-Wright Hell-divers* are winning glory in assaults on Japanese islands in the Pacific. Volume production of wings on which daring aviators of the Navy ride in their break-taking dives is one of Hudson's major wartime responsibilities.



Invasion around the globe calls not only for millions of men, but for tens of thousands of staunch land-ing craft. As these boats stream from American shipyards, Hudson is mass-producing husky Hudson Inboard engines, built with the skill and precision that have made Hudson automobile motors famous since the early days of the industry.



THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT RIGHT

Wartime driving has brought home to Hudson owners the value of Hudson's high precision standards and long precision experience. Every extra day of trouble-free service is bringing them added proof that Hudson cars serve better, last longer and cost less to run—because they are more expertly built, with greater accuracy and care.

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We pay a deserved tribute to Hudson distributors and dealers who are so ably fulfilling their pledge to "keep 'em rolling."

Until the day when our combined war and peacetime experience brings you finer-than-ever Hudsons, see your Hudson dealer for a new or used car, or service on your present car.

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Sunbeam

AUTOMATIC

MIXMASTER

IS MAKING RATIONED FOODS GO FURTHER



(Continued from Page 66)

It was a long way down. He swallowed to free the pressure from his ears. He felt dizzy, and cut down the air a bit and tried to regulate his breathing.

"Two hundred feet," a voice on his phone said. It might be Boyd's voice. It was hard to tell above the roar of the air. He hoped it was Boyd. He wanted Boyd to be there when he got to the bottom and told him that there was nothing he could do to save his son. He said, "Put Commander Lorimer on."

He heard Boyd's voice saying, "All right, Steve. I'm standing by."

Steve Bossett chuckled to himself. "I'm standing by," Boyd had certainly stood by. Swell guy. Never stuck a knife until a pal's back was turned.

"Things like that happen to people, Steve." He wasn't sure if the words came out of him or if Boyd had spoken them into his phone, or even if he had heard them at all. His head was full of noises, and he was chuckling, and the pressure on his chest was bending his ribs in. I'm oxygen drunk, he thought. I've got to take it easy.

"Two hundred and seventy-five feet," the telephone announced.

That was deep. The air he was breathing was under more than a hundred and twenty-pound pressure. It was burning up his tissues the way an oxygen-fed fire would burn charcoal. His brain was whirling. The air rushing through his helmet was deafening. A cloud of current-borne silt obscured his dimmed vision.

"Three hundred feet," Boyd Lorimer's voice said.

Steve was alone in a dark, heavy liquid, hanging by the arteries of a steel monitor that was pumping life-giving air to him. If the monitor's heart stopped beating even for a moment, the flow of air would stop and the huge column of water over his head would crush him into a jelly and force his whole body up into his helmet. Only the cushion of air inside his suit protected him from the gigantic squeeze. If the motor stopped, a tear in his suit permitted air to escape.

His eyes started into the impenetrable darkness and sweat prickled over his body. His hand on the air valve trembled with uncertainty, and he felt the pressure around his legs creep steadily upward toward his chest, and in sudden fear he turned the valve too far, and his suit began to fill and balloon slowly.

Frankly, he turned the valve again. If the suit ballooned, his arms would be spread-eagled, and he would be unable to bend them to reach the control valve. With the new buoyancy, he would soar upward through the water until the suit burst like a prickled balloon, and the water would crush him. I'm too old for this work, he thought. If I lose my head like that once more I'll die. This is where the green divers can't take it.

He began sliding down the line again. His feet thumped on something solid and his knees bent slightly under the impact. He was standing on a hard, smooth surface. He couldn't remember why he was there. He bent his head and peered through his fogged faceplate. There was a huge black bulk resting on the floor of the ocean. The strong, deep current was whirling dark clouds of silt around the huge bulk. He walked a few steps down the sloping surface. He stopped. The forward torpedo room is flooded. The words were vague sounds in his memory. He was going forward, toward the flooded section. He must go aft.

"On deck of submarine," he said into his telephone. His voice was strange, piping and thin, his vocal cords squeezed by the relentless pressure.

"Neat stuff!" a voice answered him.

"Go aft... torpedo... burn clear."

He couldn't hear the words above the roaring of his air. The deck was sloping and slippery under the coat of silt, and he had to bend at the waist to struggle upward against the current.

"Neat stuff." He had heard that expression hundreds of times. "Neat stuff, neat stuff. Nice dive, Steve, neat stuff."

It was so long ago, and he was young, and Boyd, who said "Neat stuff," was young, and Beth was young.

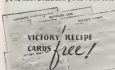
There was something about somebody's son. It was all very hazy, and he stopped and leaned against the pin on the sub's deck, breathing hard feeling the heavy pounding of his heart. It was about Boyd Lorimer's son. He hated Boyd Lorimer. He wanted to hurt him. Boyd's son and Beth's son. Beth's son. No, Beth was a little girl running down the steep streets of Northport. It was about Boyd's son, and he was trapped in the submarine, and he could save him; but he wouldn't because of the hurt, because of the lonely years.

(Continued on Page 70)

MAKE BUTTER GO TWICE AS FAR WITH THIS BUTTER-SPREAD



Save precious ration points and money, too, by turning half a pound of butter into a full pound of nutritious, appetizing butter-spread. Mixmaster does it easily and quickly. Gives the ingredients a smooth consistency and a saving in arm-work. Two methods are given in the new kit of Sunbeam Victory Recipes. All on handy 3" x 5" cards for your file. Send for your Free set.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Any discussion on the treasurer's report?"

While son Jim helped capture Hill 205



There was a war crisis this Spring on thousands of dairy farms. Months of dry weather killed the fall-planted small grain crops. Re-planting, new planting *had* to be done.

It meant far more than feed for cows. It meant *milk* and the products of milk to meet the nation's vital need.

Of cheese the U. S. Government's requirement alone this year is estimated at nearly 450 million pounds. (Cheese can carry valuable nutrients of milk to our fighting men

overseas and to our fighting allies.) And, for you and other civilians, 500 million more pounds of cheese are needed.

You hear about the brilliant actions of our boys on the battle fronts, including the sons of our dairymen. None of us at home can match what they do for victory. But none of us here works more *days*, more *hours*, more *valiantly* than the people left on America's dairy farms. They're in the front line of the battle for food . . . and they know it.



Because of the tremendous demand, both military and civilian, you may not be able to get as much Kraft Cheese as you would like, or get your favorite varieties—Kraft American, "Old English", "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese, Velveeta, and so on. But you may be sure, as always, that any cheese or cheese food which bears the Kraft name represents the very highest standard of quality.

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A Division of National Dairy Products Corporation

KEEP YOUR CAR FIT TO THE FINISH



Save your car! Save your tires! Save the motor! Regular check-ups, plus the use of FLARE chemicals can help you do it.

SAVE THE BRAKES

Use FLARE Hydraulic Brake Fluid. Blends perfectly with all original equipment and other first quality brake fluids... lubricates all moving parts of brake system... will not corrode delicate metal parts or swell rubber caps... has sufficient force to prevent loss of brake pressure... will not freeze at temperatures as low as 70° F. below zero.



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Use FLARE WAXES. Does three perfect body protection jobs all at once. CLEANS—Removes dirt and road grime quickly, easily. WAXES—Gives your car a weather-resistant body surface. POLISHES—With high, lasting brilliance that does not water spot.



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Use FLARE Liquid Radiator Sealer. Water soluble, seals leaks in radiators and water-jackets instantly. Non-clogging, non-corrosive. Mixes with all anti-freeze solutions. Use FLARE Chem-A-Rite. Rids radiator of sludge and corrosion. Use FLARE Radiator Flush. Flushes out sludge and rust while motor is running.



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Use FLARE White Paint for white sidewall beauty and protection. Gives tires that will last a long time. Use FLARE Rubberseal. Cleans black tires, rubber mats, running boards. Gives smooth, satin finish to rubber surfaces. Use FLARE Rubberseal-Reserve. A waterproof black rubber dressing. Gives tires, floor mats and other rubber articles smooth new rubber finish.



FOR CAR BEAUTY AND CARE USE... **Flare**... **FREE**

FLARE LABORATORIES, THE BELL CO. INC.
100 W. KENTZ RD., CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 48)
Someone hammered inside of the submarine, and the noise pounded against his helmet like a sledge, and he pounded his knuckled boot on the deck. "Shut up!" he said angrily. "You're a jerk, underwater voice." "Shut up down there!"

He continued up the sloping deck, releasing pressure as he went, to equalize himself with the change in the air. He did not know how long he had been since he left the deck gun. It didn't matter. He was on his knees on the hatch and there was a piece of wreckage across it that he must have felt. He answered with his knife and cut the marline holding the torch to his belt. He turned on the valves and watched quickly as a thin stream of gas poured from the torch tip. He turned the tip slowly, looking at it with dull curiosity. Then he remembered the electric lighter.

"Igniter," he said into the phone. "Give me juice."

A spark leaped across the igniter and the tip of the torch. The gas exploded. A bright flame roared loudly in the water. He adjusted the torch tip and the flame was blue and sharp now. He released the trigger, shortening the flame, and knelt down on the hatch again. He brought the flame close to the steel blocking the hatch and preheated the oxygen jet. Brilliant white sparks showered through the murky water. White flame stabbed through the gloom. *Next stuff*, he thought. *Some force*. He cut quickly, expertly, conscious only of the work at hand. When the heaviness in his brain became unbearable, he turned the torch on and shut his eyes for a moment. *Keep your head, he warned himself. Keep your head. Your life depends on it.*

"Your time is up, Steve," Boyd's voice said. "You've got to come up."
"Time?" Up? With only a twisted piece of railing left to be cut loose? Of course. There was only a certain limit to the time he could stay down. That was his job. He remembered. He remembered. Lieutenant John Lorrimer. Now he could go back to the surface and say, "I couldn't make it. It was a good try. It was next stuff, but I couldn't make it." And Boyd would look at him with the scars of pride deepening on his face, and wonder if he really couldn't have made it. He'd never know. As long as he lived, he'd never know.

"Signal if your lines are free," Boyd said quietly. "We're hauling you up."

Steve Bossett turned off the air for a moment to silence the roaring, then he gave his voice to the surface. "I'm not in the Navy! I don't take orders! Leave my lines alone!"

He turned the life-giving air back on and breathed deeply. Only part of the railing left now, and they wanted him to quit. He bent down to the brilliant flame. The burner shot its brilliant fireworks through the murky water.

At last he was finished. The hatch cover was free to take the rim of the rescue chamber. He stood up stiffly. "Pull up torch," he ordered. "Ready for down-haul."

The current was pushing steadily against him and he leaped toward it, swaying against its pressure. His lines tightened and jerked and pulled him almost lost his footing. He thought that they had started to pull him up, and began to curse savagely, but the lines slackened again, and a regular tugging came. It was the motion of the Mallard he was feeling. Up there, more than three hundred feet above, the sea was swelling in angry waves. He had forgotten it in the safety calm of the depths, where only the current moved invisibly.

"Down-haul cable on the way!" Boyd's voice was excited, exultant. Steve smiled crookedly. When the cable slid down on a shackle around his life line, he grasped it tightly in his giant hands. They were powerful hands that knew no gentleness. They were curved, calloused

hands that knew only purpose. He bent down and fastened it to the bolt on the hatch. He stood up and pulled up on the cable to test it. A small spread slowly across his lips. "Next stuff!" he said. The line in his hand jerked and he saw the ship above him pitched in the swells. His feet lifted off the deck, and the current swept him over the edge of the submarine.

He went over the side, settling slowly as the thin cable he gripped so firmly slipped through his mitten. The sudden, tremendous pressure crashed in about his legs, and he knew himself back with agonizing pain. His ribs creaked. His fumbling hand found the valve handle and turned it on full, and a great stream of air rushed into his suit began to swell. He stopped falling. He eased the valve and remained suspended, bumping against the side of the submarine. Then slowly, racked with blinding pain, he drew the cable up along the thin cable. He set dully on the escape hatch. He could never go back down the sloping length of the submarine to the group of men. He could not remain conscious that long. He would die if they tried to haul him up without his restraining hold on the line to keep the deep current from sweeping him away. Either way, he would die. It did not matter. His job was done.

It was funny, all right. It was funny, after twenty-five years, to have Boyd Lorrimer himself glove the weapon for revenge in his hands. Only he had not been ready for it. He didn't know how

ten-foot intervals, so as to give his body a chance to decompress.

Steve started his weird, underwater acrobatics to speed his circulation and quicken the escape of nitrogen from his blood. He did it through blood and flesh, cold and sleepy, but he felt strangely light and content. He did not try to find the reason for it. He moved his arms up and down, and he did things, doing lightly. He did not do them. The steps went under another ten feet, and he could see the bull of the Mallard above him. He began to feel the motion of the surface. He was not so dead then. The steps went up there. It doesn't matter now, except about crazy acrobatics and trying to keep afloat. He felt better. He felt better. The rescue chamber slipped slowly past him down the down-haul cable, light shining brightly from its thick port.

"Next stuff!" Steve Bossett said. "Bring me back quick!"

He felt exhilarated. He felt great. He wondered if they were pumping straight oxygen down to him. He felt as if he was being pulled up. He felt as if he was being pulled up. The stage lifted up above the surface of the water and there was rain against his faceplate. The platform swung inboard and the bears swarmed over him, stripping him as though their lives, instead of his, depended on it. He saw Lorrimer's face leaning over them, and grinned. Then the bears were shoving him into blue iron cages and the pressure was shooting up. He slept his hours in the chamber. When they took him out and filled him with hot coffee and whisky and tucked him in, he thought, he just grinned again, without saying anything, and went to sleep.

The Mallard was underway when he woke up again. He could hear the throb of big engines and the roar of the propellers as she plowed into the mounting seas. He opened his eyes and saw Boyd Lorrimer and a big young chap with a shock of white hair, sitting at the bunk side. He shook his head and said, "Drunk again," and the two men laughed as if it was all very funny.

"Lieutenant John Lorrimer," Boyd said.

The youngster held out his hand and Steve Bossett took it. The hand was almost as big as his own and darned near as calloused.

"You did one swell job!" the lieutenant said. "The rest of the men will thank you later. I just want to say, thanks, pal. We're all over you were general!"

"Rest of the men?" Steve said. "Funny, I never thought of the others." "I think this is going to rate me a leave," the lieutenant said. "I hope you can't get it, so the rest of my crew say her thanks, too, with one of her famous pipes. Northport isn't far from your cove."

"I'll send Steve," "So you're married." It was all very confusing to him.

The lieutenant held up his cap. There was a picture in it under a transparent cover.

It showed a young girl holding a baby, and a middle-aged woman leaning her head a bit to one side and smiling at both of them.

"That's Helen and the baby and grandmas," the lieutenant said proudly. "Steve took the cap and looked at the picture of the three strangers. Only the picture of the baby was familiar. It might have been any good-looking middle-aged woman, if it had not been for that familiar tilt."

"Both I and I are pretty proud of our grandmama and that softy of mine." "I wish you would come and see him, Steve."

Steve kept looking steadily at the picture in the cap, and then he looked at the lieutenant a moment longer, then handed it back to the lieutenant. "Next stuff," he grinned. "Next next stuff."

Answers to

Q Cues—Slightly Cuckoo

(Page 61)

- 1—Quest. 2—Quirt. 3—Queery.
- 4—Quondem. 5—Quorum.
- 6—Quits. 7—Quantum.
- 8—Quack. 9—Quota. 10—Quail.
- 11—Quirk. 12—Quid. 13—Quay.
- 14—Quadrille. 15—Quartermaster.
- 16—Quarry. 17—Quintain.
- 18—Quarry. 19—Quarts. 20—Quintessence.
- 21—Quixotic. 22—Quiff. 23—Quilt. 24—Quintessence. 25—Quip.

to use it, and now he was going to die. He lifted his head heavily from his side and held them before the faceplate of his helmet and stared at them with curiosity. They were strange cloven things in the two-fingered driver's gloves. One of them held a thin grip in his right hand and used them before for revenge. He looked at his hands and at the cable, searching his busy mind for their meaning. It was there, he felt. He felt it as he was grasping this thin life line. He began to laugh, softly, strangely, the pressure on his throat as tight as a steel band. There was no weapon in his hands, just a cable. A thin life line more precious than all the weapons in the world. His life line as well as that of the others.

He turned the air down in his helmet to silence his rats.

"Tighten down-haul!" he cried. "Pull me up along it! Can't make the grapple line! Steady! I'm coming up!"

It was a long, slow way to the top. It was not so long, but the pull of the deep current stopped and he could signal that to pull him up faster. At ninety feet, the diving platform was waiting for him, and he was pulled up. It swung slowly sideways to get away from the down-haul cable, so the rescue chamber could make its descent, but it held its level. It would rise slowly at

Let Freedom Ring



It is singing time in schools across the nation —

In a village in Kansas the prairie stretches right up to the schoolhouse door. And through the frame walls —

*O beau-tif-ful for spa-cious skies,
For am-ber waves of grain —*

On the rocky shoulder of Maine, a small building looks over the Atlantic. And in the early morning —

*Land where my fa-thers died,
Land of the Pil-grims' pride —*

In a foreign quarter of New York City —

*O'er the land of the free
and the home of the brave —*

Children — all over America — well fed, sent happily to school! And singing!

Singing — perhaps unconscious of the words — of America's woods and hills, her rivers and grass-lands!

Singing of America's heritage, hard-won through early Colonial winter, through wagon-trail privation, through pain of growth and pain of war.

Children — innocent of fear — singing happily of their birthright of freedom in a blessed land!

FOR YOUR TOMORROW — FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S
ENDURING FUTURE — BUY MORE WAR BONDS TODAY!



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STEWELL

Hot Dawg! Hey! Hey!
Tastes best I say!

says **BETTY HUTTON**

We asked Miss H. to take a test

Of leading colas—name the best.

One she picked right on the button—

Royal Crown Cola for Miss Hutton!



Betty Hutton,
soon to be seen in

"AND THE ANGELS SING"
A Paramount Picture

"HERE'S A BAW-WONE GOOD IDEA," says BETTY, "and I mean solid advice! Let's dig down deep and come up with all the dollars we can possibly spare. Let's invest those dollars in our country's future. Then our fighting men will say we're plenty okay! Please buy more War Bonds!"

ROYAL CROWN COLA

BEST BY TASTE-TEST

FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE

(Continued from Page 37)

without changing the expression on his face. He looked at his hand for a long time, as though he were fixing the gravity of it on his mind. Franklin, remembering how he had first seen it as he crawled under the cars, and how, seeing it, he had thought O'Connor dead, now saw the significance of this long stare. Another inch or so, and O'Connor might have been dead there under the railway cars, and himself as good as dead, too, lying with him.

Even before O'Connor spoke he saw the small bloodless wound as the culmination and the symbol of all that O'Connor had suffered.

"Some swine will pay for this."

"Now don't start talking rot," Franklin put into his voice the old ironic friendliness of their common world.

"Somebody will pay for it, I tell you." The words were coming quite easily now, released from their stutering pain. "The rats have rooked and swindled me all down the country. Everywhere!"

"Now, steady."

"Steady? Oh, skip. Oh, skip." The bitterness of the thin face suddenly exploded in a way that seemed to Franklin unreal. The hands danced nervously on O'Connor's knees—the big, ageless, comforting hands that had borne him across the river, and that could have carried him like a baby, and they were now themselves dancing like the hands of a fretful child. "They pinched my papers; they pinched my wallet; they would have pinched my clothes if I'd let them. They even pinched the little food I had. The only thing they didn't pinch was my revolver. Thank God, I kept that. At least I got a chance to shoot one of them in return."

"You'd better take it steady," Franklin said.

O'Connor, not speaking, gasping for breath, sucking it down into his mouth in painful gulps again, stared with horrible fascination at Franklin's empty sleeve.

"Oh," he said. "Oh!"

"Lie down."

"No," O'Connor said. "No. It's only I can't believe the arm. Even when I look at you, I can't believe it."

Franklin said abruptly, "What happened to the boys?" He did not want to talk about the arm.

"No idea, no idea," O'Connor said.

"I suppose they made it. Taylor was very smart at the lago. They'd get through." He looked up, newly troubled. "Come to that, how did you get here? With that—that business and all?" He nodded toward the arm.

"The girl got me here," Franklin said. "We came down together."

"A girl?"

"At the mill. You remember."

"Oh, the girl," O'Connor said. His eyes were vague, as if he were not much interested. Franklin decided not to talk

about the father or the doctor. O'Connor screwed up his eyes. Suddenly he was interested. "What made the girl come with you?"

"We're going to be married," Franklin said.

"Married? O'Connor looked vaguely and wildly round the room. "I give up. You married. Am I barmy?"

"No," Franklin said. He was laughing at the troubled face. "No. I am married."

"Well, I give up," O'Connor said. "I give up. You marrying a French girl."

"You can be best man," Franklin said. "If not here, then in Spain. If not Spain, then England."

"England," O'Connor said. He got up for the first time and took a few steps about the room. Halting, he looked back at Franklin, shaking his head. "I never thought I'd cry my heart out to be back home," he said. "But that's what I mean doing. Honest, skip! Crying my hoozin' heart out!"

He came back and sat on the bed. He looked at Franklin with incredible unsteadiness. It occurred to Franklin that he was very like a man who had reached the breaking point after many operations. He sat down on the bed. The time had come to talk of something practical.

"We'd better get you out of here," he said. "Your sister keeps a shop round the corner. Get your kit ready and we'll go round now."

"My kit?" O'Connor said. "You're making me laugh, skip. My kit?" O'Connor laid out on the bed two handkerchiefs, a thin piece of white soap, his revolver and ten rounds. "That's all I got," he said. "The blinkin' issue."

"If that's all your things," Franklin said, "we can go."

"It's all. Thanks to the Frenchies," O'Connor said. He wrapped the soap in the handkerchiefs and put them into his pocket. His revolver was very bright and clean. He held it in one hand, weighing the ammunition in the other. "At least I still got that." He gripped the handle very tightly, so that the bones of his hand were white.

"Keep it out of sight," Franklin said. The clean blue steel of the revolver annoyed him.

"You bet," O'Connor said. "Nobody is pinching this. This is the only sensible thing I got."

"It might not be so sensible either," Franklin said. "If they searched you at the frontier and found that, it wouldn't be so sensible."

"It would be a sensible thing to shoot a Frenchie with," O'Connor said. "Which is what I will do before I'm much older. I got some scores to pay out."

"Good old Connie," Franklin said. His annoyance remained, but it seemed better to cover it up. It seemed possible that O'Connor's desire to shoot Frenchmen was only temporary. It seemed better, therefore, not to condemn it now. It could only do O'Connor good to feel aggressive once again. He stood up and said, "Can you walk?"

(Continued on Page 74)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



NEW ENGLAND CHURCH—ST. BERNARD LAMOTTE. PAINTER FOR THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

From Hill and Vale and City Street

Listen, the bells sing unafraid a song of love and spring and many marriages—triumphant over winter, weariness, and war. Up village church and great cathedral aisles young couples pace the slow, traditional footsteps of their forebears with a glorious new vision of the future in their eyes. The memory of her wedding service in her own church is the young bride's greatest assurance to carry into that future. Her first, most precious talisman the engagement diamond that has held the shining promise of the years ahead set in its crystal depths since time began.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.

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One-half carat  \$225 to \$450

One carat  \$650 to \$1000

Two carats  \$1650 to \$2750

Industrial Diamonds—a key priority for high-speed war production—come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these heavy little "fighting" diamonds. Consequently, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

(Continued from Page 72)

O'Connor put the ammunition and the revolver in his pocket. "I think I can," he said. He stood up uneasily, smiled a little and nodded. "All right," he said, and suddenly Franklin felt deeply and wonderfully glad of the scruffy, tired, friendly face, the wonder of hearing an English voice, the wonder of a coincidence that was a miracle for them both. It seemed in that moment like the next best thing to regaining his arm. He put his arm on O'Connor's shoulders and pressed his fingers against the bone. "Come on," he said.

They walked down the bare stairs of the hotel and out into the street. It was raining gently in the darkness, in fine cross sweeps sometimes twisted by wind. It felt very good and clean and cool on Franklin's face. O'Connor turned up the collar of his jacket. Rain and darkness together seemed to restore something of himself.

"I suppose I should congratulate you," he said.

"Thank you."

"You're right for each other. I see that now."

"You be nice to her," Franklin said. "I'll be nice to you if you're not. If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't be here."

"That's enough for me," O'Connor said. "Until you turned up, my luck was out."

"So, you see, you owe it to her too."

"That's right," O'Connor said.

As they walked, the rain, blowing through the cool night air, had in it a smell of the sea. In the next street, Franklin rang the bell of the green grocery shop, and in a moment or two, through the glass door, he saw the crack of light from the living room shine through the dark shop. It was Pierre's sister who answered the door, and in another moment he and O'Connor were following her through into the room beyond. Franklin caught the friendly smell of earth and fruit in the darkness, and then he and O'Connor were standing blinking in the light of the room behind. Franklin looked from Françoise to Pierre's sister and from the woman to the husband. He saw the bright, almost violent surprise on the three faces.

"My friend O'Connor," he said.

All of them were smiling. O'Connor was smiling too. He looked at the startled black eyes of the girl, calm and amazed.

"He has had a bad time, but he is all right now," Franklin said. "He has lost most of his things. His papers and everything. But he is all right now."

"We will get papers," the man said.

"In Marseilles you can get most things if you know how. He will have them in time to go with you and Françoise tomorrow," Franklin looked at him, surprised. "Haven't you heard the news?" the man said. "American and British troops have landed in Algiers today. The Germans will in all probability immediately occupy the rest of France. You must go at once. We will manage it, somehow."

Franklin felt greatly excited. It seemed to him that a colossal charge of explosive had gone off under the dormant surface of the war. The Germans would react quickly; there was no time now to find an English clergyman to marry them. O'Connor sensed his excitement. "What is it?" he asked.

Franklin told him.

O'Connor's eyes widened. "At last!" he said.

"He believes in miracles now," Franklin said. "Don't you?" He spoke in English to O'Connor. "I told them you helped me."

"By heaven I do!" O'Connor said. "...

"Ouf! Ouf!" he said, grinning again.

"Ouf! Beaucoup, beaucoup."

"You see," the girl said.

She stood smiling under the bright light, her face brown with sun, her eyes

clearer and brighter than Franklin ever remembered them. He looked back at her and felt the clear brightness of her face magnify the happiness in his own.

"You see what I always tell you," she said. "You need only have faith. With faith you can do anything."

O'Connor looked from Franklin to the girl. "What is she saying?" he said.

Franklin smiled.

"Something about me?"

"Yes," Franklin said. He felt in that moment that the little room with these few people, the bright light and the wonderful unshakable faith of the girl, contained almost all he wanted in the world. "She says you're a very lucky man."

O'Connor grinned until his teeth were brilliant above the black and scruffy beard. "No trouble at all," he said. The common, solid, imperishable rightfulness of the sergeant was slowly coming back, clear as the light in his eyes. "No trouble at all. Does she understand?"

"She understands," Franklin said.

All the time he could see O'Connor's hand in his pocket, holding the revolver.

AS THEY went out of Marseilles the next night, he, the girl and O'Connor, traveling by train, he sat by the side

of the girl, she in the corner of the compartment by the window, with O'Connor opposite. Above O'Connor's head, on the rack, was the girl's attache case, containing all their things. The train, which was supposed to be very fast, stopped many times at intervals through the night, and sometimes at these stops Franklin would lift the window blind and look out on the darkness of a strange station, with the ghosts of hurrying people passing to and fro under shaded lights, the ghostly, voluble voices excitedly babbling, or on some remote part of the track, where nothing moved and nothing could be seen except red stars of signal lights in the blackness and there was no sound but hollow, echoing noises of shunting cars and sometimes the wind tuning the telegraph wires. Occasionally, at these stops, there came into the carriage once again the heavy friendly smell of locomotive smoke, steamy and pungent out of the strange darkness, so that Franklin would remember the night of rowing over the river, but otherwise there was nothing but the smell of the train, of the many cheap cigarettes smoked by other passengers, and sometimes the intimate small fragrance of the girl's hair as she leaned her head on his shoulder.

He did not know at all how long the journey would take. He hoped simply for darkness at the frontier. He remembered other frontiers and other trains in peacetime, and how, as far as he could recall, there was less vigilance at night. Sometimes, thinking of the girl and O'Connor, he was not knowing how adequate the papers of the two of them were, he was worried. If the worst came, you could always run in the darkness. It might even be necessary—in fact, better—to be separated. He had better see that, he thought.

He sat for some time thinking about this. They had decided, since O'Connor could speak only English and since his accent was so strong, that he must never speak to each other in the carriage, except when they were alone. They had not yet been alone, and now in the carriage with them there were two sailors and an elderly woman. The sailors, who had smoked heavily all the way from Marseilles, were now asleep.

He got up at last and looked hard at O'Connor sitting in the corridor.

O'Connor came out into the corridor a moment later and shut the door.

"Anything?" O'Connor said.

"No. I just wanted to talk, that's all."

"What happens at the frontier?"

"That's what I wanted to talk about."

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"I wish we were flying," O'Connor said.

Franklin leaned against the window. In the faint light he could see his face and O'Connor's impressed in reflection on the glass. O'Connor looked disturbingly English still.

"Look," he said. "If we get separated."

"Nobody's going to separate us," O'Connor said. "It was only a moment. I'll shoot the rat who does."

"You'll shoot nobody."

"If you only knew how I've been longing to shoot somebody," O'Connor said.

"I do know."

"Then you understand my feelings. Nobody's going to separate us now. I'll see to that."

"All right," Franklin said. "Just in case. Ten to one, we won't get separated. I just wanted to tell you it doesn't matter much if we do. Each can find his own way."

"We'll cling together like the ivy," O'Connor said.

Franklin grinned. "All right." There was really no arguing with O'Connor. There really never had been. Better to let him go. "But for Pete's sake don't show that revolver. And whatever happens, be nice to her."

"I'll be nice to her," O'Connor, a little embarrassed, was on the point of saying something tender, stared at his own face in the glass. "I'll be nice to her. I know how you feel. I'm sorry you didn't find the padre."

"Thanks. We'll find one," Franklin said.

O'Connor did not speak. They leaned together against the glass. Franklin, who could see nothing and could only feel the darkness softly flowing past beyond their reflected faces, felt that they were very close together—closer than on any of their trips, closer than in the river, with O'Connor leaning against him, closer than at the meeting in Marseilles.

This closeness gave him great confidence. O'Connor was one of the imperishable ones who were never worried through. There were no words for that, and he looked up and down the corridor.

No one was coming, and he said, "All right. Go back and tell Françoise I went for. Don't talk, and if she's asleep, don't wake her."

O'Connor looked through the glass division of the compartment.

"She is asleep."

(Continued on Page 77)



My Favorite Picture

By LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE

THIS appealing little girl is the daughter of Li. Col. Tang Po-Hung, of the Chinese Embassy, in London. Louise Dahl-Wolfe likes the contrast between the simplicity of the child and the luxury of her costume.

The depression started Miss Dahl-Wolfe on her career. When people stopped paying for luxurious interior decoration, she lost her job as a designer.

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—VERNON POPE.

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(Continued from Page 76)

Franklin looked through the glass. The girl was sitting quite upright. She had closed her eyes, the closed lids slightly paler than the ruddiness of her face. It was as if she were not asleep, but really dreamily thinking through the closed lids. She might easily have been praying, too, he thought.

"All right," he said. "Go back anyway. Tell her when she wakes up."

O'Connor opened the compartment door and went in, and Franklin watched him about it again and sit down. The girl did not seem to wake, and he turned back to stare at the night flowing beyond his reflection in the sheet of glass.

The train lurched again, and in a moment the compartment door opened and he turned to find Françoise coming out. She shut the door and smiled.

"Been to sleep?"

"Half asleep. Just thinking."

He moved along the corridor toward the end, the girl with him. It was the middle of the night, and in the compartments most people were sleeping. He held her with his arm in the corner at the end of the corridor, and they spoke in low voices.

"Thinking of what?"

"Of what we will do when we are out of here."

"What will we do?"

"Eat a lot."

"What else?"

"I will learn English."

"What else?"

"You will get a new arm. Was there something else?"

"Yes. I will call the arm George."

"George? Because of what?"

"Because George is the name of the automatic pilot."

"What pilot? Tell me about him, this George?"

It suddenly struck him that she was talking too much; that her sleep had really been full of truth. It seemed better once again to face the possibility of their being separated. "Suppose we don't get out of here?" he said.

"We will get out."

"We may get out and we may be separated."

"We shan't get separated." He knew that the moment was coming when he would not be able to argue against it. "I have faith we won't be separated. I had faith we would get here, and we got here. I had faith you wouldn't die after the arm, and you didn't die."

"I shall die after it," he mocked. "One day."

"You shouldn't mock death," she said.

He held her again in the corner of the corridor, glad that he had said something to make her stop talking. It seemed suddenly as if they were the only people awake on the train—wide awake in a darkness unknown to them. He felt the smooth warm arm of the girl and wanted suddenly to bury his face in her hair because of the truth of it. Only a little farther now, he thought. It can't be much farther. We've come a long way and it can't be much farther. The train swung on in the night and, because of his love and confidence in her, he felt himself swing forward before it. For a moment or two he was borne forward on a smooth illusion, and was at last in Spain.

In about half an hour the train stopped at a station. It was not the frontier, and Franklin and the girl went back to their seats. A few people got in and stood in the corridor. In the corner a woman with a book was reading and, sometimes, furtively eating out of a bag.

O'Connor was sleeping in the corner. The girl changed her seat and sat at the right side of Franklin, leaning her head on his shoulder. He put his arm against her and held her there. He looked at O'Connor, the sailors, the woman reading, the attaché case, and persuaded himself for one moment that it was a holiday. Then the train moved on, jerking at first, then smoother and smoother, until the feeling of its inevitability grew on him again. He shut his eyes and wondered how much farther they had to go. It was colder now.

It seemed very cold when he woke, and his heart turned over, sick and sour, as he saw the daylight beyond the window. He knew now there would be no darkness. The sick excitement of the moment, of knowing they were nearly there, made

him almost dizzy. O'Connor was still asleep and the girl was drowsy as Franklin moved her head away from his shoulder and got up. She did not wake up as he smiled out into the corridor.

He stood by the window for some time and watched the early day going past. The sun was coming uncertainly through gray easterly clouds and he could see a wind blowing the bare trees along the line. The land was rising to the west.

He felt in his pocket for his papers. It couldn't be long now. Somewhere in the night the hand had stopped again, and now the corridor was empty. He had looked at his papers over and over again, putting them to all the tests. It was impossible to think they were not right.

He stood there for about ten minutes, hating the daylight.

He looked into the compartment and saw the girl. She was awake and she was combing her hair. Seeing him, she smiled, and then the black hair fell over her face, and for a moment she was lost. O'Connor was awake too. He came out into the corridor. He shut the door.

"We're coming to it," Franklin said.

"Any moment now," O'Connor said.

"If anything happens, act as if you didn't know either of us. We'll do the same."

"Don't worry," O'Connor said. "If I don't get out one way, I'll get out another."

Before Franklin could speak again, the train began to slow down. He stood rigid.

"Go and sit down and tell Françoise to come out a moment," he said. "And remember you're a Frenchman now."

O'Connor grinned and went into the compartment, turning the door. The girl had finished combing her hair and in a moment she came out. The train was going very slowly now.

"We must be there," Franklin said.

"Are you all right?"

"I am all right." She smiled. Her hair was smooth and lovely after she had combed it.

"There may be some confusion," he said. "And we may get arrested for a moment. But don't worry."

"I am not worried."

He looked up and down the corridor. It was empty. "Would you kiss me?" he said.

"Here!"

"I will kiss you," she said. She kissed him briefly, her lips very warm and steadfast. He felt unsteady.

"Let's go back," he said. "I will get the case."

She did not smile. Her face had the same tense assurance as when he had first seen it, and nothing, he thought, could be more sure than that. He went into the compartment and got down the attaché case from the rack. He stood with the case in his hands and looked at the girl and heard the brakes on the train.

In a few more moments the train had stopped, and suddenly what he had feared and expected and wanted to happen was happening, simply but quickly, in a way that he could not influence or prevent. He was with the girl, out on the platform. He could not see O'Connor. He gripped the case. Some hundreds of passengers seemed to have exploded from the train. For a few moments there was no order among them, and then they were drifting down the platform, and he was with them and the girl with him, and they had their papers in their hands. He was borne forward with them and felt the wind driving coldly down onto the station from the mountains.

Then he looked back, but still he couldn't see O'Connor, and then the long line of people here him away from the train, his throat continually tight and dry, until he was in a large office where men were examining papers and stamping them, and where the worst moment of all his life suddenly slipped past him, unexpectedly simple and brief, before he knew it, and he was walking out again.

(Continued on Page 79)

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TRUE or FALSE?

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|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Conscientious meal planners use canned foods freely. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Liquid should be drained from canned foods and thrown away. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. It is unsafe to leave food in the open can. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Beverages in cans are easier to chill. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Canned foods retain valuable vitamins and minerals. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

ANSWERS

- 1. TRUE.** Cans bring you a variety of foods, inexpensively, the year around... help you plan meals by the rules for good nutrition. And food in cans is good food. Vegetables and fruits are often grown especially from pedigreed seed... harvested and canned at the peak of their flavor and food value.
- 2. FALSE.** The liquid is wholesome and contains valuable food elements which are wasted if you throw it away. Either serve the liquid with the food, or save it to use in soups, sauces, or beverages.
- 3. FALSE.** Probably the safest place there is to leave unused portion of the can's contents is *the can*, since can and food are sterilized in the canning process. Cover the opened can and keep in your refrigerator like other left-over cooked food.
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AFTER VICTORY—THEY'LL ALL BE BACK!

(Continued from Page 77)

into the cold wind by the station, his papers in his hand. It all seemed so simple that he wondered suddenly if it was purposely simple.

He looked wildly about the station for O'Connor. The steam from under the train was blown almost flat along the platform among the feet of the people. He could not see O'Connor. Walking back toward the coach where they had been, he was suddenly torn between the need for finding O'Connor and the fear of losing sight of the girl. He looked back. In the large office behind him, the girl was standing at a table. Someone was asking her questions, and he was near enough to see her mouth moving in answer. Her hair head was high up, her hair untidy where the wind had blown it. He thought in that moment how desperately he wanted to marry her. A French cur with a long black habit and a flat black hat went past him, carrying two bags, into the crowd, and he wondered why he had never thought of being married in the French church. Then he knew that it could only have complicated things. Now they were almost free and it did not matter. They could be married in Madrid.

He thought all this very quickly; it was part of the moment of confusion. He still could not see O'Connor. He turned and looked swiftly into the train, but it was empty. At the far end, three or four uniformed men, station officials or perhaps even gendarmes, were getting into the train. He could see their peaked caps above the crowd, and then, as he moved back down the platform, he saw that they were gendarmes, four of them. They were armed with short rifles.

The crowd on the station had begun to scatter itself, the long queue had been sucked into the office. It was half past seven. The engine which had brought the train in had been detached and was whistling up the line. He took all this in very swiftly as he looked back for the girl. In that moment he could not see her. Someone else was at the table where she had been. He started wildly toward the office. Then it was all right. He could see her. She was at another table, with another official, answering other questions.

He still could not see O'Connor. He kept midway between his train and the office. The train was still without an engine and there was plenty of time. In the few moments before he went back, the girl had disappeared. He could not see her at all now. The desks in the office were occupied by other people, and he knew that she must have come out. He

walked wildly about the platform, not seeing her, and then back to the office window, and then about the platform. Down the line, the new engine was coming on to the train and people everywhere were getting back to their seats.

He tried to be very calm. He went back into the train. Neither the girl nor O'Connor was there. They must be here, he thought; they must be somewhere. They must be. He walked down two sections of the corridor and then got out onto the platform. The four gendarmes were walking up through the train. It was seven-fifty now, and he looked again into the office window. The girl was not there.

He walked up and down the train for some distance outside it, and then he got into it and walked up the corridor again. It was a very long train and he walked through seven coaches. It seemed to him that there was plenty of time. He wondered where O'Connor could be. He knew that he could go on without O'Connor, but not without the girl. Nothing mattered without her, nothing, nothing at all. The thought of it filled him with sick panic, and he started to walk back up the train.

The train began to move when he was halfway along it. He knew afterward that it was a false move; there were many people still on the platform. But he did not know it then, and he began to run. He ran up two sections of corridor, with the train still moving, before he saw O'Connor.

O'Connor was jumping off the train. He was jumping down onto the tracks as Franklin saw him, and then running across them, with two of the gendarmes running after him. The train was moving fairly fast as all three of them jumped, and one of the gendarmes fell on his knees. O'Connor was running toward some coal cars; he went behind them and then, still running, came out again. The first gendarme was very fast and went then about thirty yards behind O'Connor. It seemed that he would catch O'Connor very quickly. Then O'Connor made a new line, running hard across open tracks between two lines of cars, gaining a little until he reached the cover of the cars farther on. Then Franklin saw him stop and press himself against the car and wait. He knew in that moment what he was going to do. The gendarme was running up just the car, between the tracks. Oh, you damn fool! You damn, crazy fool, Franklin thought. A moment later, O'Connor was firing with the revolver. You fool, you fool, Franklin thought. He saw the gendarme, about twenty yards back, fall back against the car. You fool, you fool, Franklin thought.

You poor idiotic fool. Don't shoot any more. Don't shoot. And then he saw O'Connor shooting at the gendarme for the second and third and fourth time before running on. He saw the gendarme all the time slowly slipping down until he was almost flat against the car where O'Connor had shot him.

The train began to slow down, and then stopped again as O'Connor and the gendarme disappeared. Franklin walked sickly back up the train. There were several excited people in the corridor, but no gendarmes at all. He pushed past, looking into all the compartments as he walked, but the girl was not there. He knew that she must be in the compartment where they had always been.

He walked back into that compartment, but she was not there. Only the Frenchwoman was sitting in the corner, still reading, but not eating now. Franklin stood vaguely in the compartment, holding the attaché case in his hand, feeling as if he were the center of an absurd and fantastic mistake. He looked frantically out of the window. The train was just beyond the station, and the wind was blowing pieces of straw and dirty paper down the tracks.

He felt lost and helpless as he turned to the woman in the corner. "The young woman," he said, "The girl. Please. Please. The girl who was here. Didn't she come back?"

The woman looked up. "Yes. She came back."

"Where is she?" he said. "Please, please, where is she?"

"She was with gendarmes," the woman said. "Her papers were not in order. She came back to tell you that, I think."

"But who had she done to be with gendarmes?"

Already the train was moving, but he did not notice it.

"I don't know. But I should say not much."

"What makes you say that?"

"She didn't look afraid."

The train was moving quite fast now, and on the sidings, among the lines of cars, there was no sign of O'Connor. He was desperate.

"Did she say anything?" he said. "A message? Please!"

"There was no time," the woman said. He was not really listening now; he was looking at her wildly and then beyond the windows. A new world was rising past. The gendarmes took her out. There was some confusion. One of them jumped out of the train. They were all jumping about and running. Did you see? It was all very confused.

"Yes, I saw it," he said. No, he hadn't seen it. Not that gendarme. Were all the gendarmes running? It did not matter. He went out into the corridor. It was all over. It did not matter if all the gendarmes had jumped off the train. Nothing mattered. He did not want to talk about it now.

He walked frantically up the corridor, carrying the attaché case. He did not want to talk about anything. He walked through the dark intersection between the coaches, swaying blindly. Then he stood by the window on the other side. The inside of himself was dead. After a few moments, he felt sick, too, and opened the window and let the wind, cold and violent, blow in on his face.

He stood there until it seemed a long time before shutting the window. The cold wind blowing in so violently from the rush of the train had stung his eyes, and he shut them for a few moments, pressing his hand on the glass.

When he opened them, he could see the reflection of the girl's face, cloudy and unreal, beside his own in the window. It was for a moment part of the world racing past the train. Her face was very white and he could not believe in the reality of it, and simply stood there watching it stupidly, as if she were a

(Continued on Page 81)



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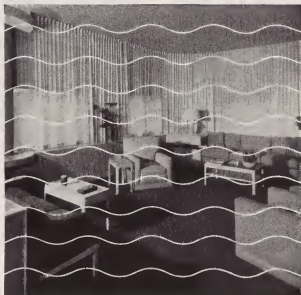
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FREE

(Continued from Page 29)

cloudy memory in the glass. Then he saw her forming on the cold glass, forming and dissolving and forming again in a small gray circle before the reflection of her mouth. He heard her breathing very quickly. She was bright with little gleams of pain, as if she had been running to find him and was frightened, and she began to try to talk at the same time.

"He had her say anything about her papers and the gendarmes, and then about O'Connor."

"They were taking me off the train when he saw them and began to run," she said, and then she said, "I pronounce his name in the right way, and he saw her laughing lips mauling and faltering as she tried to say it now." They

begin running when O'Connor ran. They all left me and began running." "Oh!" he said. "Don't talk! Don't talk!"

He could not bear the agony of her frightened smile or the agony of knowing what O'Connor had done. He wanted to put his arm about her, but she was standing on his left side and there was no arm there to comfort her. He only stared at her, and then rested his face against her and watched her eyes fill with tears.

She leaned against his empty sleeve and let her go on crying for a long time, not trying to stop her, and as the train rushed on between trees bare and bright in the morning sun, he knew that she was not crying for herself. She was not crying for O'Connor, shooting and being shot at, doing a stupid and wonder-

ful thing for them, or because she was young, or for the terror of the moment, or for joy, or for the things she had left behind. She was not crying for France, or for the doctor, who represented France, or for her father, shot with his own revolver. She was not even crying for himself. He felt she was crying for something that he could never have understood without her, and now did understand because of her. Deep and complete within himself, all those things were part of the same thing, and he knew that what she was really crying for was the agony of all that was happening in the world. And as he realized it, there were tears in his own eyes, and because of his tears the mountains were dazzling in the sun.

(THE END)

THE EDUCATION OF KELLY BROWN

(Continued from Page 23)

sensation, and Kelly's mouth drew down at sight of her. She went across to him on her right foot, however, and my blood brother had no quarrel with the way she kissed. The scolding on his lips was soiled in rapture; there was no question. Kelly loved his wife.

"He did speak up before his second place of pie." Now, Molly," Kelly said, "you know you was to clean the hall house up today."

"You mean it?" Molly said, her wide eyes honest as a child's. She struck a plaintive note and wrapped her voice around it. "He thinks I ought to spend my whole life keeping house," she said. "Why, Kelly Brown, I even wiped the butter. I mopped the stairs. I washed the mirrors."

"Too bad," said Kelly dryly, "we can't be the county in to see it."

Molly was practical about all things. "Why, Kelly Brown," she said, "that's what we'll do before it gets all dirtied up again. We haven't any new dresses. The women's!"

She hauled now, and we can have a dance. Why, Kelly Brown," said Molly, jumping up to hug him, "I didn't see much sense to cleaning house till now. Let's see, what night is best? Let's make it Saturday."

Leah and my father added voice to Molly's planning, and it was some time later Kelly found a silence for his work. "Mol-Lean is coming Saturday," he said.

"So much the better. Every cowboy likes a party."

"McLean," said father. "Do I know him?"

"Jesse McLean, the bronco rider. He's coming through here, now the season's done, to find some new stock for the roundup. You've rarely seen him ride."

My father shook his head, absorbed in his own thoughts, and presently he spoke them. "I'll need a hired man again this winter, to do the churning while I'm doctoring," he said. "You'd ask McLean would work the winter here for wages?"

"I never see a man so against milking a cow," Kelly said. "The fact is, Jesse don't know a thing but harness."

"I'll ask him," said father, to ask our neighbors to the party, and even Kelly, by that time, was full of plans. It was to be a model of a housewarming, and on the party night I laid aside my Blackfoot diction, and strutted in my new suit and dark frock while father dressed, and Leah made my baby brother, David, ready for the drive to Kelly's ranch.

The stars were out in all their serene splendor, lighting the twilight brightness as we drove. I asked no more of life than beauty such as this—and papooses for Kelly's babies.

We were among the first to enter Molly's house. It alone in every corner by its polish. But what was more interesting was Molly Brown. She wore her wedding dress, a soft, pale yellow cloud around her, and in her curly hair, which she was growing long at Kelly Brown's express request, she'd pinned a white paper flower. She looked so young and so pretty and so much a lady, I can remember feeling that she was lost to me. How could this creature scramble through the bunch grass, hunting wild ducks' eggs? The evening might have been some blighted for me, but at that moment,

Swallows in the Chimney

BY FRANCIS FROST

Who asked you here? Who asked you to Start house-keeping within my life? Who I chosen to be over this spring. In you moved, nest and sing! How can I have firelight To banish chill from the heart at night, When up the chimney you carry on Your tills as if I still were gone?

How can I get any sleep When you flutter, chirp and cheep? Or does the stary square above Your nest approve such noisy love?

It's much too late in middle spring To change your chimney. So over a wing And feed your young—they're starved and new!

And hurry back—they're my young too!

looking around, I saw the bronco rider, Jess McLean.

He was as tall and lean as Kelly Brown had told us, but taller than that, he was a handsome man. He wore a purple satin shirt, and high-heeled boots, and a hand-tooled belt with silver mountings, ruby-studded. Above this elegance, his face was broad and his eyes were only a little drawn nearly to his head, but what I can remember best about him was the long dimple in his cheek came like a smile. I told myself he was a stranger in a white man's camp, and had heeded a big old chair where I could peer out with a redskin's crafty stealth, but even then his spell was creeping over me. He was a charming person, Jess McLean.

The usual joke to bolster courage in the younger ones for dancing, and in the older ones for speaking pertly to their wives.

I danced as often as the older girls, in spite of freckles, and no it was close to midnight and the time for food be-

fore I found myself again near Kelly Brown and Jess McLean. Kelly put my head pithy by his own upon a little table and spread the long knee smooth for me to seat myself.

"This here," he said to Jess, "is my blood brother, Dirty Paw."

"Sho, now," Jess said, "ain't I seen him before, out on the wagon?"

The party took on color and delight for me. The talk was man-size, going around the table, of what the yield had been that summer, of winter shutting in too soon to help the wheat. But someone said maybe spring would carry too.

"I hope not," Jess McLean said gravely. "I got a lot of horses to look over between now and then." "You buying horses?" Nathan Burdell said.

"Well, now," said Jess, gone cautious with the whisper of a horse trade. "I'm looking just at present, nothing more looking. We need some new, hard buckers for the roundup string."

At that, the men relaxed; they caught the wild ones from their cigarette early in that country. A bad horse on a seeder was plain dynamite.

"I got a bud one," Kelly said. "Mol took him in a way, but he was so mean no man would work him." He looked up, hoping Molly would have heard him. There was a teasing smile about his lips. "A horse named Jupiter," he said. The name rolled out, and sure enough, almost at once Molly had joined us. There was no place for her to sit, except on Kelly's other knee, so she perched there, lovely in the lamplight, her dark hair shining in its curls, her soft cheeks flushed. I can recall how Jess sat, looking at her.

"You, sir," said Kelly, going on with mischief, "that black horse is no good to me. There ain't nobody ever going to ride him, and foals he sire will all be devils, from his blood."

"I've ridden him," said Molly, and her small shoe for a peg to tuck. "Not far and not for long," she added honestly.

"Well, now," said Jess, "he might be something I could use."

"That horse," said Kelly, his face straight, "is yours for three-four hundred dollars."

"Why, Kelly Brown!" Molly protested. She was shouting. "I wouldn't sell him to you for less than five!" He is a blooded Morgan and I have his papers! His sire was a Vermont champion!"

There was some skepticism at the table. Nathan Burdell hid his mischievous grin and backed her up. "That stallion," Nathan Burdell said, "is worth six hundred." His word on horses was judged sound for miles in all directions.

The matter might have stood right there, but Kelly Brown had been impressed by Burdell's statement. "Maybe you'd ought to see the horse, Jess," he

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ARROW TIES

SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS

said soberly. "I got him in the back corral until I got the chance to put his winter shoes on him." He set me gently off his knee and turned to Molly. "You keep an eye on things up here," he said. "Why, no such thing," said Molly Brown. "I'm going with you."

I would have gone along, but father caught my eye. A full hour passed. We waited doggedly. Leah insisted. And she was right, for Kelly was pure raging when they came back to the house. There, in the darkness, men had slipped away to take their families home while he and Jess and Molly looked at disaster. "There is some thing," said Kelly, frowning. "I won't stand! I been six months trying to teach you how to act so's folks will know you've changed into a lady! And first thing, when a horse is mentioned, you go romping to the barn! Look at your dress!"

"I'm sorry," she said meekly. "I forgot my manners, but, Kelly, I didn't promise you to be a lady." With that—thinking, I know now, she had made an apology—she turned again to Jess. "Well," Molly said, "what do you think? Is he worth that much money?"

Poor Jess, hung up between the two, was pressed to make a civil answer to her question and at the same time pay a due respect to Kelly's wrath. His glance sought each of them in turn, beseeching.

"Maybe, now, we'd ought to sleep on this," he said.

We had a quiet journey, going home, I can remember.

"Still, Kelly's right," my father said at last, as though he argued. "A girl's first duty to her husband is obedience." He turned a grave eye on me in the twilight. I looked away, my hand creeping toward Leah's.

"Molly is right too," Leah said. "There was no mention in the wedding ceremony of her manners. Kelly is putting small things first, it seems to me."

My father cleared his throat. It meant that, in his heart, he could agree with Leah, but in my presence he thought best to hold his tongue.

"I wish," he said at last, "that Jess McLean would do our choring. He is a man to merit full respect."

"Maybe he will change his mind and stay, now you have talked to him," said Leah. Still, I think we were all surprised next morning to see the cowboy ride up to our door. I tagged behind him to the barn, and thus I heard him tell my father why he'd changed his mind.

"The fact is," he said, pulling his McCarty through his fingers, "I got a little time to spend looking hereabouts for horses. The only trouble is I might get set to move right on without much warning." The fact was he thought he had helped to make the recent trouble between Kelly Brown and Molly, and he wished time to set it straight before he left.

"You're welcome here," said father promptly, "for as long as you will stay."

We did not count on Molly's coming, too, on Tuesday, a bundle tied behind her on her saddle. I can recall my father's face at sight of her, for she was dressed with expected charm in corduroy. Her neat divided skirt was nicely tailored, her jacket tucked snugly at her waist, and on her curly hair she wore a soft felt hat, becoming in its angle. She was as merry as a magpie, chattering, for all we knew, this was a visit she had planned for weeks.

Jess sat and stared at her, and scarcely touched his breakfast, while father closed his throat and threw out leading questions until Leah lifted her straight brows at him and he retired to silence. But it turned out that Molly had come to learn to be a cook.

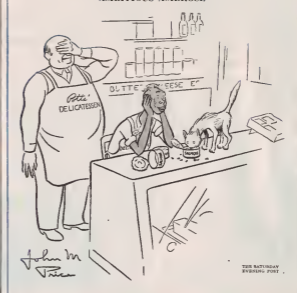
"Kelly says my food is ruining his stomach," she said solemnly. "I promised I would cherish him, when we were married. . . . What can you teach me, Leah, in a week?"

I started off to school that morning, knowing Molly's visit would be short. I had been worried at first that if she'd come to live with us, Kelly would never have papooses.

Molly was elbow-deep in flour when I came home that day, and all the other days that week she spent with us. The weather had turned raw and blustery, and it was natural, when he was not choring, Jess should be there in the kitchen, keeping warm. If he watched

(Continued on Page 84)

AMBITIOUS AMBROSE



THE NATIONAL BUSINESS PAPER



"You Durn Fool—it is a Steam Engine!"

"STEAM-ENGINE, my aunt Sarah! A steam-engine's got a tall stack and big belly and wheels goin' round outside. Thet there is one of them streamliners?"

"Sure, Lem—but streamlinin' by itself don't tell you nothin'. *All* kinds of engines is bein' streamlined these days—you can't tell what's underneath. The station agent told me so hisself."

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HASTINGS
STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

Tough ON OIL-PUMPING • *Gentle* ON CYLINDER WALLS

IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO BUY WAR BONDS

(Continued from Page 82)

only Molly, that was natural too; she was as full of mirth and mischief as a monkey. I know now she was everything he wanted in a woman, and so his talk with her, though light, had something desperate in its tone, for between him and Molly there was Kelly, and Molly Brown was married to the man. I can recall Jess' face when Kelly came to take her home.

Molly, chirpy as a sparrow just at first to see her husband, grew quieter as his reproving glance. He'd set a pattern, I know now, for her behavior, and chirping was no part of what he'd planned. In slow dismay, her face lost all its happiness. I can recall that her fingers dropped as she went out with Kelly to mount her horse to go back home.

The next day, wind struck through the snow. We had a blizzard. I stayed at home because I could not get to school. I even did my bit to help Leah clean the guest room for whatever guest should happen to us next. So it was I who found the small gold watch Kelly had given Molly for a wedding present. I can recall the brooch, to pin it to her dress, was shaped in a small fleur-de-lis. I had the luck open before Leah discovered me, and so I saw the quiet old picture Molly had of Kelly in his youth.

I offered that night, during dinner, to ride next day to take the watch to Molly. It seemed to me a good excuse for skipping school. With father gone for several days upon his round of doctoring, my hope of winning Leah to the plan was good until the cowboy spoke from his end of the table. "I'll get the cutter out and drive you to your school tomorrow morning, and stop off at the Browns' to leave the watch on my way home."

Leah agreed at once, but in the morning I was ready early, and Jess was quick to see the fact I pointed out. The horses, I said, would be hot by time he headed home; it would not do to leave them standing while he took the watch to Molly, but on the way out they would still be cool enough to wait for us while we went in.

No one came to the door to answer our loud knock. "We'll try the barn," said Jess, and thus it happened that we saw Kelly.

He stood in the grain room, its upper half door pushed part open, watching something in the big corral out back. As we walked up, he heard us and he beckoned. Molly was in the back corral, working the big black horse.

"She's a buyer for him," Kelly said. "Six hundred dollars." He looked at Jess, and there was despair in his eyes. "Six hundred when the horse is broke to ride, and she won't let me touch him."

"Who's buying him?" Jess said. "A man come out from town, an Easterer, a Mr. Keesley. He's been all through this country looking for a station of his breeding. He's been a year," said Kelly, "looking for good Morgan stallions from the West. It seems they grow some bigger hereshouts." He looked again at the small, handled figure Molly made in the half dusk of early

morning, working the big horse. "I'll never get her in the house again," said Kelly brown. "She's likely told him she can break the horse."

He turned, at that, and looked at Jess McLean. It seemed to me he stood a long time, staring.

"What does she want the money for?" he asked.

I saw no threat in that soft question, but the cowboy's head came up. And he, too, stood a long time staring back at Kelly Brown. The hands of both men, I saw in astonishment, drew slowly tighter at their sides.

"What does she want it for, Jess? You tell me."

"I don't know," Jess said presently. His jaw line seemed to tighten with his speech. He went on, and his voice was angry. "But if I was your wife and you made out I was no good to you, but had to change to be just like you said, why, I would take that money and I'd up and leave you, Kelly Brown."

"With you, Jess?" Kelly said. The man was tortured.

Jess made no answer. He turned and strode out of the barn. And I, on differing legs and frightened feet, went patter after him.

My small heart was a heavy cricket in my breast that night at dinner. Jess had decided, he said, it was time let me know.

"The fact is," Jess said slowly, "I did wrong to stay here. I ain't a man who takes to choring as some do. I'd like to stay to get somebody else to take my place, but winter's choring in." He made an amplifying gesture with his hands. "I've got some riding still ahead of me to get to Pisco."

My father, puzzled, kept his word. The man was free to go, if that was what he wanted. It was, I know now, all Jess saw to do. By staying on he'd only snarl things more.

"I'll make off sometime early in the morning," Jess said, bidding us good night. He left us staring after him.

"Well," father sighed, "we'll have to find another hired man. Our troubles start again."

"It's better they should start for us," said Leah, "than for Molly."

But they had started long before for Molly Brown. I was behind the stove, undressing for the night, when we heard running horses heading down our drive. We thought at first they were a cavvy, but my father lifted his big hand.

"They're putting a light sled," he said. He caught his sheepskin up while Leah lit the lantern. I stood there, shivering in all that heat, accustomed to these night alarms, but always startled when they happened.

A moment later, Kelly Brown came through the door. He carried the limp form of Molly in his arms.

"She tried again," he said, "to ride him." And if the words made sense to none but him and me, it did not matter. There was a streak of frozen blood beside her mouth.

Nobody thought to send me off to bed in the excitement. Indeed, my stepmother found things for me to do. I was



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

the errand boy between the bedroom and the kitchen; it seemed to me, my father merely sat with Molly's wrist in his big hand.

He closed the door upon her at long last and came into the sitting room with Kelly.

"We'll know by morning," father said, "if she's been hurt inside. It looks to me as though that blood came from her lacerated lip, but we'll know more to-morrow. She has no broken bones, and that's a miracle itself."

Kelly sat silently for a full hour, his forehead puckered with deep thought. My father spent that time in Molly's room. When he came out, Kelly stood up. He had a look of purpose on his face.

"Jess got to bed?" he said. "Where is he?"

With that, he went out and I was sent to bed. When I awoke next morning, Jess was gone. And so was Kelly. He had his cows to milk and chores to do. Leah told me at the breakfast table that Molly had gained consciousness during the night, but it was still too soon to know how serious her fall had been. I rode off to my school with a heavy heart, and did not even turn to wave to Kelly, driving back from doing chores.

Those were two odd, unhappy days that followed. Molly, it turned out, was not seriously hurt, but that long day of cold and heavy work had worn her out. She lay elated, and scarcely found the strength to move her head. She smiled at Kelly when he entered, but she smiled at all of us with the same look of weary recognition. She seemed bemused, as though her thoughts were somewhere else. At last, she had the strength to come to table with us. Her face was pale and she was even thinner than she'd been. The sparkle was all gone from her bright eyes, but in its place there was a look I did not like and could not understand, a look of purpose. In Molly, gay and giddy as the wind, that look was frightening. Still, when explained, it wasn't anything so bad.

"How long," said Molly, turning to my father, "before I can ride Jupiter again?"

"Ride Jupiter?" I did not understand why his swift look swept Kelly Brown. "We'll wait a while for that," my father answered, but Molly new his eyes go down before her stare.

She turned toward her husband. "What's happened to him?" she demanded. "Kelly Brown, what's happened to the horse?"

"Now, Molly," Kelly said. He stretched his big hand half across the table, calming her. "Now, Molly, he's all right. He'll be well treated. Did you know Jess McLean had gone on south to Fuzco?"

She would not be diverted by his words. "Kelly Brown," she said again. "All right," he said. "Sit down. I'll tell you. I gave the horse to Jess McLean, and it's good riddance for the lot of us. He might have killed you."

She sat down slowly, stiffly, in her chair. After a long time, she looked away from Kelly Brown. We sat in worried silence, watching Molly. But when the meal was ended—she had scarcely eaten—she went back quietly into her room and closed the door.

Kelly stood up. His face was white and weary. "I got on no business in this city I been putting off. Might be the best thing if I went now, while she's here with you folks looking after her," he said.

The city meant a train trip and a stay of several days. It also meant that Molly would have some days to simmer down. My father offered protest instantly, but Leah said, in quick agreement, "You go on. Molly is weak still. She'll be well again when you get her home."

But Molly was, she said to us, next morning. "I'm going home today," she said, and when my father would have

argued, "Mary can come with me, if you'd like." And so it turned out I was in the cutter, too, when father drove her home that sunny morning.

The sparkle of the sunlight on the snow was blinding, but Molly sat up straight, her eyes full on the road ahead, and did not seem to notice. The Brown house looked desolate, with no smoke coming from the chimneys. I can recall that my father huts the fire and fussed around, reluctant still to leave us, until at last he could find nothing more to do. He said he would stop by the next day in the afternoon to pick me up, and Molly was agreeable.

She waited, watching, while he drove away, and then, her eyes gone strangely stuhhorn, she set about beating a pan of water. She followed that with a quick wash while I laid out the clothes she mentioned. It seemed to me she chose odd garments for a day at home, but when she was dressed up in them, she looked so pretty I could not find it in my heart to question her.

"Now, Mary," Molly said, "I want you to remember what I say to you." With that, she told me she was going away. She knelt beside me, I remember, with her arm around me, her eyes still strange, but full of warm affection too. "You wait an hour after I've gone," she told me. "I'll saddle you a horse while I am at the barn, harnessing my team. You wait an hour, and keep the fire going, and then you ride for home along the road. The post-hole trail is bad in winter."

"But where," I said, and I was blubbering, "are you going?"

"Why," Molly said, as though she'd thought it'd never occur to her to ask for Jess. "She stood up then and pulled on ragged work gloves over her smooth kid-kiss. Her lips set tight. 'I'll find him too,' she said.

I waited that full hour, as she had told me, but when I was outside the horse she'd added, I high-tailed home so fast I did not stop to pass the time of day with Nathan Burdell, on my way to do the chores for Kelly Brown.

At home I habbled out, his tale to Leah, and crept into her arms and cried and cried. I can recall her still, shocked face and father's anger.

"This was no time," he said, "for Kelly to be gone."

We could not reach him. It seemed a year before the few days passed and he was home. He came into our house with bundles in his arms for Molly. He'd thought, I know now, to make up to her for his betrayal with the big black horse.

He kept the bundles in his arms while Leah told him, his Irish face more red than usual from the wind. The bundles sagged until they were upon the floor.

"She said"—doggedly—"I'm going to look for Jess. You're sure"—he caught me by the shoulders—"you're sure that's all you heard her say?"

"I'm sure," I told him.

He stood a long time, looking at the bundles. Until, abruptly, lifting one big foot, he kicked them clear across our sitting room.

"I should have minded," he said bitterly, "what my moon told me. I should have picked my girl and married her, then fell in love."

It seldom happened in her lifetime that I saw Leah weep, but she was right, I think, as much at Kelly's as mine. "It's time you heard some honest words," she said to Kelly. "You had a wife a man with any sense would have been proud to hold, but you're half-headed post all sense, you with your Irish blood, and now you're lost her. It's time you put what moon taught you behind you, Kelly Brown. You've never looked at Molly with your own two eyes. It's likely you haven't even said you loved her since you got her home. How could she guess it, with you bickering at her all the while? Now you go out and turn that team around and head for



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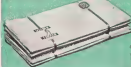
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town, and try to find her. And when you do," said Leah, "you make her a good tight promise you will let her teach you something too."

He stood, head lowered, looking at her. He could not change so quickly, Kelly Brown.

"I should have minded," he said stubbornly, "what my mother told me." With that, he left the house, his bundles lying scattered on the floor.

The wind began again and snow came with it. The heavy winter was upon us and we could not stir beyond the house. My father fussed, for his patients needed him, but no one in his right mind would stir out in such a storm. No one but Kelly Brown. He came in late that next day, stomping snow from his tall boots and shaking chunks of it from off his shoulders. Inside the door, he looked at us with reddened eyes.

"It ain't no use," he said. His voice was weary. "I keep a thinking of her in this storm. And what if Jess ain't good to her? What if it was the horse he wanted, after all? I don't know what's come over me," said Kelly Brown. He looked a spent man, standing there. "I'd ought to be pure glad she's gone," he said. He looked around at us, bewildered in his blue eyes. "The house is clean," he said, "and I can cook, but I want Molly. I don't care where she's been or what she's done or how she spends her time when she comes home, I want her back."

"We'll wait," my father said, "until this storm is spent, and I'll go with you. She likely left her team at Snodley's livery in town, and took the train to Pasco."

Kelly shook his head. "It's like I heard her calling all the time," he said. "I can't waste time in waiting."

The two men went, at last, together. We ate alone and silently, Leah and I. I made a solemn, heart-crossed promise to myself. If Kelly Brown came home again with Molly, I never more would judge him about his Indian blood.

"Why is it," I began, "that love makes so much trouble?"

Leah interrupted me with one small hand. "Hush," she said, "I heard something."

But there was only that tall wind, shaking the house.

"I'm never," I said, "going to fall in love." My tears began again. In spite of being an Indian chief, my grief was always vocal.

"Hush," Leah said again. "There is someone."

I heard it, too—a call from somewhere out beyond our door.

I yanked it open. The wind swept snow aside a moment and I could see in dim outline Kelly and my father and their horses, a team behind them pulling a small cutter, still another horse tied on behind the sled.

"Leah," father called, "Molly's come home!"

They'd met her half a mile from our house, beyond the fork that led into our draw. She'd tied the lines around her whipstock and her team had headed home. I was the first to try to get her out of the cocoon of garments she had wrung around her, and she was stiff from her long hours of driving in the wind.

"Where's Kelly?" she kept saying. He stood there, waiting just inside the door, while father went on out to take the horses to the barn and Leah started kitchenward to fix more food.

"Well, Kelly Brown," said Molly. "I found Jupiter."

He came across to her on stumbling feet, and went down on his knees and put his arms around her. He buried his red head in her small lap.

"Why, Kelly," Molly said, "what's happened? I went to get the black horse back. I promised Mr. Keasley he could have him when he's broke." She looked at me, disturbed by Kelly's actions. Her small brown hands kept putting his broad back. "Likely I should have left it up to you to break him," she said, pleading, "but I wanted this last chance to be myself. Before," said Molly soberly, "I changed my ways and learned to be a lady."

"Molly," Kelly said, "don't change. I thought you'd left me."

"Left you?" Molly said. "Why, Kelly Brown, we're married. I only went to get the horse. I'd hoped to get back here before you came home from the city, but the storm came up."

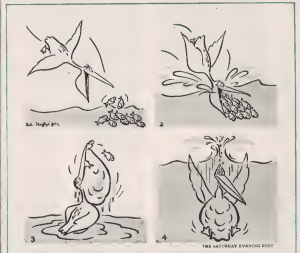
He picked her up and took her on his lap and held her, rickety back and forth as though she were a child.

"Besides," said Molly suddenly, "how could I leave you? I promised I would love and cherish and obey you till we're dead."

"That's right," said Kelly softly.

"That's what we promised."

Now, promise, as Molly said, were dead, and yet when I saw those two sitting there, I could not keep from wishing I had waited one small hour to pledge my silence about Kelly's Indian blood. For, after all, some few of Kelly's children might prove out to be pure ones. In spite of vow, I kept a stealthy eye on them, and hoped.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HE FLEW OUR FIRST JET PLANE

(Continued from Page 21)

His report for that second twenty-minute flight:

"... the speed in level flight at 10,000 feet was surprisingly high..."

The next day, Colonel Craig became the second American and the first Air Forces man to fly the JP.

Success loomed for jet propulsion after more than 2000 years of trying. The very first jet engine was built before the Christian era by Hero of Alexandria. Steam from a large covered basin heated from beneath was ejected through small nozzles to revolve a crude turbine wheel. A miniature model of Hero's job sits today on Larry Bell's desk. Since Hero's time, many men of many nationalities have experimented with jet propulsion for airplanes. In August, 1941, the Germans were hotly rumored to have developed a jet airplane. On December 1, 1941, the Italians claimed to have flown a jet airplane 168 miles from Milan to Rome, but at no great speed.

No truly practical engine was developed until the young R.S. Group Capt. Frank Whittle, starting to work on his own hook in 1933, ran his first engine successfully in April of 1937. A special factory, Power Jets, Ltd., was set up to build his engine, and two years later the British Air Ministry gave its first order for airplanes using the Whittle power plant to the Gloster Aircraft Company. The first successful flight of the single-engine prototype was made in May, 1941, by a Gloster test pilot, the late Flight Lt. P. G. Sayers.

The Whittle engine turned over to General Electric worked something like this. Imagine a large tube swelling somewhat in the middle. At the front, which is open, air is drawn in from the surrounding atmosphere by a centrifugal compressor, and enters ducts leading to a series of burners, where it is further compressed and heated, mixed with the fuel and ignited. Ignition raises the temperature of the already compressed air and sends it, forcing it out of the burners through the blades of a turbine wheel, and on out of the back of the engine. This is the powerful jet of air that drives the plane forward in a smooth, even flow of power. To simplify this explanation still further: by drawing air in at the front of the engine, compressing, heating and igniting it, a powerful column of air is built up. Forced out backward, it drives the airplane forward.

A Break With Tradition

The purpose of the turbine wheel near the back of the engine is to revolve the shaft—the engine's only revolving part—and thus turn over the compressor at the forward part of the engine. The main bearing of the shaft is at the turbine wheel, and the only oil required by the engine is a small quantity to lubricate this bearing and another smaller one within the compressor. The engine and the speed of the turbine are controlled by the amount of fuel injected into the burners.

Further improvements have been made on this engine by General Electric, many of which must remain secret. But the following advantages, among others, may be credited to the JP engine:

1. Simple construction; it has only about 10 per cent as many moving parts as a reciprocating engine; hence to save time and money in mass production.
2. No ignition system, which in conventional airplanes at high altitudes must be pressurized.
3. No carburetor, and hence no elaborate fuel-mixture controls.
4. No major icing problems, apparently.

5. No need for such modern refinements as water injection, which mixes water into a conventional engine's fuel at high speeds to cool the mixture inside the cylinders and thus allow greater power.

6. No need for automatic throttle control.

7. No propeller, and hence no complex propeller controls.

8. The relatively nonvolatile fuel does not effervesce and boil away at high altitudes.

9. Some fuels used are less inflammable from gunfire or a crash than high-octane gasoline. The jet expelled by the engine is not poisonous.

10. No warm-up needed; start the engines and take off.

The chief disadvantage is the high rate of fuel consumption. For a given fuel energy, more has to be carried, and this largely offsets the much lighter weight of the JP engine.

The New Bird

The day after the first flight, Stanley and the others thought they knew these possible advantages and disadvantages pretty well. They didn't, though, know why the engine gave off smoke at low altitudes. After the first flight, the operations officer at a field eight miles away telephoned in some alarm: "Hey, did that plane on fire land safely? Is the pilot okay?"

When the visitors left the test site, Stanley and his crew entered on the long grind of test flights, test flights and more test flights.

Those early engines were strangely sluggish. A sentence from Stanley's report on the sixth flight said: "It will be noted that the engine is far from satisfactory."

But for the rest, the troubles they encountered were minor. Once they damaged the landing gear slightly; another time they threw some turbine blades in flight.

Stanley says, "Testing the JP turned out to be easier than we had expected. The airplane had no bizarre features, and so we had none of the difficulties usual in charting the behavior of new types of wings, fuselage and other parts. It flew without the vibration that would otherwise have jarred the delicate test instruments out of whack. Besides, the absence of the propeller eliminated that bugaboo problem of every flight-test engineer—evaluation of the propulsive efficiency of the propeller."

Test instruments operate too fast for their dial readings to be copied down by hand by the pilot. So Stanley often read them off over the short-wave radio to the ground, where they were recorded and later transcribed. An easier method, however, was to remove the instrument from the forward part of the fuselage and cut out another cockpit. There they installed a panel to hold the recording dials of all the test instruments and set up a thirty-five-mm. motion-picture camera controlled by the pilot to photograph the dial faces.

On many occasions Stanley took up Bob Whittle, Rex Hein, Alvin Davidson and other crew members to record flight data. This cockpit also served to give rides at various times to Larry Bell, to Ray Whitman, who missed seeing the first flight, and others.

Late in October, Larry Bell telephoned Stanley to come back to Niagara Falls while G.E. built some new engines. Frank H. Kelley, Jr., was named pilot in charge to carry on the tests. Stanley from now on, made frequent trips back and forth to California, once in early January when G.E. shipped out some new engines for the three JPs by then at the site. Then the rain came in mid-January. For each flight the JP's had to be towed as much as thirty-five miles to drier fields. Whenever a JP had to be

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taken within sight of strangers, a fake propeller was attached to the nose. Under these adverse conditions Kelley managed one flight about every ten days.

In mid-April, Stanley was again back at the test site. It was dry and they stepped up the flight schedule. Still newer engines came, and the mechanics found they could change JP engines in a fraction of the time it takes to change conventional power plants.

Stanley went up for the first time in some weeks. Of this experience, he says, "What a delightful difference from the first flight! The engine sputtered, the plane was gone. The flow of power was quick, smooth and flexible. It was almost like soaring. And I found it extremely exhilarating to reach higher altitudes than I'd ever reached before."

In the late spring, Kelley, his share of the program completed, was sent to England with one of the JP's. Jack Woolams became pilot in charge and was later joined by A. M. (Tex) Johnston.

As the summer ended, a full year of testing drew to a close. "I had had less trouble," Bob Stanley says, "and fewer mechanical interruptions than with any other prototype I'd ever flown."

There had been no accidents. The tendency of the engines to smoke had turned out to be unimportant and could be solved. The once-lively fear of fire from the jet, which had led to unusually elaborate precautions, now seemed to be groundless and silly.

And so, in October, 1943, one year after the first flight, Larry Bell reported to General Arnold that the JP was ready.

By the end of December the moment to end secrecy arrived. Many more civilians and Army people had to be told about JP; the Air Forces wanted to tell other airplane manufacturers about it. Secrecy had lasted without a single break for two and a half years.

Bob Stanley hadn't even told his new wife what he was testing. Almost 300 test flights had been made. On January 6, 1944, public announcement of the successful jet-propelled combat airplane was made jointly by the United States Army Air Forces and the British Air Ministry. A number of JP's were ordered into production for training purposes and two of the test models were turned over to our Navy. Public interest was immediate and intense. Speculation ran riot. Stanley is anxious to bring some of it back into line.

Throwing Away the Propeller

Earlier in this account were listed some advantages of jet propulsion. They are, however, only symptoms of the importance of jet propulsion. What is the actual importance itself?

"Jet propulsion has come just when ordinary airplanes seemed to be reaching their top limits in speed," Stanley points out. "As airplanes approach the speed of sound—seven hundred to seven hundred and fifty miles an hour—the propeller approaches a moment when it cannot efficiently go any faster. There is also a practical ceiling to propeller airplanes, because at extremely high altitudes the rarefied air does not give a normal propeller enough to bite on and pull the plane forward."

"Jet propulsion eliminates the propeller and its problems, giving a jet-propelled airplane potentialities of greater speed and altitude than conventional airplanes with reciprocating engines can now achieve. But frankly, we have not yet fully explored these potentialities.

Stories of speeds near six hundred miles an hour are a little wild. We haven't done anything like that."

The chief disadvantage remains the high rate of fuel consumption, though it tends to drop at higher altitudes.

The JP airplane has not changed from the first design and somewhat resembles the Douglas A-20 Havoc attack and dive bomber. It has a notable absence of torque, or tendency to yaw in flight, it takes off not with a rocketlike swish but in a normal manner. Acceleration from standstill to flying speed is very smooth. There are few cockpit instruments and gadgets; only two controls—the fuel and the stick. The plane is easy to learn to fly. The noise of a conventional airplane, 50 per cent of it from the propeller, is largely eliminated. The Air Force expects that this, with the absence of vibration, may materially reduce pilot fatigue.

Is Today's Plane Doomed?

As a military airplane, the JP appears to have several obvious advantages. While a conventional engine produces a visible blue exhaust flame, the JP does not, and hence may be useful as a night fighter. Further, it can hardly be heard from directly forward; its almost silent approach is a definite advantage against low-level attacks. This tactic is favored by our fliers in the Pacific, because enemy radar detection can be avoided by flying low. But enemy ears can still hear an approaching propeller.

The JP can be right on top of those ears before it is heard, for only when it passes overhead is there any noise, a whoosh changing into a steady rumble, like a train on a distant trestle. The jet does not extend far enough to prevent JP's from flying in an echelon formation as desired.

The day after the JP was publicly announced, a propeller manufacturer excitedly telephoned Stanley.

"Say, is this thing going to put us out of business?" he demanded.

It's a fair question. If jet propulsion is so revolutionary, which it is, and so practical, which it is, does it mean the immediate doom of conventional airplane engines and their propellers?

Stanley thinks not. "For one reason, the present high fuel cost. In military aircraft, high speed is worth almost anything. But in commercial aircraft—at least for the present—it is doubtful if jet propulsion for such speed would be attractive. For those who say that therefore jet-propelled airplanes will never prove popular with the man in the street, I want to recall that when the automobile first appeared, skeptics doubted its future because 'no one needs to go that fast!'"

Despite the vistas of speed and altitude it seems to open up, however, the JP ship is definitely not in a class with death rays and rocket ships to the moon. It is a practical airplane which will presently appear in combat against Germany and Japan. On the other hand, it is not the best and end-all of jet-propelled airplanes. Tests continue.

"As to the fate of jet propulsion, some agree with Larry Bell, who says it will have a tremendous future, either as jet propulsion proper or as a gas-driven turbine also, perhaps driving a propeller.

Stanley states his idea more as a hint than a fully worked-out conception. "Out of jet propulsion, I believe, will develop turbo-jets, not only for airplanes but for all purposes, from lawn mowers and automobiles to trains and ocean liners."

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TRAITOR'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 22)

I suspected the meaning of his visit. He wanted to enlist me for relief work, the kind of work I had done so often in the years after the last war. Experience in such work was rare, he explained, and it was my duty to help. Moreover, I had a special qualification.

I was one of the few people who knew Quisling personally and who stood on good terms with Madame Quisling. He wanted me to go to Norway and secure permission from Quisling for his relief organization to send money, food, clothes and clothing to Norway to help the victims of the Nazi terror and to help all those who had lost everything in the war.

Everyone who gave money to help the people of occupied Norway feared that the food and the prefabricated houses that were meant for Norwegians would be simply confiscated by the Nazis, the needy Norwegians getting nothing. My mission was to secure Quisling's assurance that the relief work would not be hampered. I was very skeptical, for I knew how often Adolf Hitler had broken his word of honor: I was also skeptical of the value of Quisling's word. But after hours of discussion, I decided to go to Oslo and make the attempt. We agreed that if I received assurances, the relief work would begin on a small scale to test the sincerity of the assurances. We would start with small deliveries to Norway, then see whether any confiscations took place before we continued deliveries. In any case, we decided, at no time would we deliver large quantities all at once. Naturally, I was not supposed to reveal these details to the Quisling authorities in Norway.

Golden Oslo was like a city of the dead. The Carl Johans Gate, once Oslo's Fifth Avenue, was deserted; the stores were empty; everywhere there were Quisling posters, portraits of Hitler, Quisling storm troopers in uniform. And here and there on the walls were scribbled V's or H-7—the abbreviation for King Haakon VII.

The Grand Hotel was almost entirely filled with Nazi officers. Only after a great deal of argument did I finally obtain a room at fearful rates. I had worked out no definite plan for my mission, and thinking that the direct way was the best one, I wrote a letter to Madame Maria Quisling. I said I hoped she remembered me from the days we had spent together in Kharkov, that I was spending a few days in Norway and would like very much to see and talk to her.

Early the following morning the telephone rang. Maria Quisling herself was calling. She was excessively enthusiastic and spoke animatedly to me in good Norwegian, with a slight Russian accent. "You must come to see me at once. I'm always so glad to see old friends." She invited me to see her that same day and lunch with her.

The Shadow of Fear

Madame Quisling sent her car for me—a courtesy I appreciated, since Norway has no gasoline and there are scarcely any taxis to be had in Oslo. She lived in the old Villa Grande, which had once belonged to a Norwegian patriot. Vidkun Quisling had confiscated it and had it renovated.

We drove some fifteen miles out of the city, to the beautiful Bygdø Peninsula, a finger of land that juts into the Oslo fjord. About a mile and a half from the villa, the car stopped. Quisling's bodyguard inspected the car, but we were admitted at once, after I had shown them that I carried no weapons in my bag. All around the new summer-gate nests, intended partly for use against parties, partly in case of a revolt. The surround-

ing houses were occupied by the bodyguard; later, I learned that Quisling had some 150 guards.

To my amazement, I was received not by servants but by Madame Quisling herself. As I left the car, she stepped toward me. Evidently she had been waiting for me in the garden. The garden gave a beautiful view out over the Oslo fjord.

Maria Quisling came toward me and kissed me affectionately, as though we had parted but the day before. I felt a nauseous revulsion against this Russian custom, but I knew that if I protested, all hopes for my plan would be lost before I had even had a chance to present it.

She was dressed simply in a light blue summer dress, wore brown shoes and Quisling's Sun Cross—the Norwegian swastika—on her breast. The cross was made of gold.

The villa was quite splendid, and the furnishings were all extremely tasteful. I knew that this was Maria's work. With modest pride she showed me through the house. She decided to take me up to the observation tower before lunch, so that I could enjoy the view of the Oslo port and the Oslo fjord.

The Spoils of Betrayal

The view from the tower is undeniably beautiful, but I was not exactly in a normal frame of mind. I was afraid, frankly afraid of this whole place. This house—which Quisling had named "Gimble" after an old Norwegian legend—was too fantastic. It had forty-six rooms. It contained the kind of objects you would find in a fairy palace. I saw Rembrandts, Dürers, Muncha, original Rodins—all "borrowed" from the museums of Oslo. And Maria was entirely unperturbed by it all. She was proud of her sculptures, proud of her paintings, and seemed to find it quite proper that they were in her house and not in the National Gallery.

We walked through banquet halls, libraries, map rooms, dozens of bedrooms and studies before we reached the observation tower. The villa had formerly housed a meteorologic station. Maria said to me, "Vidkun spends much of his time looking at the stars here. Both of us are interested in astrology. Do you know anything about it?"

I shook my head silently. Suddenly I perceived the old Russian mysticism in this woman. At last I had discovered what had been troubling me since the first moment I saw her, after all these years. It was a basic mysticism, a demonic spirit within her, a morbid possession that had also affected her husband, Vidkun Quisling, the dictator.

While we stood in the observation tower I told her about myself. She listened silently. I had the impression that she was listening attentively, but that she did not like to keep silent too long, and so I stopped and asked her to tell me what she had done in the past twenty years.

She spoke very frankly with me—why, I do not know to this day.

"When we came to Norway from Russia," she said, "disaster stared us in the face. Everywhere Vidkun found the doors closed to him. No one would give him a position; all he received was a pension for having served as a major in the army. The pension was far too small for us to live on. Everyone was unfriendly to me; people felt that Vidkun should have married a Norwegian girl."

She told me about Quisling's career, about his belief in the revival of the Nordic ideal and his liaison with Hitler. She told me, too, that today she had all she had ever wanted; that she considered her husband a great idealist who was misunderstood by his people—a prophet without honor in his own country. "I know perfectly well that we are



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MORE BABY FOODS THAN EVER BEFORE

During the past year more baby foods were made than at any other time in history. The government allotted tin containers sufficient for 125% of the 1941 pack. This increase in baby-food production, however, was more than matched by a higher birth rate. It is estimated over 3,000,000 babies were born in U. S. in the year just ended.

MANY REASONS FOR INCREASED DEMAND

Our bumper crop of babies is not the only reason for the present tremendous upsurge in demand for Heinz Baby Foods. With so many more claims upon their time and strength—and competent help almost impossible to find—millions of busy mothers turn to Heinz Baby Foods because they know these foods are scientifically prepared, always uniformly good. Ready-to-serve baby foods save precious hours—a great deal of work.

NUTRITIONAL IMPORTANCE

With fresh foods high in price, often hard to find, mothers are all the more eager to provide for their babies highly nutritious

prepared foods—like Heinz—in which they can be certain that vitamins and minerals are retained to a high degree.

These reasons may help to explain why you are not always able to obtain all kinds of Heinz Baby Foods.

WHOLE TOWNS WORKED TOGETHER

In Medina, N. Y., and in several other towns where Heinz branch factories are located, high school boys and girls, service men, housewives, Boy Scouts, salesmen and others, volunteered to help in the fields, to aid in the harvest. And they worked in the factories, too. Through the good work of such patriotic citizens, thousands of dollars worth of prize crops were saved.

NO COMPROMISE ON QUALITY

Despite many wartime difficulties, Heinz high standard of quality for baby foods has been scrupulously maintained, as you would expect. Our spinach, for example, is harvested, washed, cooked and in the tins within 6 to 12 hours! Samples of baby foods must pass rigid scientific tests, are judged by a committee for flavor, color and texture.



NATIONAL BABY WEEK—April 29-May 7

To America at war the importance of protecting the health and happiness of our future generations assumes even greater significance than ever before. And so it is appropriate that once again the country dedicates National Baby Week to the citizens of tomorrow. And once again H. J. Heinz Company reaffirms its solemn pledge to prepare for the babies of our nation the highest quality foods which money, skill and homelike care can produce.

... and Rush a Trailer Load of Cobra Fangs!



The efficiency of Truck-Trailer hauling is one reason why the Bell Aircraft Corporation can say in its advertising: "While you read this magazine—we'll build another Airacobra."

THAT'S NOT exactly the way the call comes to the dispatcher at Bell Aircraft, but it gives you the idea.

In other words, the assembly plant, 15 miles away, wants a load of gun mounts for Airacobras. Or maybe it's motors or propellers or fuselage forgings.

But whatever it is, they're wanted by Truck-Trailer! Why? Because that's the way to get a big load there . . . quickly!

Over-the-Road "Conveyor"

Bell Aircraft depends on 12 Fruehauf Truck-Trailers to carry 95 per cent of the material to the assembly plant from the factory and warehouses. Dispatching is precise . . . loads move like clockwork. Distances vary from 2 to 25 miles . . . load-weights from 5 to 15 tons. But Trailer flexibility takes it all in stride.

Trucks alone, previously used for this work, carried two wing assemblies per load . . . the Trailers carry six. The trucks

carried two motors . . . the Trailers, ten. The trucks, three propellers . . . the Trailers, twenty. . . One truck-and-Trailer combination does the work of three to seven trucks! And all but the heaviest loads are pulled by economical 1½-ton trucks!

75% Mileage Saving

But the savings in vehicles, tires, gasoline and manpower don't end there. Bell Aircraft uses only 4 trucks to pull 12 Trailers. While one Trailer is being unloaded and a second loaded, the truck is en route with a third. Truck and driver are never idle. It all adds up, Bell executives say, to a saving of probably 75 per cent in road-miles, as compared with other hauling facilities.

Most hauling problems are different, just as are Bell Aircraft's. But Truck-Trailers usually handle them better . . . and they often take on difficult jobs that can't be handled by any other method.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT

Service in Principal Cities

MOTOR TRANSPORT WILL GET YOUR WORK DONE! If you aren't using truck transportation, have you ever challenged your shipping costs and over-all efficiency with the job that professional haulers can do for you? Why not at least get the facts from a motor carrier and stack them up against your own records?



FRUEHAUF-TRAILERS

"UNIMARRIED TRANSPORTATION"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**Back the Attack
BUY WAR BONDS**



DON'T TALK ABOUT LOVE

(Continued From Page 29)

The woman was buzz-buzzing about things, not a bed-looking woman, but the kind that could get under your fingernails, looking to see if you'd scuffed off a sliver of a ten-cent piece.

"Se fine your son's safe and sound and taking up his work at the Army."

"Fine for Hepzi and me. From our little talk last night, I guess Dan feels he sprained his thumb before the milking was quite over."

She started to smile and say something gushy, he could see, and then she said, "I see what you mean, Mr. Bradford. But taking care of the milking machine is important, too, isn't it?"

She was a clever one, this woman. Of course, a sprained thumb didn't mean anything when you milked with a machine, but he'd often wished for Dan to fix things up when anything went wrong with the motors or the pumps. It would be a good idea to forget all pre-conceptions. It was best to play it safe till she said something that gave him the advantage—something about gardens or cabbage or tomatoes. He knew perfectly well why he had been invited to this house after twenty-odd years when he was not even known by the Leslies. His method was well known—to accept an invitation in good faith as a secondary party, imparting nothing.

Without knowing it, he smiled slightly. Point, counter-point. Before he left the house he would certainly extend a wide invitation to his house for some evening—cocktails didn't rate dinner—and when they had made their excuses sufficiently vague, he would say, "Well, I'll call up, then, in a few weeks and see how your plans are arranged."

He'd like to see how they would duck that. They couldn't call him with an-

other invitation without accepting his, and in the meanwhile—In the meanwhile Sven would raise the damnedest cabbage ever raised in the county; he'd be second. Mrs. Leslie would probably go to lengths, but the essential secret of farming is knowing your place, details of soil and weather, bugs, roots. He might, of course, make a point and spend a little money and clean up Sven—

Good Lord! And a Yankee farmer like Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Chadwick?

He'd been a long time answering Mrs. Leslie while these things ran through his mind. Discourtesy—you couldn't be discourteous, even to hook salaman, when you knew exactly what his game was. The most embarrassing thing for Axel was to see someone else guessing that you guessed, and being embarrassed.

"That's a nice way to say it, Mrs. Leslie; it's the way I feel, too, but I don't think Dan's going to like just listening to the news over the radio—though he was wickered up enough to be sent back to hospital from some African place. Now, your boy—Ah, I'm a tactless old man."

"No, no. You mean that he's still fighting. But he hasn't been kicked up and he hasn't got a bigger job in this country."

The same maid who had taken the coats came in with cocktails, on a wagon with not too many varieties of canapés.

"Look," said Mrs. Leslie, "you don't want these silly mixed drinks and stupid little glasses. You want ice and soda or water." Mary, bring a bottle of rye and a big glass and a siphon and a pitcher of plain water."

"Well, thanks," said Axel. "Though I'm not much of a hard-liner drinker. You ought to come up and try some of the hard cider from my Baldwin's some time. Catch it and bottle it in time, and it's got a sparkle like champagne."

"It must be delicious!" Marie Leslie said warmly and without a flicker.

"It is," her daughter said with enthusiasm. "I had some last night, and you would get some of Hepzi's molasses cookies and I could bring you. You ought to get her to show Gaspard how to do them sometime."

Fortunate, thought Mrs. Leslie, that there were three rooms between the small parlor and the kitchen, or Gaspard would have come out, tearing off his cap and apron and presenting a vehement and irrevocable resignation.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Leslie said, with no more than one murderous glance at her child; "I've often wondered he would learn some of these fine old New England dishes. But we mustn't talk about cooking with Major Bradford here. We're all so anxious to hear about the war."

Daniel laughed. "My description of the war would be lots of sand, lots of mud, too many mountains, gullies and rivers, hundreds of thousands of misplaced consignments of shovels, cantilever planks, pontoons, runway mats, and so on. About all I saw of the war you saw before I did, in the papers. Sometimes the lovely, sophisticated world would descend to describe to us poor engineering mutts how the war was going, after we'd had our noses stuck in a ditch all day."

"I suppose that's how you got your 'nicks,'" Evelyn suggested sweetly. "Flying pebbles from one of your men's shovels."

Daniel gave her a nasty side-long grin. "No, I dropped a roll of blueprints on my toe." He smiled at Mrs. Leslie. "We were clearing a tank trail and some mischievous Nazi came close with a shell. His lovely, sophisticated world would descend to describe to us poor engineering mutts how the war was going, after we'd had our noses stuck in a ditch all day."

In spite of herself, Mrs. Leslie let a little of her inward glow appear and decided that this big trim soldier was not completely glibly.

"You had to have armor for your nicks?" Evelyn asked before she could stop.

He grinned again. "Sure, and then they kissed the spot and made it well. Then they sent us all back to hospital, and when they needed a schoolmaster over here, I was most of the way already; so that's the story of the great war as far as Major Bradford is concerned, up to date."

"But the places you went and what you've seen?" Mrs. Leslie insisted. "Try to be a little more like Othello and less like that 'Sub sighted, sank same' person."

"That's the way to make a report," Daniel said. "They already had his position, and they knew how he'd have to sink it, so why clutter things up with a lot of useless conversation? Besides, Othello always sounded to me like a windbag, and pretty neurotic too. I'd like to have this yarn be handed Demosthenes and then check them up with the report of his staff sergeant. That GHQ stuff of all around and brag about it afterward is pretty passé. Generals are occasionally shot now, you may have noticed."

Mrs. Leslie instantly reversed her opinion of Daniel's tolerability. Mr. Leslie had been a colonel in the last war—something to do with supplies. Washington had been wonderful that year—wonderful. As for the colonel, she also had had to entertain—oh, constantly—and there were uniforms, fifty different kinds, and a little fun in thinking about all the war secrets that were being murdered all over her first floor, and even in the lavatories—one of

"I used to be a GLAMOUR GIRL"



Well, go right on being all that lovely. Don't do that offensive task by hand. Sani-Flush makes toilet bowls sparkling white the quick, easy, sanitary way. Use at least twice a week to remove unsightly stains without scrubbing.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically—even cleans the hidden trap. Cleans every many recurring germ and a cause of toilet odors. No special disinfectants needed. Doesn't harm toilet connections. (See directions on can.) Sold everywhere—two handy sizes: The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.



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A CAUSE
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Of its quality means longer wear—more important when underwear is so scarce.

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NAIL
HOLES!**

Oh, hello! Plastic Wood fills all nail and screw holes fast, for secure hanging of doors, curtain rods, window shades. Handles like putty; hardens into wood.



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**The HANDIEST GLOVES
EVER MADE for**

Home, Garden, Industry—Solefast-coated, fabric-lined, Watertight, dirt-, soap-proof. They all and on. Available in all styles for men and women. Now available for industrial use only.



Edmont
Cheaboston, Ohio



The Derby's Victorious Also-Ran

VIRTUE scored something of a triumph when a sorry nag named Dick O'Hara ran true to form and finished last in the Kentucky Derby of 1930; for the fact that he ran six and a half miles out of a ring of Chicago slickers who thought they had a foolproof short cut to fortune.

They almost had it if hadn't been for Dick O'Hara's owner, the late Stanley Joyce, lumber magnate, once husband of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and owner of a modest racing stable.

Though Dick O'Hara was one of the worst of the season's two-year racers crop, Joyce had nominated him for the Derby, partly for a gag and partly for a bit of publicity. It cost only twenty-five dollars, and no one expected that the horse would run, since it would take \$500 just to place his name in the starting list and a lot more for the jockey, the trainer, and so on.

The nomination of such a hopeless candidate inspired the slickers' dream—a lottery pegged on the Derby, plus a supernatural come-on. Every ticket bearing the name of

a horse which even started in the Derby, regardless of how he finished, was to win fifty dollars. And they instructed the printer to run off the vast majority of the tickets with the name of Dick O'Hara.

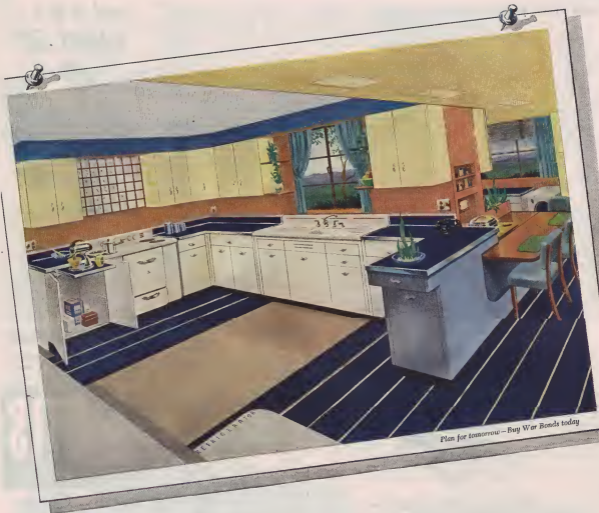
The lottery took Chicago like wildfire. Clerks, scrubwomen, janitors and other small-time gamblers snapped up chances on the tickets for fifty dollars. But gradually, as news of the scheme spread, it became apparent that nearly everyone's ticket was on the unlikely starter of them all.

The story got to Joyce. Furious that his horse should be used as a means of swindling thousands, he ordered the beast taken into seclusion, away from possible temptation, put his name in the starting box, to the unbelieving horror of the lottery-syndicate leaders, and ran him in the Derby—last, but in the lead.

It was said that Joyce had operatives who watched the ringleaders and forced all who could be cornered to pay off. Others of them also ran—

—WILLIAM RUTLEDGE, III.

(Continued On Page 93)



Plan for tomorrow—Buy War Bonds today

Pin-up kitchen for a home-front fighter!

She looks at it when she leaves in the morning . . . and again when she returns wearily from the war plant. It's her dream kitchen . . . and one day it will be real. She gets a thrill from that picture . . . nearly as much as a doughboy gets from his pin-up girl. She'll be glad to know our

designers are thinking ahead to the fine kitchen and bathroom equipment of formed metal that Briggs pioneered and will make again after the war. We don't know *when* that will come . . . but we hope it comes *soon*. So clip the picture, Mrs. Home Front Fighter. Pin it up where you can see it full and fair. It's your Briggs kitchen of tomorrow . . . your reward for a job well done!



BRIGGS *Beautyware*

BRIGGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PLUMBING WARE DIVISION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Bus Design by Sandberg & Penar, Detroit

The Safety of Steel . . . the Endurance of Bonderizing

On tomorrow's super-highways will speed new types of buses bringing even greater comfort and safety to modern travel. The advantages of air conditioning, unobstructed observation windows, canteen service and sleeping accommodations may easily be practical.

In keeping with future improvements will be body construction using Bonderized sheet steel. To the strength and safety of steel will be added the paint-holding and rust-resisting qualities of Bonderizing. The bright, highly-visible, safety colors desired will have lasting brilliance when applied on Bonderized steel. Rust will not mar inside or outside beauty because Bonderizing resists rust, prevents its spread from scratch or abrasion.

Custom body builders will be able to provide these added qualities because the steel sheets will be Bonderized at the mill—and they will find that the steel retains its special paint-holding and rust-resisting qualities after all fabricating and forming operations.

To achieve the better future that we all know is possible, let's work, fight, win and put our money into war honors to speed the day of victory.

PARKER RUST PROOF COMPANY
DETROIT 11, MICHIGAN



PARKER PRODUCTS CONQUER RUST

PARKER LUBRICATING

Parker Lubricating is a chemical treatment for iron or steel that improves resistance to rust, corrosion, oxidation, and other factors, and extends life.

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Bonderizing is a chemical treatment for iron, steel or zinc that improves resistance to rust, corrosion, oxidation, and other factors, and extends life.

PARKERIZING

Parkerizing is a chemical treatment for iron or steel that improves resistance to rust, corrosion, oxidation, and other factors, and extends life.

teach digging over at Leicester for a while."

"Oh, well, they can't keep us good men down. You could probably build a couple bridges while I was taking your gall bladder out. They don't know their best bets when they see them. When do I see you next, major?"

"After I get protective armor for my gall bladder. What about a little hilliards down at town hall tomorrow afternoon? We got to run now."

"Around two, Dan. Good night, air."

He saluted again.

"You might crack that arm off in this Connecticut weather," Dan advised.

"See you at two, captain."

"I DIDN'T really learn one single thing about tomorrow," Mrs. Lester lamented. "I'd just not well have had them here! Not that I'm not glad you're back, darling! Not that I'm not sorry about your poor wrist. Why did you do all that silly business about saluting him? Your father never used to salute anyone, but he was independent, except about home affairs."

Randy looked at his sister and turned to his mother gravely. "Failure to salute a superior officer in time of war is punishable by a long term of death or imprisonment for a bunch of years."

Evelyn nodded.

"Even on social occasions, clown?"

"Hush it, dope."

"Superior! Daniel Bradford!"

"He's a major and I'm a captain."

I never happened to have a scrap with him, but Laila Nearstrom heard me up once, about twenty years ago, and it wasn't six months after that Dan wiped up the hockey pond with him."

"That's the Nearstrom boy that's in the pent-tentary?"

"He broke into a chain store. That doesn't alter the fact that he licked me with the greatest ease and Dan saw him down on Wilkes-Barre Road so quick the referee didn't even call him in the hockey game. Poosh, Poosh! It was swell."

"Brutality doesn't make anyone any one's superior."

"No, it's being a damn fine engineer makes you the superior of a junior medic in this man's army. Didn't you see that guy had a Silver Star along with his Purple Heart? All I've got is a Purple Heart. All you gotta do for a Heart is to get nicked."

"You gotta be somewhere where you get nicked though," Evelyn said.

"The more bleeding fool you," Captain Leslie said gruffly. "Good soldiers can't get over you saluting the Bradford boy," Mrs. Leslie said. "Your father was a colonel and he didn't salute anyone."

"Yeah, he was a kiwi down in Washington, D. C., buying oatmeal for the armed services. Not that the old gent didn't do what he was best at, and all honor to him, but folks have up and shot at Dan and me. Good shooting, too, though it was Nazi who were shooting at Dan and only monkeys who were shooting at me. . . . Thanks, eh, I will have another small olive-and-bacon thing. By'gud, I've been hungry ever since this war started!"

"Oh, Randy!" said his mother.

"Didn't they feed you?"

Randall stared at her. "How can they feed you twenty-four hours a day? Didn't you ever hear about armies marching on their stomachs? Say, what's for dinner?"

Mrs. Lester at her son. "Mushroom soup, chicken-gilgit omelet—we've used up even Miss Sender's and Miller's red points this week—lots of green salad from the frames, vegetables, lemon-chiffon pie."

Randall gulped. "Is there time for me to run down to Swanson's and get a steak? The hors d'oeuvres sound swell."

"The red points—oh, they're such a trial!"

"I'll get some tomorrow. . . . I've got it! I didn't want steak anyway. Old Swanson'll trust me—be back in a minute. Lots of those pork and beans his wife used to cook in the dishpan next to the sauerkraut and sliced red onions, Kreuze just a minute." His voice trailed off. "And those big garlic dishes."

Mrs. Leslie looked Evelyn. "This isn't permanent, dear. We'll have to get him back a little at a time. Naturally, operating on all those people, he'd corner a little, but we'll get him back."

Evelyn gave her mother a serene smile. "If it's going to be a little at a time, we'd better work fast. My guess is there's about fifteen pounds more of him, and all gristle."

She—she had already explained to her mother that this was her construction of "Gee whiz!"; if you'd let me join the Waves, I could support the family being a lady wrestler after her brother's heroic smile.

"Support—Evelyn!"

"The revolution is coming. You saw Axel last year. And Axel Bradford waved a big red tomato right in front of your nose this afternoon. It was because the Romanians didn't recognize red tomatoes that they got whacked."

More like Clark Gable and Franchot Tone and just a dash of Stu Erwin. That List-bad-leader beetle was nothing but a lizard, if her entomology was correct.

But he knows those plants won't do a bit of good if he doesn't tell us about them! Your friend Hepzi—"

"Oh, I get it. You invited them over here just to pump Axel, so you could get a prize for the garden show. I thought it was because Hepzi had been my friend on air. But all you were thinking of was your vegetables."

"There wasn't an idea of that kind in my mind! Now calm down. Here comes Randy!"

Randy entered with large packages.

"Ten-shun!"

"You couldn't do that if Major Bradford were here," Evelyn said scornfully. "You can smell those onions a mile. Cooky will warm the beans. Gosh, I think I'm hungry."

Mrs. Leslie sighed.

"THE dabbles will very definitely be in again this year, ma'am. Never saw the little things take on so. That Leslie ought to have a five-foot stem and a bloom like a wren. And we're in on roses too, The Mrs. Major Leslies are already starting their buds. I'll give them a rest till August, and then we ought to take a little anywhere in the country."

(Continued on Page 98)



*4.95

*Extra dividends
for coupon
clippers*



Fifty years' experience in making fine shoes is in this picture. Look it over carefully. You can see the extra smart styling that long experience working with leather, has built into these Golden Anniversary Educators.

But wait till you wear a pair; then and only then—can you experience the extra satisfying comfort, the extra fine value in every pair of Educators. Add it all up—and you have a lot of extra dividends for your shoe coupon... a Golden Anniversary value at a golden opportunity price. \$4.95

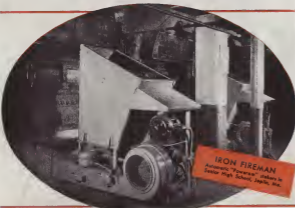
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If there is no Kinney shoe store near you, send \$4.95 (plus 25¢ shipping) and current shoe coupon to Educator Shoe Corp., 2 Park Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y. State style number, your size and width. STYLE 54, B—7½ to 11; C & D—6 to 11; STYLE 55, B—7½ to 11; D—6 to 11. STYLE 52 (with flexible and water-resistant sole), B—7½ to 11; C—6 to 12; D—6 to 11.

You CAN'T fire oil or gas by hand—



—you SHOULDN'T fire coal by hand

THE successful utilization of any fuel rests on two fundamentals. First, fuel should be fed to the fire in just the right quantities and mixed with just the right amount of air so that good combustion is assured. Second, the amount of heat produced should be geared to the needs of the job so that fuel is not wasted by excessive firing nor results impaired by too little fire.

No one would think of firing gas or oil except by automatic methods. A coal fire, too, takes on entirely different and better characteristics when fired by modern, automatic, self-regulating equipment. Iron Fireman automatic coal stokers create the high-

est type of combustion efficiency. Their use prevents over-production and under-production of steam.

If you suspect that your present fuel or firing method could be improved, ask for a free survey by Iron Fireman engineers. Iron Fireman equipment has achieved striking improvements and economies in many boiler rooms. It may be able to do so in yours. It costs nothing to find out. Our nationwide organization of qualified factory representatives and dealers is at your service. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co., Portland, Oregon; Cleveland, Ohio; Toronto, Canada. For free survey, write or wire to 3102 W. 106th St., Cleveland 11, Ohio.

(Continued from Page 96)

Andrews looked at his employer uneasily. Mrs. Marie Leslie was strangely preoccupied; heretofore she had always acted like a well-stuffed kitten when the Mrs. Marie Leslie that Andrews had developed for her was mentioned. Andrews looked doubtful—with his long Scotch face he could do this better than almost anyone except McCullough, the Chadwick gardener, who looked enough like Andrews to be his brother.

"And about those plants you got from Bradford, Andrews?"

A look of definite repugnance moved Andrews' bony features. "The—uh—the—uh—vegetables, ma'am?"

Mrs. Leslie put down the trowel she was carrying for no particular reason. She always took a trowel or a weeder to the frames with her; the implements, carried casually in her gloved left hand, seemed to give her a more intimate relationship to the things that Andrews grew in her garden.

"The vegetables, as you say, Andrews, are more important this year than mere flowers. Secretary Hull, or whoever runs the United States agriculture, said that food would win the war and dictate the peace. As I told you, we must concentrate on tomatoes and cabbage and—uh—things this year."

"Yes, ma'am, but I usually let the second gardener take care of the kitchen garden. Flowers is my line."

"Food is of paramount importance while this war lasts, Andrews. I want a big showing on tomatoes and cabbages, especially. How are those plants you picked up doing?"

"I couldn't say yet," Andrews said with as much sulkiness as he dared. "Bradford himself told me he didn't know how his new crossings would come out."

"Did he give you any advice?"

"Well, ma'am, tomatoes in tomatoes and cabbage in cabbage."

"But he always wins all the blues in vegetables."

"Just got green fingers, ma'am. Jonsson gets a good many prizes too. Now me, my line is more ornamental plants. You wouldn't deny, ma'am, that we get the most of the blues on roses and dahlias, except what that useless McCullough gets by drinking shameful with the judges' sons down at Johnny's Bar."

"Bradford must have some tricks; green fingers is just a superstition."

Andrews shrugged his bony shoulders. "Well, there's no denying some of these old farmers know things about growing that isn't in the books. Used this land all their lives. Now, this Jonsson that's helping McCullough for Mrs. Chadwick, he changed McCullough's mulch and fertilizer on the cabbage plants, and I

won't say they don't look a little better than ours already. But we'll have cabbage to throw to the pigs, if we had any pigs." He brightened. "But they won't be in the running on dahlias and roses."

"How are McCullough's tomatoes compared to our new ones?"

Andrews was gloomy again. "Honestly, ma'am, they're comin' up like weeds. This new tomato seems to go all to hell."

"Um-m-m. Well, do the best you can, Andrews."

"Yes, ma'am; the dahlias and roses—"

She left without waiting for the rest of it. Well, that settled things for this Saturday afternoon.

In the house, she went directly to the telephone.

"Mr. Bradford? . . . Oh, Miss Bradford. About this afternoon. I find I can put off that engagement, and we're so anxious to see you folks again. If it's all right?"

It was all right.

"Around five, I think your father said?"

"Yes. He'll have to clean up after milking."

Mrs. Leslie shuddered, but, fortunately, that did not carry on the phone.

"All right. Thank you, dear. Good-by." Mrs. Leslie replaced the phone, cut her eyes up to heaven, and would have followed herself if the foot had been practicable, and went into the study, where Evelyn was working on a pile of first-aid reports.

"Well, I've got us into something."

Marie told her daughter, "Azel Bradford invited us up for cocktails at five, and I didn't want to hurt the poor old thing's feelings."

Evelyn whistled softly to herself.

"Sudden concern for the feelings of the submerged classes! Pretty soon you'll be taking around baskets of red copious to poor Art Christmas and inviting poor little match girls in to get warm over our former fuel oil. . . . So Azel didn't tell Andrews anything?"

"Andrews didn't know how important— That has nothing to do with it!"

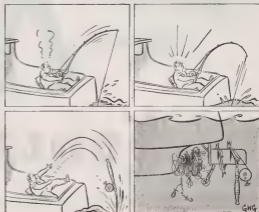
Evelyn laughed, a coarse and offensive laugh.

Marie winced, but chose to disregard the quality of the laugh. "Besides, someone tells me he has some very charming antiques. I might be able to pick up something for the colonial bedroom."

"Two birds with one stone, eh?" This time Evelyn's laugh was cynical and mean; she was an accomplished laugher.

"What's funny?" Marie asked.

(Continued on Page 100)



This is a bunker model: Stoker feeds from main bin direct to fire. Illustrated at top: standard hopper model. Outstanding performance of Iron Fireman stokers is the result of the application of several principles of combustion and engineering. Coal is fired under forced draft, with automatic regulation of air and coal to produce efficient combustion. Stoker runs variable for firing commercial and power boilers up to 1000 h.p. and larger. Patented Spreader handles large fire grade high ash and clinkering coals as readily as higher grade coals. Bunker feed type eliminates once handling.

Mother, when will you stay home again?

Some jubilant day mother will stay home again, doing the job she likes best—making a home for you and daddy, when he gets back. She knows that all the hydraulic valves, line support clips and blocks and electric anti-icing equipment that ADEL turns out for airplanes are helping bring that day closer.

ADEL

Meanwhile she's learning the vital importance of precision in equipment made by ADEL. In her post-war home she'll want appliances with the same high degree of precision and she will get them when ADEL converts its famous Design Simplicity to products of equal dependability for home and industry.

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But it's only during this war that men in industry have learned the importance of wax protection for vital war products. Now, industrial waxes are being widely used to protect surfaces against wear and abrasion, corrosion and climatic changes. Critical

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SOLID CITIZEN

(Continued from Page 34)

Scotch, and you'll have to pay two or three times what the wine is worth, but a man deserves some reward for being foresighted. And technically I don't regard paying a premium like that as the beginning of another wave of bootlegging. And even if it is, why should I hold back and do without my highball? What could one man do to stop it?"

"Then I've got a good friend, a banker who lives about four miles from the nearest suburban station and only had enough gas to drive to the station twice a week. So you know what that dope was doing?" The solid one's voice became the voice of a man discussing a particularly distressing mental case. "He was walking four miles each way. He asked me how I managed to avoid tramping the road as he was doing, and I told him. I'd been giving a gargantuan I knew two or three gas tickets and a five-dollar bill, and he'd been filling my tank up all the way and I didn't ask questions about the change."

"It's like a fellow I know in the dress business who goes to New York to buy dresses for a chain of women's-clothing shops. I met him one day, and he was looking low in his mind. He explained his dependency by saying that the dresses he had been buying wholesale at four dollars and seventy-five cents a dress, to be sold at six ninety-eight by his shops, couldn't be had any more. The wholesale OPA price was fixed at four seventy-five, and the manufacturer said he simply wouldn't sell at that

price, since, if he did, he'd lose nine cents a dress. According to him, they cost him four dollars and eighty-four cents to make. The next time I saw that buyer, happiness struck out all over him. "We worked out a way," he told me. "I found a guy in that dress company who couldn't count higher than ten. He sends me the dresses and bills for two hundred dresses in each box he sends, at four seventy-five a dress, but when I open the boxes there are only ten dresses in each box. That's one with me. Now, if I can only work out some way to still make my old profit on them when I put a price tag on them in my window, everything will be jake."

The solid man chuckled. "He'll work out a very smart way," he said. "He's no sucker. But I got away from that story about the banker. He saw the light. No more boofing for him now."

They were pulling into Glendale. The porter was gathering the luggage and stacking it in the vestibules at the ends of the sleeping cars. A man and his wife walked between the rows of shoes on each side of the narrow aisle down the middle of the car. In front of them went a bright-haired boy.

For the first time, the solid man next to me seemed unsure of himself. "We've got a lot of overvalued currency problem back home," he said. "Kids in their early teens are running hog wild. They've no respect for other people's rights. They've got no decency or ethics." He paused, puffed his cigar; then he put his finger squarely on the core of the problem. "The trouble is they've no respect for their elders," he announced. "I just can't understand it."

RICHEST MAN ON EARTH

(Continued from Page 15)

nothing out of it except a collector's thrill and tingle. It is certain that he does not know exactly how much he has. The idea of investing part of his fortune in industries does not appeal to him, as it would have to be removed from his sight for the purpose. He spends many hours among his treasures. The only other mortal who has seen everything is his favorite daughter, Princess Pasha, an emancipated girl in her thirties who is known in Hyderabad as the Nizam's shadow. Except for an electric burglar-alarm system, Osman has never bothered to secure his wealth.

Crowded out of his own home by his blinding net egg, Osman has for years been camping on his veranda, where a flimsy partition separates his scantily furnished bedroom from his even more scantily furnished study. He is known to be the hardest working man in Hyderabad. He gets up at the crack of dawn, begins the day with a cup of coffee and starts reading and writing before his palace secretariat opens. At nine o'clock he takes breakfast, consisting of tea and biscuits, without interrupting his work. His pet goat is fed at the same time, under his supervision. As soon as the secretariat opens, silent messengers in ragged uniforms rush back and forth between the royal veranda and the palace office, submitting the Nizam's orders to the minister in waiting for comments and execution.

By ten o'clock, the first callers appear; among them are the commissioners of police and two or three doctors who report on the health of the harem. When Osman is ill, he cures himself by fasting for a day or two. The prime minister and members of the cabinet usually call at this time to transact the business of state government.

The affairs of Hyderabad are then attended to in the following delightful manner. Osman leaves his chair and settles down on the steps of the veranda

while his ministers and courtiers stand around him in a respectful semicircle. When they are through, two hours later, little is left in Hyderabad, from the private affairs of nobles and businessmen to the reform of the legislature, that has not been given a thorough going-over. Osman's natural curiosity leads him to take a keen personal interest in what is going on behind the walls of Hyderabad palaces and bungalows, and it then comes now, like a love affair or an inheritance dispute, he manages to keep abreast of developments.

When everyone has left, servants carry in a small table with a modest though extremely well prepared luncheon for Osman and Princess Pasha. Osman dislikes the typical Indian diet with its highly seasoned dishes. He is partial to cream and takes some of it every meal, often in the form of ice cream; stewed fruit with whipped cream is his favorite dish.

He is in the habit of sending small samples of his meal to the families of court nobles; an attendant will put these selected bits of fruit, bread and cream on a small tray and take them to the recipients by motorcar. Highly pleased with such a token of Osman's grace, the recipients usually send him a few coins in return.

In the afternoon, documents are submitted to the Nizam for approval and signature. He carefully studies every one of them, refusing to function as a mere rubber stamp. No bill can become law in Hyderabad without his approval. His minister of home affairs, an exceedingly bright young man, told me that sometimes, when a bill was submitted to the Nizam after deliberation by the council, it comes with a number of amendments, one of which is a note raising a point which all the ministers have overlooked. While he works, Osman smokes Four Tower cigarettes—after lunch he enjoys the long Indian water pipe—and sips from numerous cups of tea. Late in the afternoon, he goes out to visit his mother's palace and tomb. Police whistles stop all traffic, pedestrians stand still along the side-

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walks, and a sudden hush descends upon this busy city when H.E.H. goes by, leaning back in his car, deeply absorbed in thoughts—a poor, lonely man in an old Ford.

More work at night, interrupted by a fragrant supper. It is in the evening that Ouman does his reading—mostly Persian classics and the Koran—and composes his poetry. The poems are in the traditional Persian style, and connoisseurs state that Ouman is not a bad poet, for a king.

His lyrics are published in the local press, and the Times of India publishes occasional translations in English. He also conducts a newspaper column, dubbed "My Day," by round-the-world Hyderabadis. In these short essays he covers an amazing variety of subjects, ranging from oranges to divorces. Lately he devoted an entire column to an explanation of the English word "honeymoon." Ouman receives no remuneration for his literary efforts.

Upon crossing the border into the Nizam's dominions, you suddenly find yourself somewhere in the very Middle Ages, feeling not unlike Mark Twain's much-embarrassed Connecticut Yankee. Nowhere in the world has feudalism survived in such unadulterated form. One fourth of Hyderabad's total area is held by a handful of feudal barons. Few of these landed gentry trouble to count their estates in terms of acres; square miles is the thing.

I visited an estate north of the capital and my host, the baron, proudly showed me through his villages, his post office, his school, his magistrate's court. His police force was lined up in formation and had a band sent to greet me. He modestly informed me that this was one of the smaller estates, inhabited by a puny 85,000 serfs. The next day I visited a gentleman who owned 1500 square miles of land, with a total population of 300,000.

With India in ferment, striving both for freedom and for nationhood, the existence of such picturesque conditions in Hyderabad and most of the other states has become a target of sharp criticism. Progressive elements in British India, especially the Congress Party, have long argued that, if it had not been for the artificial resignation given them by their British protectors, history itself would have swept India's 562 princes off the map. The British, on the other hand, temperamentally disinclined to tolerate stark feudalism, have addressed increasingly impatient memos to their princely protégés. Before my visit to the Nizam's court, I had attended the session of the Chamber of Princes in New Delhi, where

I heard the departing viceroy, Linlithgow, address these angry words to his bejeweled audience, "It would be an injustice to your highnesses were I to assume that any reasonable man amongst you would deny that the Crown's obligations to protect carry with them equally binding responsibilities to ensure, if need be, that what is protected continues to be worthy of protection."

Of all the Indian states, Hyderabad is closest to the British raj. When, nearly two centuries ago, the British first came to India's shores to establish their trade, the then ruling Nizam proved helpful in establishing British control over Southern India. In return, the British reaffirmed his sovereignty and helped him subdue troublesome tribal enemies along the borders of his realm. Again, in 1857, when all India threatened to be consumed in the conflagration of her first and last revolt, the Nizam stood firmly with his British friends. In both world wars, Hyderabad has assisted the British with arms and rupees. At present, two Hyderabad battalions are stationed abroad, three RAF squadrons are maintained with Hyderabad funds, Hyderabad factories are filling British war orders, and the Nizam's government is training pilots and mechanics for war jobs with His Majesty's forces.

Cynics may claim that the title "Faithful Ally of the British Government," officially conferred upon Ouman by King George V at the close of the last war, is an illusion; that British rule in princely India, though of the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't type, is just as real as it is in British India. If you remarked along this line in the presence of Ouman, he would be very angry indeed. The truth is that, in the Nizam's dominions, British supremacy is distinctly on the now-you-don't side. British interests are represented at the Nizam's court by the resident, Sir Arthur Lothian, an astute, well-tempered and discreet gentleman who has worked out a very practical arrangement with Ouman by which he discusses with him major government appointments before they are made. This system narrows down the possibility of disagreement.

The undisputed harmony prevailing between the viceroy of India and H.E.H. the Nizam is a political fact of first-rate importance. For Ouman, in a sense, is more than the temporal head of an Indian state. Hyderabad has come to be the rallying point of India's huge Moslem community; 80,000,000 Indian Mohammedans see in its ruler the star and the crescent of Mussulman power. To them, he embodies Moslem culture



The first time you saw our Baby

She was 6 months old already. You'd been away so long, dear.

I could hardly bear to have you miss so much of our baby.

You said you could hardly bear to miss so much of me. The touch of my hands, you said. Softer even than you remembered.

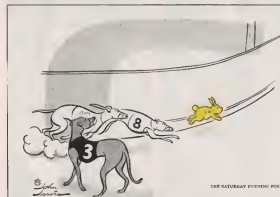
I could have cried, dear, with joy and pride. And I silently thanked Jergens Lotion.

The jobs I do for our baby had roughened my hands for a while, had taken the natural softeners from my skin. But Jergens Lotion, in no time, gave my hands back the softness and smoothness you love. From now on—I promise—I'll faithfully use Jergens Lotion.

Oh, yes—mothers of young babies use Jergens Lotion; nearly 50% more than any other hand care. Jergens Lotion tends to roughen skin to delightful smoothness with 2 ingredients many doctors prescribe for this very purpose. So simple and quick. No sticky feeling. Pity the girl with rough hands and, for yourself, always use Jergens Lotion.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Keep going. I'll run around to the other side and intercept him!"

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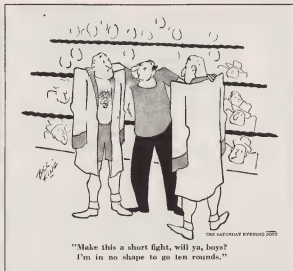
A MEAL IN A MINUTE • Yes...you can now treat yourself to your old-time favorite...Van Camp's delicious beans. They're back at your grocer's...in glass or tin...prepared for you by Van Camp's exclusive method that imparts to every bean its brimming share of Van Camp's secret savory sauce. For a meal in a minute...full of flavor, nourishment...serve Van Camp's today...often. High in protein content, they are a satisfying alternate for meat.



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THE BEST COSTS NO MORE IN MONEY...IN POINTS



and tradition, is the legitimate heir of the great Mogul Empire which once comprised the vast expanse of India. His person is sacred. Once when he went to pray at the famous Jamma Mosque in Delhi, 300 plain-clothes men had to be placed among the worshippers to keep the crowd from mobbing Osman in their desire to obtain his personal blessing by touching his body. His words are heeded by Moslems from the Khyber Pass to Cape Comorin.

Osman's standing in the Moslem world was gloriously enhanced by the marriage of his two principal sons to the daughter and the niece of the ex-sultan of Turkey. The sultan, in his capacity as caliph, had been the spiritual head of Islam, and the union received publicity throughout the Mohammedan countries of Asia and the Middle East. The wedding took place in 1931 in Nice and was a social event of the first order. Hyderabadis were intrigued not only because this was the first "outside" marriage of a member of the ruling house—but also because of the great charm and beauty of the two girls. Today, thirteen years after their marriage, the princesses are the object of a heated controversy between those who claim that they are the best thing in Hyderabad, and those who insist that they are the only good thing in Hyderabad.

Their husbands, the crown prince and his younger brother, Prince Mouzam, frankly acknowledge that they owe to their wives whatever education they have. Princess Darya Shauhar, the elder of the two cousins, is brilliant, strong-willed, progressive, and there is reason to believe that she will take a firm hand in running the show when her husband, whose main interest is horse racing, succeeds to the golden mattress. Nilafar, the younger, is warm, feminine, witty, and beyond doubt the most beautiful woman this side of Sunset Boulevard.

Osman's great sorrow is in the fact that today, after nearly seven centuries of Moslem rule in the Deccan, he and his fellow Mohammedans are still strangers in their own country. Hyderabad's population is 85 per cent Hindu, with the Moslems forming a minority of 11 per cent. Moslems, to be sure, are in the manager—all high government positions are firmly in their hands, and so are most of the large estates. It is significant that, in the Nizam's dominions, Congress agitation has taken on a communal flavor, has been directed against the Moslem,

rather than the British raj. As the result the Congress Party is illegal in Hyderabad, but continues to work underground. It was pointed out to me that the Nizam's steadfast refusal to introduce a measure of representative government—as has been done in some other Indian states—is based, perhaps, on the consideration that representation in Hyderabad would automatically shift control to the Hindu community, depriving the Moslems of their centuries-old monopoly of power.

Meanwhile, until such time as the people of Hyderabad, and the people of India generally, have the will and the power to obtain a more attractive deal, Osman is ruling as a benevolent despot. He is not doing a bad job of it, as benevolent despots go. It has been said that a fall stomach is the mark of good government. Hyderabad people are not dying of starvation, as they are by the thousands, at this writing, in other parts of India.

If it may seem from some of the above that Osman is a cold, calculating fellow, such an impression would be thoroughly erroneous. The surprising thing about him is that he is extremely human. In fact, if you did not know about his hobby, you would hardly suspect him to be obsessed by such weird passion. Osman is sensitive and by no means without feeling for his fellow man. During his long reign he has sanctioned only two executions.

Osman has a sense of humor and laughs heartily at the slightest provocation. He knows most of the innumerable jokes circulating about him in the capital, and gets a good laugh out of them. He particularly enjoyed a recent one which purports to be a dialogue between two of his courtiers.

"I had to make an urgent report to H.E.H.," one of them remarked, "but he was asleep and I did not dare wake him up."

"You should have clicked two annas coins together," the other courtier retorted. "That would have awakened H.E.H. in no time at all."

Likewise, when a none-too-tactful visitor from abroad asked Osman the exact number of his children, the Nizam's eyes twinkled when he replied that the census returns were not quite up to date, but he would be glad to oblige with last week's figures. Actually, a strapping boy was born him by one of his wives last year—an event which Osman announced with great and understandable pride.

THE WASTE THAT SAVES LIVES

(Continued from Page 19)

dressings intended to replace the sulfa drugs or penicillins.

But regardless of the type of medicine that may be applied to the burned skin—and some physicians now don't put any at all on cases which are not infected—there is rather general agreement that the mechanical pressure itself, when properly applied, does something highly beneficial for the burn patient. In addition to helping to prevent shock, it eases the agonizing pain almost at once. It splints the injured part and greatly shortens the hospitalization time. Left in place for ten days to three weeks on uninfected burns, it reduces the number of dressing changes, which are painful and which afford chances for germs to slip in. The pressure bandage also minimizes tissue destruction and therefore subsequent scarring and disfiguring—the thing burn victims dread most of all.

Take Ensign Wilson, for example. His bulky turban was left on his head and face for three weeks. So were similar pressure dressings, each as big as a football, on his burned hands. During this time he was surprisingly comfortable. When the dressings were removed for the first time and Johnny was again able to open his eyes, he took a quick look in the mirror, gulped once or twice, forced a weak smile and cracked to the surgeon, "Go ahead, doc; let's see how good a scene shifter you are."

The Toll of Fire

The "scene shifting" consisted of peeling thin slices of skin from Johnny's right thigh, laying them over the healthy pink granulation tissue of the flir's cheeks, nose and forehead, and stitching them deftly into place. Over these grafts a new pressure dressing was applied to help the transplanted skin take root and encourage it to stay flat and smooth. In three more weeks Ensign Wilson took another look into the mirror, and found his new face reassuringly like the original.

Few things could be more welcome to-day than a better way of handling burns—one which is simple, quick, soothing and life-saving. For fire, one of man's most useful tools when controlled, is still one of the most destructive forces on earth. In the peacetime United States fire kills more than 8000 men, women and children a year, ranking fourth among the causes of accidental death. In November, 1942, the Coconut Grove night-club fire alone took 492 lives. It was, by the way, the first civilian disaster in which pressure dressings were used to any extent, although most of the victims were trapped in the burning building and died before help could reach them.

World War II has seen many burn casualties, partly because it is a gasoline war. Of those injured at Pearl Harbor, 60 per cent were burned. During the landing at Guadalcanal approximately 400 were burned in torpedoes. Many Allied soldiers have been burned in tank battles. The mere handling of millions of gallons of gasoline in fueling planes and moving highly mechanized armies has been attended by numerous accidental fires, with resulting casualties.

In the Navy, where, according to doctors of the hospital ship Scow, one in every four casualties has burns, the causes are not only blazing oil or gasoline on the ship and on the water. They include explosions of bombs, shells and powder magazines, start and scalding water, and electricity. Men suffer rope burns while abandoning ship. They are scorched by the sun as they drift on the open sea. One sailor on the aircraft carrier Wasp was even scalded by hot soup

when a torpedo shook the galley. Many of these burn victims have been helped back to health and usefulness by pressure dressings.

New as it may be in the treatment of burns, the pressure bandage itself is really a return to first principles. In fact, Lt. Col. James Barrett Brown, chief of plastic surgery at the Army's big Valley Forge General Hospital, believes that in one form or another, it is as old as the pyramids. For the author of the famous Edwin Smith Papyrus, of about 3000 B.C., recommends dressing a broken nose by placing "two stiff rolls of linen, bound on." The Egyptians were experts in bandaging, as proved by the intricate wrappings around their mummies; and the rolls of linen, apparently employed as soft supporting splints, are regarded by Lieutenant Colonel Brown as the earliest known reference to pressure dressings. Now, plastic surgeons are by nature ingenious and resourceful. They have to be to persuade transplanted skin and bones to take root and grow in new locations. They were among the first modern physicians, therefore, to appreciate the value of pressure dressings, and they began to employ them twenty years ago on the sites of skin grafts. Dr. Wilbur P. Blair, of St. Louis, and Dr. John Staige Davis, of Johns Hopkins, both plastic surgeons, were the earliest advocates of tannic sponges for this purpose. Colonel Brown, associate professor of clinical surgery at Washington University, St. Louis, was also using sponge pressure dressings back in the 1920's.

Sponges, though satisfactory, cost a dollar or a dollar and a half apiece and were not always available. So one day in 1935 Dr. Bradford Cannon, young surgeon on Doctor Brown's service, went down to the St. Louis railroad yards, to a supply shop, and bought some mechanic's waste at twelve cents a pound. It was not only cheaper than sponges but he and Doctor Brown found it was better because it could be worked more easily into small corners, such as the spaces between the fingers. Today, instead of the coarser grades of waste, they use a softer, shorter-fibered type that has no lumps to cause undue pressure at certain points.

Pressure Pioneers

In 1939 Doctor Koch, of Northwestern, and his associate, Dr. H. S. Allen, began to employ the pressure principle in treating burn cases in the children's ward of Cook County Hospital, Chicago, and noted a marked decrease in the mortality rate as compared with preceding years, when the tannic-acid method had been used.

Other physicians took up the compression technique—Dr. Henry A. Royer, of Cleveland; Dr. Vinton E. Siler, of Cincinnati; Dr. Neal Owens, of Tulane University Medical School, to name a few of the pioneers. Doctor Owens has wrapped severely burned children and adults almost from head to foot in these thickly padded bandages, and has seen the falling blood pressure of the patients in shock climb quickly back toward normal.

The Army, the Navy and the Office of Civilian Defense now recommend the new type of dressing. The Surgeon General of the Army recently issued a circular letter—polite version of a "general order"—specifying pressure dressings for treating burns, both in the field and in the hospitals, and ruling out tannic acid, so widely used during the past few years. He also ruled out all other etherotics—substances which produce a crust over the burned area. Several months earlier, the Surgeon General of the Navy issued similar instructions. The medical division of the OGD has revised its manual on burns and wounds to withdraw recommendation of tannic acid, taught a year ago in first aid classes, and to prescribe the pressure dressing instead.



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Under the dressing, the first-aid may use petroleum or ointments of boric acid or sulfathiazole. In adopting the new technique, the Navy has received a large extent by recommendations of the National Research Council's sub-committee on burns.

At Valley Forge General Hospital, where twenty-six red-brick buildings crown a flat hilltop near Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, built upon bale of the fluffy white waste is being used in the new technique. The work of creating the cruelest of all the marks of war. Under Colonel Brown and his associates, including Cyprian Cantow, who treated many of the German prisoners of war, the work of creating the cruelest of all the marks of war. Under Colonel Brown and his associates, including Cyprian Cantow, who treated many of the German prisoners of war, the work of creating the cruelest of all the marks of war.

There is Roger Mojon, for one, a handsome 190-pound husky from Torrington, Connecticut, who at eight o'clock in the morning early in May, 1943, headed his tank toward the German lines at Mater, Tunisia. Four antitank shells struck his machine, and then a fifth one got through, and set off the ammunition store, and burning powder sprayed all over my back and arms and legs," Mojon related. "Two of my crew mates bent out the flames on my clothes, and I finally managed to pull myself up through the hatch. The Germans were still firing at us, but we got back somehow."

After emergency treatment, Mojon flew to a general hospital in North Africa, where pressure dressings were placed on his burns by Doctor Allen, the Chicago physician who had helped pioneer the technique. Two months later he arrived at Valley Forge, having lost sixty-five of his 190 pounds. He underwent a number of grafting operations, in which the resilience of the pressure bandage did much to keep the site for the graft smooth, and to help the transplanted skin itself to remain free from scarring overgrowth. Today, Roger Mojon is once more 190 pounds of muscle, itching to get back into the driver's seat of a tank.

There are scores of other cases similar to his at Valley Forge.

The Navy has devoted a great deal of attention to protecting its men from burns. Passing the ammunition while clad only in shorts and skivvy shirts is against regulations. Full clothing must be worn at battle stations, no matter how hot the weather. Trousers must be stuffed into the tops of socks, cuffs and collars snugly buttoned. Special anti-flash gear is sometimes worn. A group of scientists at the Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Maryland, has developed an anti-flash-burn cream for the hands and face. They bared their own arms to miniature cannon blasts in the course of testing the cream, which contains the same nontoxic white pigment used in points—namely, titanium dioxide.

Trial by Battle

In spite of the most careful precautions, however, men at war cannot always escape the battle flames. For this reason, the treatment, as well as the prevention, of burns was an inevitable subject for discussion. It was in 1942 when Comdr. Earl Hogan, medical officer of the U. S. S. Wasp, came aboard the Solace, somewhere in the Pacific, to pay a professional call on Capt. Richard A. Allen and Commander Cyprian Cantow. Krueger Ferguson, Tall, slow-spoken Doctor Kern is, in civilian life, professor of clinical medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Ferguson is an assistant professor of surgery at the uni-

versity. At this time they were chiefs of medicine and surgery, respectively, aboard the 500-bed hospital ship.

"We discussed with Commander Hogan the various methods of treating burns," recounted Captain Ferguson, who is now chief of surgery at the naval hospital at St. Albans, Long Island. "and we reviewed the excellent results we had been having with pressure dressings and sulfathiazole ointment. It was agreed that all of us would follow the technique wherever practicable, and Commander Hogan, on returning to the Wasp, fixed up quantities of the ointment-soaked gauze and packed it in cans, ready for use."

Less than two months after this shipboard medical conference, Earl Hogan and his newly prepared supplies were called on for one of the toughest medical assignments in the Navy's war. Three Jap torpedoes crashed into the gallant Wasp off Guadalcanal. It was a death-blow, as everyone well remembers. The

casualties. Some were received a few minutes after the action. Most, however, were transferred to her wards two days to several weeks later, having in the meantime been treated by other physicians and by a variety of methods. The Solace staff thus had an unusual opportunity to evaluate the various types of burn treatments, on the basis of results seen with their own eyes. In a complete report on these 360 cases, published recently in the U. S. Naval Medical Bulletin, they strongly recommended pressure dressings, applied over a coating of sulfathiazole, as the best method. Of the 360 burn victims discussed in the Solace report, only three died, and the staff attributes two of these deaths to other injuries sustained at the same time.

The one Solace death really due to burns was that of a sailor whose severely scorched skin had been treated with tannic acid before he was brought to the hospital ship. The physicians found toxic damage to the liver during a post-

third-degree burns of the face, ears and neck, and also of the chest and abdomen. The surgeon, Col. L. S. Gallagher, of the Army Medical Corps, swathed the patient's face, head and neck with a thick pressure bandage, leaving only a slit for his eyes and another for his mouth. The two hands and forearms, armed with second-degree burns, were also pressure-banded. But his chest and upper arms were sprayed with tannic acid, and the patient, so-called, according to the then-current procedure, and were not banded.

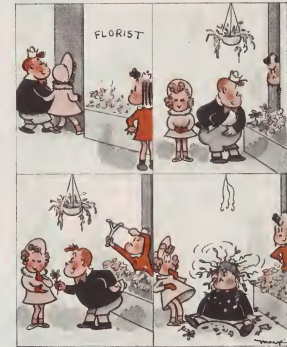
Miracle of War

From the very moment the pressure dressings were applied, they stopped the pain in the areas they covered, and no swellings or blisters formed under them. But huge blisters developed beneath the tannic-acid crust, which therefore had to be cut in several places to allow drainage. At the end of the third day, the doctor wrote in his report, "Thus far, the patient has directed his complaints to the tannic-acid areas, claiming complete comfort for the hands, forearms and head"—the parts which had been pressure-banded. After ten days, the dressings were removed from the head and right forearm, revealing clean unswollen skin, healing without scars.

Colonel Gallagher also observed that the pressure-banded regions had healed more rapidly than those parts burned to the same degree, but which had been treated with tannic acid. The only spots requiring skin grafts were on the chest, which had been sprayed with the tannic acid-silver nitrate solution.

Although cotton waste has become the accepted padding in most of the hospitals which employ the pressure method, originality and resourcefulness have brought a number of other materials into the picture at various times. One in India, where University of Pennsylvania physicians, under Col. I. S. Ravdin, are operating a United States Army general hospital, the supplies of pressure-dressing materials once ran low. So Maj. Norman Freeman and Maj. Julian Johnson scouted around through the native bazaar to see what they could turn up. They spotted a hole of crude, unrefined hemp, bought it, fashioned a primitive carding tool by driving nails through a board, and combed out the hemp until it was soft and fluffy—an excellent local substitute for American cotton waste.

Meanwhile, to save space in shipping these vital dressing materials to the theaters of war, Colonel Gallagher has designed what might be termed the "compressed pressure bandage." Individual pads are made up from waste, covered with several layers of gauze. These are squeezed down in a press, so that each is only a fraction of its original size, or about as large as a pack of cigarettes. The Army surgeon has worked out a first-aid unit for hospital corpsmen which consists of an eight-inch cubical box which will hold sixteen of the ready-made dressings, each with a roll bandage for fastening it on, are snugly packed. When the patient is operated on, they are unfolded and puffed out to its original size, large enough to cover an area nine inches square. Colonel Gallagher recommends these bandages not only for burns but for other open wounds. They are used extensively in some instances as a safe and easy-to-use substitute for the treacherous tourniquet. The Journal of the American Medical Association, in an editorial, editorially that compression dressings of this type may become standard equipment for all first-aid kits and has urged that policemen, nurses' aides, trolley and bus operators, firemen, and even industry and others familiarize themselves with their proper application. The lowly handful of mechanic's waste should find some work to do for a long time to come.



corior's magazine exploded. Her fuel tanks burst and spilled their blaring contents into the ocean. Many of her crew jumped from the burning vessel into the burning water. On the crowded decks were brought up from the sea and sterilized in steam. Within four days after the sinking, the Wasp's wounded were resting between the cool clean sheets of the Solace. A few weeks later they were joined by survivors from the Hornet.

During a year's service in the Pacific, taking on wounded from many other fighting ships, the Solace cared for some 360 burn cases, of whom 303 were battle

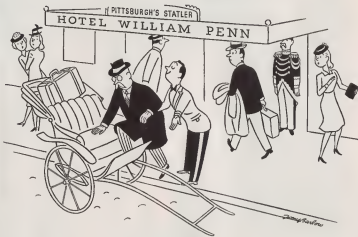
mortem examination and blamed this, at least in part, on the tannic acid.

The original theory of the tannic-acid treatment was that by quickly coagulating the burned skin, it "locked" in place the toxic products believed to be generated in the burned tissues, thus preventing them from spreading into the patient's system. But as the Solace doctors and others eventually concluded, the disadvantages far outweighed the benefits. The acid often killed good healthy skin, turning a second-degree burn into a third-degree one. Infections under the "tan" crust were especially difficult to control. The toxic injury to the liver was frequently noted. Furthermore, the tanning treatment was much more painful than the firm but resilient cushion of the pressure bandage. One man who was treated by both techniques at the same time was left with no doubt as to which was the more comfortable. Showered with flaming gasoline in an explosion, he suffered painful

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Rates Begin At Prices Shown

The Family Sedan is Peering Out

IF YOU ask almost any American what he is looking forward to most after the war, he will probably say, in the split second before he can think up something global and profound, "A new car." But, if Detroit's automotive engineers know their differentials, it is going to be a long time before the average American gets a new car, and a longer time still before he can have one of those idealized jobs with the body shaped like a teardrop, as dreamed up by copy writers. For most of us, the problem is going to be how to keep in commission the jalopy we now have.

Engineers in the automotive industry are studying the effect on American motor transport of another two years of war. The prospects are not exactly pleasing. According to one informed pessimist, a high official in one of the largest automobile-manufacturing companies in Detroit, "Another two years of war will cripple automotive transportation so that it'll take until 1951 to recover from the war car shortage." Others are less gloomy. One set of statistics indicates that the average number of cars in use will not fall below 23,000,000. However, on the theory that unexpected velvet is to be preferred to the dashing of high hopes, we continue with the pessimistic figures. They break down more or less as follows:

Before Pearl Harbor, state registrations of passenger cars numbered 27,988,000. The minimum number of privately owned cars necessary if transport on the home front was not to break down was estimated by the Brookings Institution, as well as the Baruch committee, at 20,000,000. That figure may seem high, considering that other countries are fighting the war with no such equipment. But the U. S. A. is the "arsenal of democracy" and its motor requirements are high. Even so, with at least 27,000,000 cars to start with, it might appear that we were well above the margin of safety. But the automobile industry's most optimistic experts give no such comforting conclusion. They divide the cars on the road into two groups: those built before 1937 and those built after 1937. In the first category, as of 1942, were 11,794,195 cars of an average age of six years and 51,686 tons on the road. Of post-1937 models there were 15,470,970, averaging three years in age and 30,000 in mileage. Scrapping, the engineers estimated, had taken 2,107,735 cars off the road even before the experts began figuring. Another 2,107,735 broken-down cars staggered to the scrap heap in 1943, and it is estimated that 2,004,455 will follow them this year, and 1,917,153 in 1946. The diminishing number of cars

estimated for the junk pile is explained by the greater care in upkeep and operation which cars are now getting. Many cars that would be scrapped in normal times will be kept in service.

Nevertheless, with the best of care, but with no important contribution in spare parts, labor and magic, it is believed that it won't be long before we shall be below the 20,000,000-car level, which high authorities originally set as the minimum below which it would be unsafe to drop. By the end of 1945, the year when optimists hope to be able to turn from Europe to Japan, we shall have 19,240,757 cars still on the road. The year after that, the number will have fallen to an estimated 17,066,945, and a lot of them doing a lot of panting on the hills.

By 1946, if we have any luck, the war will be over and we shall be free to resume the production of cars. But the automobile industry will have to tool itself back to car manufacture, retrain its labor and take on new employees, many of whom will have been far from the assembly line these five years. It may be at least six months before any new cars are produced. In the meantime, the scrapping of cars will continue, so that the estimated first victory-year production of 3,000,000 cars will not much more than keep the country even. By 1947 it is expected that the American industry will turn out 6,000,000 cars, possibly 5,100,000 of them available for the domestic market. This, minus scrapping, would bring the total number of cars in America almost to the 20,000,000 mark, but far below the 27,988,000 vehicles which we had when Tojo hit us.

In the meantime, public transportation facilities have also been taxed severely, and it is likely to hope that our railroads, bus lines, airplanes and taxis can take up the slack caused by the checkmate on the family car. Unless we assume a drop in demand for transportation of depression proportions, it is hard to believe that our public-service corporations can make a dent in the extra load of Americans who will still find themselves without an automobile, in spite of all that the industry can do.

This sad prophecy is based on the supposition that the Government is forced to continue its policy of prohibiting production of any new cars at all. Probably there can be no immediate relief, but there surely must be some way to plan an eventual easing of the restrictions to keep America on wheels to the extent that it is necessary to keep our vast war machine in operation. Certainly these remedies, or some of them, ought to be possible as wartime measures:

1. A more generous policy respecting labor and materials for the railroads and bus lines, as well as for rebuilding engines and transmissions to keep existing automobiles running.
2. More gasoline and rubber for taxicabs and public-transportation purposes, with tighter restrictions on private driving and control over fuel charged by the proprietors of the vehicles thus favored.
3. When military situation justifies, a relaxation of the ban on passenger-car production for essential users.

would be no difficulty in recognizing that Russia is an empire with very considerable "vested colonial interests." Or maybe the Chinese would be regarded as imperialistic, if Mongolia, Manchuria, Tibet and Sinkiang were scattered in the Indian Ocean and Southwest Pacific. Fortunately for us, the Middle West and the Louisiana Territory, acquired in 1803, are not separated from the Atlantic seaboard and from the rest of the world by a solid of water. They are not from the disadvantage of being called the United Commonwealth of Nations and the American Empire." Neither our offshore possessions nor our plan to build an oil pipe line across Arabia has accomplished that.

Doctor Becker did not make these simple observations for the fun of playing with words. It is his belief that the American people have "more in common with the people of Great Britain and the British self-governing dominions than with any other people" and that it is a pity that Anglo-American understanding, so necessary in a postwar world filled with totalitarian "empires," should be clouded by terms which have little meaning. For some inexplicable reason, Americans who are indifferent to the prospect of Poland being swallowed by the vast Muscovite "empire" can work themselves into a sweat about India, where there is ten times more liberty right now than ever existed in Tsarist Russia.

It is to be hoped that Doctor Becker for upstating such misconceptions. Our problems are tough enough without epithets to make them harder.

THE SATURDAY EVENING



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PHILADELPHIA, PA. • • • MAY 6, 1944

Scrap Paper is a Critical Material

THE American people are collecting scrap paper at the rate of about 550,000 tons a month, which represents more old newspapers, magazines, catalogues and other material that we ever saved before. But the Government must have more scrap paper still. The combination of a tremendous increase in military use of paper products and a sharp reduction in the labor supply available for work in the woods where paper pulp comes from leads to one conclusion: more salvage of scrap paper. The quota set by the War Production Division is 8,000,000 tons for 1944, about 867,000 tons a month. That is an increase of 33 per cent over the quota for 1943.

The salvage of scrap paper is being done far better than it was when the first drive of 1941 was so successful that storage facilities were overtaken and paper could not be delivered to the places where it was needed. The routine has now been perfected or at any rate improved enough to take care of the higher quota which has been imposed. Most people are already cooperating in the paper-scrap drive, certainly to a limited extent. To collect 8,000,000 tons of paper this year, however, we shall have to do better than hand over an occasional bundle of newspapers to a visiting Boy Scout because we are sorry for him, or send the children to school with a few magazines to contribute to Grade 8-B's scrap-paper campaign.

One way by which a lot of people can add to their scrap-paper contribution is to get to work on the type of scrap paper that most of us ignore—that is to say, envelopes, discarded letters, cigarette wrappers, dog-eareds from the dry-cleaning company, mail-advertising matter, laundry lists, the hundred and one miscellaneous bits of paper that ordinarily go to the incinerator in the back yard. The collection of this loose paper is a nuisance, but the WPB makes a practical suggestion on how to do it. Make a paper carton available somewhere in the house. As the carton becomes full of wastepaper, the householder can tramp down the contents, like an Italian peasant pressing grapes for Chianti. Then carton and contents can be handed over in one piece to the scrap-collector.

This may seem a trivial detail, but it is estimated that proper collection of these usually forgotten odds and ends of paper could easily provide the extra tonnage needed to meet the new quota—a figure, incidentally, designed to meet the paper requirements for war purposes, including paper blood-plasma containers, paper covers for the atomic bomb, paper parachutes for dropping supplies and paper insulation for Army huts from Iceland to the Solomons.

Not All Imperialists Wear Pith Helmets

GOOD-NEIGHBOR POLICY is a good phrase because it suggests idealists with money to distribute. "Imperialism" is a bad word because it connotes leaders in pith helmets kicking Chinese coolies and Indian doctors of philosophy clo in pajamas, all in the interest of the "profit motive."

Dr. Carl Becker, professor emeritus of history at Cornell, thinks that perhaps our thinking on the subject of imperialism is not so profound as some of the pundits of press and radio would have us believe. In a wise and provocative book titled "The New World for the Better World" (Knopf) Doctor Becker raises a few questions. From what he has read and listened to, Doctor Becker assumes the popular picture of an imperialist to be "a white man and a European, and a hidebound conservative in national politics, bent only on preserving class privilege, and, in international politics, inspired by nothing more laudable than to hang on to the ill-gotten spoils of conquest in Asia and Africa." He gathers that neither Russia, China nor the United States could possibly be imperialistic. Let Doctor Becker state his over:

"I suppose that if Siberia, with its eight or ten million of non-Russian inhabitants—Siberians, Chinese, Koreans—were an island or group of islands separated from Russia by two thousand miles of water, there

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Lunch boxes...how to make 'em sing!

Recipe for a lunch with a punch

by Betty Crocker OF GENERAL MILLS



Love a man who carries his lunch? The good wives of Cornwall, England, do...and they prove it with Cornish Pasty, a perfect lunch for a hardworking man. Pasties are easy to make, call for very little meat, and are wonderfully delicious hot or cold. Serve 'em hot out of the oven for dinner and have extra ones all ready for the next day's lunch boxes.

CORNISH PASTIES

Prepare and chill six 8-inch circles of pastry; sift together 3 cups flour, 1 tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder; cut in 1 cup shortening; blend in about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup ice water (just enough to make dough stay together).

For filling: Slice, then cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pieces 1 lb. raw beef, potatoes and turnips (or carrots) to make 2 cups each. Chop $\frac{1}{2}$ cup green peas or onion. Arrange meat and vegetables in layers on half of each pastry circle. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Brush edges of pastry circles with water and fold into semicircle. Fold lower edge over top and press together with fork. Cut $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slit in pastry circle.

Bake about 1 hour...at 450° for first 10 minutes, 350° to finish baking. Melt 2 tsp. butter with 2 tsp. hot water. Fifteen minutes before pasties are done, pour 2 tsp. of this mixture through slit in top. Good with catsup, chili sauce, cabbage salad or dill pickles.

Salads that won't wilt or run



Try chopped vegetables and fruits in unflavored gelatin—molded in paper cups or flat jelly glasses. Mix in: carrots, cabbage, turnips—carrots and cabbage; cucumber, stuffed olives and nuts; orange, banana and nuts; apple, celery and nuts.

Try a paper cup of cottage cheese, well strained. Or one of potato salad, not too moist. Or cole slaw with the dressing in a separate paper cup.

One bright wife we know fastens a leaf of lettuce in a tight roll with a toothpick and sends along 1,000-Island dressing, in a little paper cup, for "dunking".

Copyright, 1944, General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota, makers of Wheatena, Rice, Creamora, Gold Medal Enriched Flour, Softball Cakes Flour, Bunch.

Butterless sandwich spreads



Peanut butter and mayonnaise (3 tbsp. each).

Jelly and prepared mustard (2 tbsp. jelly, 1 mustard).

Mayonnaise (4 tbsp.), onion (3/4 cup, chopped), parsley (2 up, chopped), and salt (1/4 tsp.).

Cream Cheese (3 tbsp.), milk (1 tsp.), and dash of salt.

It isn't always easy to prepare good-tasting, nutritious lunches...or any other meal. But when the war is over, your job of homemaking will be smoother than you've ever dreamed—for wartime research is pointing the way to hundreds of helpful new products.

New foods are coming...good-tasting, and good for you. New ideas, too...to help make a better world for you and your family. And many of these products will wear an old and trusted name. Watch for it...General Mills!



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